



Paul Lawrence Dunbar

THE 'COMPLETE POEMS/
OF
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

WITH THE INTRODUCTION TO
"LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE

BY
W D HOWELLS



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DEDICATIONS

LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE
TO
MY MOTHER

LYRICS OF THE HEARTH-SIDE
TO
ALICE

LYRICS OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER
TO
MISS CATHERINE IMPEY

LYRICS OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW
TO
MRS FRANK CONOVER
WITH THANKS FOR HER LONG BELIEF

INTRODUCTION TO LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE

I THINK I should scarcely trouble the reader with a special appeal in behalf of this book if it had not specially appealed to me for reasons apart from the author's race origin and condition. The world is too old now, and I find myself too much of its mood to care for the work of a poet because he is black, because his father and mother were slaves, because he was before and after he began to write poems an elevator boy. These facts would certainly attract me to him as a man if I knew him to have a literary ambition, but when it came to his literary art I must judge it irrespective of these facts and enjoy or endorse it for what it was in itself.

It seems to me that this was my experience with the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar when I found it in another form and in justice to him I cannot wish that it should be otherwise with his readers here. Still it will legitimately interest those who like to know the causes or if these may not be known the sources of things to learn that the father and mother of the first poet of his race in our language were negroes without admixture of white

blood. The father escaped from slavery in Kentucky to freedom in Canada while there was still no hope of freedom otherwise, but the mother was freed by the events of the civil war and came North to Ohio where their son was born at Dayton and grew up with such chances and mischances for mental training as everywhere befall the children of the poor. He has told me that his father picked up the trade of a plasterer and when he had taught himself to read loved chiefly to read history. The boy's mother shared his passion for literature with a special love of poetry and after the father died she struggled on in more than the poverty she had shared with him. She could value the faculty which her son showed first in prose sketches and attempts at fiction and she was proud of the praise and kindness they won him among the people of the town where he has never been without the warmest and kindest friends.

In fact from every part of Ohio and from several cities of the adjoining States there came letters in cordial appreciation of the critical recognition which it was my

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pleasure no less than my duty to offer Paul Dunbar's work in another place. It seemed to me a happy omen for him that so many people who had known him, or known of him, were glad of a stranger's good word, and it was gratifying to see that at home he was esteemed for the things he had done rather than because as the son of negro slaves he had done them. If a prophet is often without honor in his own country, it surely is nothing against him when he has it. In this case it deprived me of the glory of a discoverer, but that is sometimes a barren joy, and I am always willing to forego it.

What struck me in reading Mr Dunbar's poetry was what had already struck his friends in Ohio and Indiana, in Kentucky and Illinois. They had felt, as I felt, that however gifted his race had proven itself in music, in oratory, in several of the other arts, here was the first instance of an American negro who had evinced innate distinction in literature. In my criticism of his book I had alleged Dumas in France, and I had forgetfully failed to allege the far greater Pushkin in Russia, but these were both mulattoes, who might have been supposed to derive their qualities from white blood

vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favorable to their literary development. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness. I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it, had attained civilization in him, and I permitted myself the unmagative prophecy that the hostilities and the prejudices which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts, that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I thought his merits positive and not comparative, and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man, I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not

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think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all

Yet it appeared to me then and it appears to me now that there is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity ever to lose and that this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his race in its own accent of our English. We call such pieces dialect pieces for want of some closer phrase but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts and failures for the written and spoken language. In nothing is his essentially refined and delicate art so well shown as in these pieces which as I ventured to say described the range between appetite and emotion with certain lifts far beyond and above it which is the range of the race. He reveals in these a finely ironical perception of the negro's limitations with a tenderness for them which I think so very rare as to be almost quite new. I should say perhaps that it was this humorous quality which Mr Dunbar had added to our literature and it would be this which would most distinguish him now and here after. It is something that one

feels in nearly all the dialect pieces and I hope that in the present collection he has kept all of these in his earlier volume and added others to them. But the contents of this book are wholly of his own choosing and I do not know how much or little he may have preferred the poems in literary English. Some of these I thought very good and even more than very good but not distinctively his contribution to the body of American poetry. What I mean is that several people might have written them but I do not know any one else at present who could quite have written the dialect pieces. These are divinations and reports of what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people whose poetry had hitherto been inarticulately expressed in music but now finds for the first time in our tongue literary interpretation of a very artistic completeness.

I say the event is interesting but how important it shall be can be determined only by Mr Dunbar's future performance. I can not undertake to prophesy concerning this but if he should do nothing more than he has done, I should feel that he had made the strongest claim for the negro in English literature that the negro has yet made. He has at least

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produced something that, however we may critically disagree about it, we cannot well refuse to enjoy, in more than one piece he has produced a work of art

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LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE

ERE SLEEP COMES DOWN
TO SOOTHE THE
WEARY EYES

ERE sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

Which all the day with cease-
less care have sought

The magic gold which from the
seeker flies

Ere dreams put on the gown
and cap of thought

And make the waking world a
world of lies —

Of lies most palpable, uncouth,
forlorn

That say life's full of aches and
tears and sighs —

Oh how with more than dreams
the soul is torn

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

How all the griefs and heart
aches we have known

Come up like poisonous vapors that
arise

From some base witch's caldron
when the crone

To work some potent spell her
magic plies

The past which held its share of
bitter pain

Whose ghost we prayed that Time
might exorcise

Comes up is lived and suffered
o'er again

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

What phantoms fill the dimly
lighted room

What ghostly shades in awe creat-
ing guise

Are bodied forth within the
teeming gloom

What echoes faint of sad and soul
sick cries

And pangs of vague inexplicable
pain

That pay the spirit's ceaseless en-
terprise

Come thronging through the
chambers of the brain,

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
weary eyes

Where ranges forth the spirit
far and free?

Through what strange realms and
unfamiliar skies

Tends her far course to lands of
mystery?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

To lands unspeakable — beyond
 surmise,
Where shapes unknowable to
 being spring,
Till, faint of wing, the Fancy fails
 and dies
Much wearied with the spirit's
 journeying,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
 weary eyes

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the
 weary eyes,
How questioneth the soul that
 other soul,—
The inner sense which neither
 cheats nor lies,
But self exposes unto self, a
 scroll
Full writ with all life's acts un-
 wise or wise,
In characters indelible and
 known,
So, trembling with the shock of
 sad surprise,
The soul doth view its awful
 self alone,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe
 the weary eyes

When sleep comes down to seal the
 weary eyes,
The last dear sleep whose soft
 embrace is balm,
And whom sad sorrow teaches us
 to prize
For kissing all our passions into
 calm,

Ah, then, no more we heed the sad
 world's cries,
Or seek to probe th' eternal mys-
 tery,
Or fret our souls at long-withheld
 replies,
At glooms through which our
 visions cannot see,
When sleep comes down to seal the
 weary eyes

THE POET AND HIS SONG

A SONG is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest,
When cows come home along the
 bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his
 stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise,
But still, with faith unfaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing.
What matters yon unheeding
 throng?

They cannot feel my spirit's
 spell,
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my
 trees.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When ripened gold is all the plam
I put my sickle to the grain
I labor hard and toil and sweat
While others dream within the
dell

But even while my brow is wet
I sing my song and all is well

Sometimes the sun unkindly hot
My garden makes a desert spot
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and
swell

But—life is more than fruit or
grain

And so I sing and all is well

RETORT

THOU art a fool said my head
to my heart

Indeed the greatest of fools thou
art

To be led astray by the trick of
a tress

By a smiling face or a ribbon
smart

And my heart was in sore dis-
tress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face
was fair

The light gleamed soft on her
raven hair

And her lips were blooming a
rosy red

Then my heart spoke out with a
right bold air

'Thou art worse than a fool O
head'

ACCOUNTABILITY

FOLKS ain't got no right to cen-
suah othah folks about dey
habits

Him dat giv de squir ls de bush
tails made de bobtails fu de
rabbits

Him dat built de gread big moun-
tains bollerred out de little
valleys

Him dat made de streets an drive
ways wasn't shamed to make
de alleys

We is all constructed diffent
d ain't no two of us de same

We can't he p ouah likes an dis-
likes ef wese bad we ain't to
blame

Ef we se good we need n't show
off case you bet it ain't ouah
doin

We gits into su ttain channels dat
we jes can't he p pu suin

But we all fits into places dat no
othah ones could fill

An we does the things we has to
big er little good er ill

John can't tek de place o Henry
Su an Sally ain't alike

Bass ain't nuthin like a suckah
chub ain't nuthin /like a pike

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

When you come to think about it,
how it's all planned out it's
splendid

Nuthin's done er evah happens,
'dout hit's somefin' dat's in-
tended,

Don't keer whut you does, you has
to, an' hit sholy beats de
dickens,—

Viney, go put on de kittle, I got
one o' mastah's chickens.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

A HUSH is over all the teeming
lists,

And there is pause, a breath-
space in the strife,

A spirit brave has passed beyond
the mists

And vapors that obscure the sun
of life

And Ethiopia, with bosom torn,
Laments the passing of her no-
blest born

She weeps for him a mother's
burning tears—

She loved him with a mother's
deepest love

He was her champion thro' direful
years,

And held her weal all other ends
above

When Bondage held her bleeding
in the dust,

He raised her up and whispered,
“Hope and Trust”

For her his voice, a fearless clarion,
rung

That broke in warning on the
ears of men;

For her the strong bow of his
power he strung,

And sent his arrows to the very
den

Where grim Oppression held his
bloody place

And gloated o'er the mis'ries of a
race

And he was no soft-tongued apolo-
gist,

He spoke straightforward, fear-
lessly uncowed,

The sunlight of his truth dispelled
the mist,

And set in bold relief each dark
hued cloud,

To sin and crime he gave their
proper hue,

And hurled at evil what was evil's
due

Through good and ill report he
cleaved his way

Right onward, with his face set
toward the heights,

Nor feared to face the foeman's
dread array,—

The lash of scorn, the sting of
petty spites

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

He dared the lightning in the
lightning's track

And answered thunder with his
thunder back

When men maligned him and
their torrent wrath

In furious imprecations o'er him
broke

He kept his counsel as he kept his
path

'Twas for his race not for him
self he spoke

He knew the import of his Mas-
ter's call

And felt himself too mighty to be
small

No miser in the good he held was
he,—

His kindness followed his hon-
or's rim

His heart his talents and his
hands were free

To all who truly needed aught
of him.

Where poverty and ignorance
were rife

He gave his bounty as he gave his
life

The place and cause that first
aroused his might

Still proved its power until his
latest day

In Freedom's lists and for the aid
of Right

Still in the foremost rank he
waged the fray

Wrong lived his occupation was
not gone.

He died in action with his armor
on!

We weep for him but we have
touched his hand

And felt the magic of his pres-
ence nigh

The current that he sent through
out the land

The kindling spirit of his battle
cry

O'er all that holds us we shall tri-
umph yet

And place our banner where his
hopes were set!

Oh Douglass thou hast passed
beyond the shore

But still thy voice is ringing o'er
the gale!

Thou hast taught thy race how high
her hopes may soar

And bade her seek the heights,
nor faint nor fail

She will not fail she heeds thy
stirring cry

She knows thy guardian spirit will
be nigh,

And rising from beneath the
chastening rod,

She stretches out her bleeding
hands to God!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

LIFE

A CRUST of bread and a corner to
sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to
weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans
come double,
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love
makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the
tears to refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter when cares
come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils
for laughter,
And that is life!

THE LESSON

My cot was down by a cypress
grove,
And I sat by my window the
whole night long,
And heard well up from the deep
dark wood
A mocking-bird's passionate
song
And I thought of myself so sad
and lone,
And my life's cold winter that
knew no spring,
Of my mind so weary and sick and
wild,
Of my heart too sad to sing

But e'en as I listened the mock-
bird's song,
A thought stole into my sid-
dened heart,
And I said, "I can cheer some
other soul
By a carol's simple art."

For oft from the darkness of
hearts and lives
Come songs that brim with joy
and light,
As out of the gloom of the cypress
grove
The mocking-bird sings at
night

So I sang a lay for a brother's ear
In a strain to soothe his bleed-
ing heart,
And he smiled at the sound of my
voice and life,
Though mine was a feeble art.

But at his smile I smiled in turn,
And into my soul there came
a ray
In trying to soothe another's woes
Mine own had passed away

THE RISING OF THE STORM

THE lake's dark breast
Is all unrest,
It heaves with a sob and a sigh.
Like a tremulous bird,
From its slumber stirred,
The moon is a-tilt in the sky.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

From the silent deep
The waters sweep
But faint on the cold white stones
And the wavelets fly
With a plaintive cry
O'er the old earth's bare bleak
bones

And the spray upsprings
On its ghost white wings
And tosses a kiss at the stars
While a water sprite
In sea pearls' light
Hums a sea hymn's solemn bars

Far out in the night
On the wavering sight
I see a dark hull loom
And its light on high
Like a Cyclops eye
Shines out through the mist and
gloom

Now the winds well up
From the earth's deep cup
And fall on the sea and shore
And against the pier
The waters rear
And break with a sullen roar

Up comes the gale
And the mist wrought veil
Gives way to the lightning's glare
And the cloud drifts fall
A sombre pall
O'er water, earth and air

The storm king flies
His whip he plies
And bellows down the wind
The lightning rash
With blinding flash
Comes pricking on behind

Rise waters rise
And trunt the skies
With your swift flitting form
Sweep wild winds, sweep
And tear the deep
To atoms in the storm

And the waters leapt
And the wild winds swept,
And blew out the moon in the sky,
And I laughed with glee
It was joy to me
As the storm went raging by!

SUNSET

THE river sleeps beneath the sky,
And clasps the shadows to its
breast
The crescent moon shines dim on
high
And in the lately radiant west
The gold is fading into gray
Now stills the lark his festive
lay
And mourns with me the
dying day

While in the south the first faint
star
Lifts to the night its silver face

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And twinkles to the moon afar
Across the heaven's graying
space,
Low murmurs reach me from the
town,
As Day puts on her sombre crown,
And shakes her mantle darkly
down

THE OLD APPLE-TREE

THERE's a memory keeps a-run-
nin'
Through my weary head to-
night,
An' I see a picture dancin'
In the fire-flames' ruddy light,
'Tis the picture of an orchard
Wrapped in autumn's purple
haze,
With the tender light about it
That I loved in other days
An' a-standin' in a corner
Once again I seem to see
The verdant leaves an' branches
Of an old apple-tree.

You perhaps would call it ugly,
An' I don't know but it's so,
When you look the tree all over
Unadorned by memory's glow,
For its boughs are gnarled an'
crooked,
An' its leaves are gettin' thin,
An' the apples of its bearin'
Would n't fill so large a bin

As they used to But I tell you,
When it comes to pleas'n' me,
It's the dearest in the orchard,—
Is that old apple-tree

I would hide within its shelter,
Settlin' in some cosy nook,
Where no calls nor threats could
stir me

From the pages o' my book.
Oh, that quiet, sweet seclusion
In its fulness passeth words!
It was deeper than the deepest
That my sanctum now affords
Why, the jaybirds an' the robins,
They was hand in glove with
me,
As they winked at me an' warbled
In that old apple-tree.

It was on its sturdy branches
That in summers long ago
I would tie my swing an' dangle
In contentment to an' fro,
Idly dreamin' childish fancies,
Buildin' castles in the air,
Makin' o' myself a hero
Of romances rich an' rare
I kin shet my eyes an' see it
Jest as plain as plain kin be,
That same old swing a-danglin'
To the old apple-tree

There's a rustic seat beneath it
That I never kin forget
It's the place where me an'
Hallie —
Little sweetheart—used to set,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When we d wander to the orchard
So's no listenin ones could hear
As I whispered sugared nonsense
Into her little willin ear
Now my gray old wife is Hallie,
An I m grayer still than she
But I ll not forget our courtin
Neath the old apple tree

Life for us ain t all been summer,
But I guess we've had our share
Of its flittin joys an pleasures
An a sprinklin of its care
Oft the skies have smiled upon us
Then again we ve seen 'em
frown,
Though our load was neer so
heavy
That we longed to lay it down
But when death does come
a-callin
This my last request shall be —
That they ll bury me in Hallie
Neath the old apple tree

A PRAYER

O LORD tht hard won smiles
Have worn my stumbling feet
Oh soothe me with thy smiles
And make my life complete

The thorns were thick and keen
Where er I trembling trod
The way was long between
My wounded feet and God

Where healing waters flow
Do thou my footsteps lead
My heart is aching so
Thy gracious balm I need

PASSION AND LOVE

A MAIDEN wept and as a com-
forter
Came one who cried, 'I love
thee and he seized
Her in his arms and kissed her
with hot breath
That dried the tears upon her
flaming cheeks
While evermore his boldly blaz-
ing eye
Burned into hers but she uncom-
forted
Shrank from his arms and only
wept the more

Then one came and gazed mutely
in her face
With wide and wastful eyes but
still aloof
He held himself as with a rev-
erent fear
As one who knows some sacred
presence nigh
And as she wept he mingled tear
with tear
That cheered her soul like dew a
dusty flower —
Until she smiled approached and
touched his hand!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

THE SEEDLING

As a quiet little seedling
Lay within its darksome bed,
To itself it fell a-talking,
And this is what it said:
"I am not so very robust,
But I'll do the best I can,"
And the seedling from that
moment
Its work of life began
So it pushed a little leaflet
Up into the light of day,
To examine the surroundings
And show the rest the way.
The leaflet liked the prospect,
So it called its brother, Stem,
Then two other leaflets heard it,
And quickly followed them
To be sure, the haste and hurry
Made the seedling sweat and
pant,
But almost before it knew it
It found itself a plant
The sunshine poured upon it,
And the clouds they gave a
shower,
And the little plant kept growing
Till it found itself a flower.
Little folks, be like the seedling,
Always do the best you can,
Every child must share life's
labor
Just as well as every man

And the sun and showers will
help you
Through the lonesome, strug-
gling hours,
Till you raise to light and beauty
Virtue's fair, unfading flowers

PROMISE

I GREW a rose within a garden
fair,
And, tending it with more than
loving care,
I thought how, with the glory of
its bloom,
I should the darkness of my life
illumine,
And, watching, ever smiled to see
the lusty bud
Drink freely in the summer sun to
tinct its blood
My rose began to open, and its
hue
Was sweet to me as to its sun and
dew;
I watched it taking on its ruddy
flame
Until the day of perfect blooming
came,
Then hasted I with smiles to find
it blushing red—
Too late! Some thoughtless child
had plucked my rose and fled!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

FULFILMENT

I GREW a rose once more to please
mine eyes
All things to aid it—dew, sun,
wind fair skies—
Were kindly and to shield it
from despoil
I fenced it safely in with grateful
toil
No other hand than mine shall
pluck this flower said I
And I was jealous of the bee that
hovered nigh
It grew for days I stood hour
after hour
To watch the slow unfolding of
the flower
And then I did not leave its side
at all
Lest some mischance my flower
should befall
At last oh joy! the central petals
burst apart
It blossomed—but alas! a worm
was at its heart!

SONG

My heart to thy heart,
My hand to thine
My lip to thy lips,
Kisses are wine
Brewed for the lover in sunshine
and shade
Let me drink deep then my
African maid

Lily to lily,

Rose unto rose,
My love to thy love
Tenderly grows
Rend not the oak and the ivy in
twain
Nor the swart maid from her
swarther swain

AN ANTE BELLUM SER MON

WE is gathahed hyeah my
brothahs
In dis howlin wildaness
Fu to speak some words of com
fo t
To each othah in distress
An we chooses fu ouah subje
Dis—we ll splain it by an
by
An de Lawd said Moses
Moses'
An de man said Hyeah am
I

Now ole Pher oh down in Egypt
Was de wuss man evah bo n,
An he had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah wukin in his co n
T well de Lawd got tiahed o his
foolin,
An sez he ' I ll let him
know—
Look hyeah Moses go tell
Pher'oh
Fu to let dem chillun go '

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

"An' ef he refuse to do it,
 I will make him rue de houah,
 Fu' I'll empty down on Egypt
 All de vials of my powah"
 Yes, he did — an' Pher'oh's ahmy
 Was n't wuth a ha'f a dime,
 Fu' de Lawd will he'p his chillun,
 You kin trust him evah time

An' yo' enemies may 'sail you
 In de back an' in de front,
 But de Lawd is all aroun' you,
 Fu' to ba' de battle's brunt
 Dey kin fo'ge yo' chains an'
 shackles

F'om de mountains to de sea;
 But de Lawd will sen' some
 Moses
 Fu' to set his chillun free

An' de lan' shall hyeah his thun-
 dah,
 Lak a blas' f'om Gab'el's ho'n,
 Fu' de Lawd of hosts is mighty
 When he girds his ahmor on
 But fu' feah some one mistakes
 me,
 I will pause right hyeah to say,
 Dat I'm still a-preachin' ancient,
 I ain't talkin' 'bout to-day

But I tell you, fellah christuns,
 Things'll happen mighty
 strange,
 Now, de Lawd done dis fu' Isrul,
 An' his ways don't nevah
 change,

An' de love he showed to Isrul
 Was n't all on Isrul spent,
 Now don't run an' tell yo' mas-
 tahs

Dat I's preachin' discontent.

'Cause I is n't; I'se a-judgin'
 Bible people by deir ac's,
 I'se a-givin' you de Scriptuah,
 I'se a-handin' you de fac's
 Cose ole Pher'oh b'lieved in
 slav'ry,

But de Lawd he let him see,
 Dat de people he put bref in,—
 Evah mothah's son was free

An' dahs othahs thinks lak
 Pher'oh,

But dey calls de Scriptuah liar,
 Fu' de Bible says "a servant
 Is a-worthy of his hire"

An' you can't git roun' nor thoo
 dat,

An' you can't git ovah it,
 Fu' whatevah place you git in,
 Dis hyeah Bible too'll fit

So you see de Lawd's intention,

Evah sence de worl' began,
 Was dat His almighty freedom

Should belong to evah man,
 But I think it would be bertah,

Ef I'd pause agin to say,
 Dat I'm talkin' 'bout ouah free-
 dom

In a Bibleistic way

But de Moses is a-comin',
 An' he's comin', suah and fas'

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

We kin hyeah his feet a trompin'
We kin hyeah his trumpit blas'
But I want to wa n you people
Don t you git too brigit
An don t you git to braggin
Bout dese things you wait an
see

But when Moses wif his powah
Comes an sets us chillun free,
We will pruse de gracious Mastah
Dat has gin us liberty
An we ll shout ouah halleluyahs
On dat mighty reck nin day
When we se reco nised ez citiz —
Huh uh! Chillun, let us pray!

ODE TO ETHIOPIA

O MOTHER RACE! to thee I
bring
This pledge of faith unwavering
This tribute to thy glory
I know the pangs which thou
didst feel
When Slavery crushed thee with
its heel
With thy dear blood all gory
Sad days were those—ah, sad
indeed!
But through the land the fruitful
seed
Of better times was growing
The plant of freedom upward
sprung

And spread its leaves so fresh and
young—

Its blossoms now are blowing

On every hand in this fair land
Proud Ethiop e s swarthy children
stand

Beside their fairer neighbor,
The forests flee before their stroke
Their hammers ring their forges
smoke—

They stir in honest labour

They tread the fields where
honour calls
Their voices sound through sen
ate halls

In majesty and power
To right they cling the hymns
they sing

Up to the skies in beauty ring
And bolder grow each hour

Be proud, my Race in mind and
soul

Thy name is writ on Glory s scroll
In characters of fire
High 'mid the clouds of Fame s
bright sky

Thy banner s blazoned folds now
fly

And truth shall lift them
higher

Thou hast the right to noble pride
Whose spotless robes were purified
By blood's severe baptism
Upon thy brow the cross was laid,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And labour's painful sweat-beads
made

A consecrating chrism

No other race, or white or black,
When bound as thou wert, to the
rack,

So seldom stooped to grieving;
No other race, when free again,
Forgot the past and proved them
men

So noble in forgiving

Go on and up! Our souls and
eyes

Shall follow thy continuous rise;

Our ears shall list thy story
From bards who from thy root
shall spring,

And proudly tune their lyres to
sing

Of Ethiopia's glory.

THE CORN-STALK FIDDLE

WHEN the corn's all cut and the
bright stalks shine

Like the burnished spears of a
field of gold,

When the field-mice rich on the
nubbins dine,

And the frost comes white and
the wind blows cold;

Then it's heigho! fellows and hi-
diddle-diddle,

For the time is ripe for the corn-
stalk fiddle.

And you take a stalk that is
straight and long,

With an expert eye to its
worthy points,

And you think of the bubbling
strains of song

That are bound between its
pithy joints —

Then you cut out strings, with a
bridge in the middle,

With a corn-stalk bow for a corn-
stalk fiddle.

Then the strains that grow as you
draw the bow

O'er the yielding strings with
a practised hand!

And the music's flow never loud
but low

Is the concert note of a fairy
band.

Oh, your dainty songs are a misty
riddle

To the simple sweets of the corn-
stalk fiddle

When the eve comes on, and our
work is done,

And the sun drops down with a
tender glance,

With their hearts all prime for
the harmless fun,

Come the neighbor girls for
the evening's dance,

And they wait for the well-
known twist and twid-
dle —

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

More time than tun — from the
corn-stalk fiddle

To the screech and scrape of a
corn stalk fiddle

Then brother Jabez takes the bow
While Ned stands off with Su
van Bland
Then Henry stops by Milly Snow
And John takes Nellie Jones's
hand
While I pair off with Mandy
Biddle
And scrape scrape scrape goes
the corn stalk fiddle

'Salute your partners comes the
call
All join hands and circle
round
Grand train back and Bal
ance all
Footsteps lightly spurn the
ground
Take your lady and balance
down the middle
To the merry strains of the corn
stalk fiddle.

So the night goes on and the dance
is o'er
And the merry girls are home
and gone
But I see it all in my sleep once
more
And I dream till the very break
of dawn
Of an impish dance on a red hot
griddle

THE MASTER PLAYER

An old worn harp that had been
played
Till all its strings were loose and
frayed
Joy Hate and Fear each one
assayed
To play But each in turn had
found
No sweet responsiveness of sound
Then Love the Master Player
came
With heaving breast and eyes
afire
The Harp he took all undismayed
Smote on its strings still strange
to song
And brought forth music sweet
and strong

THE MYSTERY

I WAS not now I am — a few
days hence
I shall not be I fain would look
before
And after but can neither do
ome Power
Or lack of power says 'no' to all
I would
I stand upon a wide and sunless
plain,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Nor chart nor steel to guide my
steps aright

Whene'er, o'ercoming fear, I dare
to move,

I grope without direction and by
chance.

Some feign to hear a voice and
feel a hand

That draws them ever upward
thro' the gloom

But I — I hear no voice and touch
no hand,

Tho' oft thro' silence infinite I
list,

And strain my hearing to supernal
sounds,

Tho' oft thro' fateful darkness do
I reach,

And stretch my hand to find that
other hand

I question of th' eternal bending
skies

That seem to neighbor with the
novice earth,

But they roll on, and daily shut
their eyes

On me, as I one day shall do on
them,

And tell me not the secret that I
ask

NOT THEY WHO SOAR

Not they who soar but they who
plod

Their rugged way, unhelped, to
God

Are heroes, they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod
'Tis they whose backs have felt
the rod,

Whose feet have pressed the path
unshod,

May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar

High up there are no thorns to
prod,

Nor boulders lurking 'neath the
clod

To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare,
But heroes they the soil who've
trod,

Not they who soar!

WHITTIER

Not o'er thy dust let there be
spent

The gush of maudlin sentiment,
Such drift as that is not for thee,
Whose life and deeds and songs
agree,

Sublime in their simplicity

Nor shall the sorrowing tear be
shed

O singer sweet, thou art not
dead!

In spite of time's malignant chill,
With living fire thy songs shall
thrill,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And men shall say "He liveth
still

Great poets never die for Earth
Doth count their lives of too great
worth

To lose them from her treasured
store

So shalt thou live for evermore —
I hough far thy form from mortal
ken —

Deep in the hearts and minds of
men

TWO SONGS

A BEE that was searching for
sweets one day

Through the gate of a rose garden
happened to stray

In the heart of a rose he hid away
And forgot in his bliss the light of
day,

As sipping his honey he buzzed in
song

Though day was waning he lin-
gered long

For the rose was sweet so
sweet

A robin sits pluming his ruddy
breast

And a madrigal sings to his love
in her nest

Oh the skies they are blue the
fields are green

And the birds in your nest will
soon be seen!

She hangs on his words with a
thrill of love

And chirps to him as he sits above
For the song is sweet o sweet

A maiden was out on a summer's
day

With the winds and the waves
and the flowers at play

And she met with a youth of
gentle air

With the light of the sunshine on
his hair

Together they wandered the flow-
ers among

They loved and loving they lin-
gered long

For to love is sweet so sweet

BIRD of my lady's bower
Sing her a song

Tell her that every hour
All the day long

Thoughts of her come to me,
Filling my brain

With the warm ecstasy
Of love's refrain

Little bird! happy bird!
Being so near

Where e'en her slightest word
Thou mayest hear

Seeing her glancing eyes
Sheen of her hair

Thou art in paradise,—
Would I were there.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I am so far away,
Thou art so near,
Plead with her, birdling gay,
Plead with my dear
Rich be thy recompense,
Fine be thy fee,
If through thine eloquence
She hearken me

A BANJO SONG

OH, dere's lots o' keer an' trouble
In dis world to swaller down,
An' ol' Sorrer's purty lively
In her way o' gittin' roun'
Yet dere's times when I furgit
em,—
Aches an' pains an' troubles
all,—
An' it's when I tek at ebenin'
My ol' banjo f'om de wall

'Bout de time dat night is fallin'
An' my daily wu'k is done,
An' above de shady hilltops
I kin see de settin' sun;
When de quiet, restful shadders
Is beginnin' jes' to fall,—
Den I take de little banjo
F'om its place upon de wall.

Den my fam'ly gadders roun' me
In de fadin' o' de light,
Ez I strike de strings to try 'em
Ef dey all is tuned er-right
An' it seems we're so nigh heaben
We kin hyeah de angels sing

When de music o' dat banjo
Sets my cabin all er-ring

An' my wife an' all de othahs,—
Male an' female, small an'
big,—

Even up to gray-haired granny,
Seem jes' boun' to do a jig;
'Twell I change de style o' music,
Change de movement an' de
time,

An' de ringin' little banjo
Plays an ol' hea't-feelin' hime

An' somehow my th'oot gits choki,
An' a lump keeps tryin' to rise
Lak it wan'ed to ketch de water
Dat was flowin' to my eyes,
An' I feel dat I could sorter
Knock de socks clean off o' sin
Ez I hyeah my po' ol' granny
Wif huh tremblin' voice jine in

Den we all th'ow in our voices
Fu' to he'p de chune out too,
Lak a big camp-meetin' choiry
Tryin' to sing a mou'nah th'oo
An' our th'oahts let out de music,
Sweet an' solemn, loud an' free,
'Twell de raftahs o' my cabin
Echo wif de melody.

Oh, de music o' de banjo,
Quick an' deb'lish, solemn,
slow,
Is de greates' joy an' solace
Dat a weary slave kin know!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

So jes let me hyeah it ringin,
Dough de chune be po an'
rough,
It s a pleasure an de pleasures
O dis life is few enough

Now de blessed little angels
Up in heaben we are told,
Don't do nothin all dere lifetime
Ceptin play on haps o gold
Now I think heaben d be mo
homelike
Ef we'd hyeah some music fall
Fom a reel ol fashioned banjo,
Like dat one upon de wall

LONGING

If you could sit with me beside
the sea to-day,
And whisper with me sweetest
dreamings o'er and o'er
I think I should not find the
clouds so dim and gray
And not so loud the waves com-
plaining at the shore

If you could sit with me upon the
shore to-day
And hold my hand in yours as in
the days of old
I think I should not mind the chill
baptismal spray,
Nor find my hand and heart and
all the world so cold

If you could walk with me upon
the strand to day,

And tell me that my longing love
had won your own
I think all my sad thoughts would
then be put away,
And I could give back laughter
for the Ocean's moan!

THE PATH

THERE are no beaten paths to
Glory's height
There are no rules to compass
greatness known
Each for himself must cleave a
path alone
And press his own way forward
in the fight
Smooth is the way to ease and
calm delight
And soft the road Sloth chooseth
for her own
But he who craves the flower of
life full blown
Must struggle up in all his armor
dight
What though the burden bear him
sorely down
And crush to dust the mountain
of his pride
Oh then, with strong heart let
him still abide
For rugged is the roadway to
renown
Nor may he hope to gain the en-
vied crown
Till he hath thrust the looming
rocks aside

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

THE LAWYERS' WAYS

I 've been list'nin' to them lawyers
In the court house up the street,
An' I 've come to the conclusion
That I'm most completely beat.
Fust one feller riz to argy,
An' he boldly waded in
As he dressed the tremblin' pris'ner
In a coat o' deep-dyed sin

Why, he painted him all over
In a hue o' blackest crime,
An' he smeared his reputation
With the thickest kind o'
grime,
Tell I found myself a-wond'rin',
In a misty way and dim,
How the Lord had come to fashion
Sich an awful man as him

Then the other lawyer started,
An' with brimmin', tearful
eyes,
Said his client was a martyr
That was brought to sacrifice.
An' he give to that same pris'ner
Every blessed human grace,
Tell I saw the light o' virtue
Fairly shinin' from his face.

Then I own 'at I was puzzled
How sich things could rightly
be,
An' this aggervatin' question
Seems to keep a-puzzlin' me
So, will some one please inform
me,
An' this mystery unroll —

How an angel an' a devil
Can persess the self-same soul?

ODE FOR MEMORIAL DAY

DONE are the toils and the wearisome marches,
Done is the summons of bugle
and drum
Softly and sweetly the sky over-
arches,

Shelt'ring a land where Rebel-
lion is dumb

Dark were the days of the coun-
try's derangement,

Sad were the hours when the
conflict was on,

But through the gloom of frater-
nal estrangement

God sent his light, and we wel-
come the dawn

O'er the expanse of our mighty
dominions,

Sweeping away to the uttermost
parts,

Peace, the wide-flying, on untiring
pinions,

Bringeth her message of joy to
our hearts

Ah, but this joy which our minds
cannot measure,

What did it cost for our fathers
to gain!

Bought at the price of the heart's
dearest treasure,

Born out of travail and sorrow
and pain,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Born in the battle where fleet
Death was flying
Slaying with sabre stroke bloody
and fell

Born where the heroes and mar
tyrs were dying
Torn by the fury of bullet and
shell

Ah but the day is past silent the
rattle

And the confusion that followed
the fight

Peace to the heroes who died in
the battle

Martyrs to truth and the crown
ing of Right!

Out of the blood of a conflict fra
ternal

Out of the dust and the dimness
of death

Burst into blossoms of glory eter
nal

Flowers that sweeten the world
with their breath

Flowers of charity p ace and
devotion

Bloom in the hearts that are
empty of strife

Love that is boundless and broad
as the ocean

Leaps into beauty and fulness
of life

So with the singing of pæans and
chorals

And with the flag flashing high
in the sun

Place on the graves of our heroes
the laurels

Which their unflinching valor
has won!

PREMONITION

DEAR heart good night!

Nay list awhile that sweet voice
singing

When the world is all so bright
And the sound of song sets the
heart a ringing

Oh, love it is not right —

Not then to say 'Good
night

Dear heart good night!

The late winds in the lake weeds
shiver

And the spray flies cold and
white

And the voice that sings gives a
telltale quiver —

Ah yes the world is bright

But dearest heart good
night!

Dear heart good night!

And do not longer seek to hold
me!

For my soul is in affright

As the fearful glooms in their
pall enfold me

See him who sang how white

And still so dear good
night

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Dear heart, good-night!
Thy hand I'll press no more for-
ever,
And mine eyes shall lose the
light,
For the great white wraith by the
winding river
Shall check my steps with
might
So, dear, good-night, good-
night!

RETROSPECTION

WHEN you and I were young, the
days
Were filled with scent of pink
and rose,
And full of joy from dawn till
close,
From morning's mist till evening's
haze
And when the robin sung his
song
The verdant woodland ways
along,
We whistled louder than he
sung
And school was joy, and work was
sport
For which the hours were all too
short,
When you and I were young,
my boy,
When you and I were young

When you and I were young, the
woods
Brimmed bravely o'er with every
joy
To charm the happy-hearted
boy.
The quail turned out her timid
broods,
The prickly copse, a hostess
fine,
Held high black cups of harm-
less wine,
And low the laden grape-vine
swung
With beads of night-kissed ame-
thyst
Where buzzing lovers held their
tryst,
When you and I were young,
my boy,
When you and I were young

When you and I were young, the
cool
And fresh wind fanned our
fevered brows
When tumbling o'er the scented
mows,
Or stripping by the dimpling
pool,
Sedge-fringed about its shim-
mering face,
Save where we'd worn an en-
t'ring place
How with our shouts the
calm banks rung!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

How flashed the spray as we
plunged in—

Pure gems that never caused a
soul

When you and I were young
my boy

When you and I were young

When you and I were young we
heard

All sounds of Nature with de
light—

The whirr of wing in sudden
flight

The chirping of the baby bird
The columbine's red bells were
rung

The locusts' vested chorus
sung

While every wind his zithern
strung

To high and holy sounding keys
And played sonatas in the trees—

When you and I were young
my boy

When you and I were young

When you and I were young we
knew

To shout and laugh to work
and play

And night was partner to the
day

In all our joys So swift time
flew

On silent wings that ere we
wist,

The fleeting years had fled un
mis ed

And from our hearts this cry
was wrung—

To fill with fond regret and tears
The days of our remaining years—

When you and I were young
my boy

When you and I were young

UNEXPRESSED

DEEP in my heart that aches with
the repression

And strives with plenitude of
bitter pain

There lives a thought that clamors
for expression

And spends its undelivered
force in vain

What boots it that some other
may have thought it?

The right of thoughts expres
sion is divine

The price of pain I pay for it has
bought it

I care not who lays claim to it
—it is mine!

And yet not mine until it be deliv
ered

The manner of its birth shall
prove the test

Alas alas my rock of pride is
shivered—

I beat my brow—the thought
still unexpressed

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

SONG OF SUMMER

Dis is gospel weathah sho'—
Hills is sawt o' hazy
Meddahs level ez a flo'
Callin' to de lazy
Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
Sunshine softly gleamin',
D'ain't no wuk hit 's right to do,
Nothin' 's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by de rivah side
Wif de watahs glist'nin',
Feelin' good an' satisfied
Ez you lay a-list'nin'
To the little nakid boys
Splashin' in de watah,
Hollerin' fu' to spress deir joys
Jes' lak youngsters ought to.

Squill a-tippin' on his toes,
So 's to hide an' view you,
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin'
crows
Shoutin' hallelujah
Peckahwood erpon de tree
Tappin' lak a hammah,
Jaybird chattin' wif a bee,
Tryin' to teach him grammah

Breeze is blowin' wif perfume,
Jes' enough to tease you,
Hollyhocks is all in bloom,
Smellin' fu' to please you
Go 'way, folks, an' let me 'lone,
Times is gettin' dearah—
Summah's settin' on de th'one,
An' I'm a-layin' neah huh!

SPRING SONG

A BLUF-BILL springs upon the
ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge,
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy
air,
And life is brimming everywhere
What lark and breeze and blue-
bird sing,
Is Spring, Spring, Spring!

No more the air is shaip and cold,
The planter wends across the wold,
And, glad, beneath the shining
sky
We wander forth, my love and I
And ever in our hearts doth ring
This song of Spring, Spring!

For life is life and love is love,
'Twixt maid and man or dove and
dove.
Life may be short, life may be
long,
But love will come, and to its
song
Shall this refrain for ever cling
Of Spring, Spring, Spring!

TO LOUISE

OH, the poets may sing of their
Lady Lienes,
And may rave in their rhymes
about wonderful queens,
But I throw my poetical wings to
the breeze,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And soar in a song to my Lady
Louise.

A sweet little maid who is dearer
I ween

Than any fair duchess, or even a
queen

When speaking of her I can't plod
in my prose

For she's the wee lassie who gave
me a rose

Since poets from seeing a lady's
lip curled

Have written fair verse that has
sweetened the world

Why, then, should not I give the
space of an hour

To making a song in return for a
flower?

I have found in my life—it has
not been so long—

There are too few of flowers—too
little of song

So out of that blossom this lay of
mine grows

For the dear little lady who gave
me the rose

I thank God for innocence dearer
than Art

That lights on a by way which
leads to the heart

And led by an impulse no less
than divine,

Walks into the temple and sits at
the shrine

I would rather pluck daisies that
grow in the wild,

Or take one simple rose from the
hand of a child,

Then to breathe the rich fragrance
of flowers that bide

In the gardens of luxury, passion,
and pride

I know not my wee one how
came you to know

Which way to my heart was the
right way to go

Unless in your purity soul-clean
and clear

God whispers his messages into
your ear

You have now had my song let
me end with a prayer

That your life may be always
sweet happy and fair

That your joys may be many and
absent your woes

O dear little lady who gave me
the rose!

THE RIVALS

'Twas three an thirty year ago
When I was ruther young you
know,

I had my last an only fight
About a gal one summer night
'Twas me an' Zeke! Johnson
Zeke

N me d ben spattin 'bout a
week

Each of us tryin' his best to show
That he was Liza Jones's beau

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

We could n't neither prove the
 thing,
 Fur she was fur too sharp to fling
 One over fur the other one
 An' by so doin' stop the fun
 That we chaps did n't have the
 sense
 To see she got at our expense,
 But that's the way a feller does,
 Fur boys is fools an' allus was
 An' when they's females in the
 game
 I reckon men's about the same
 Well, Zeke an' me went on that
 way
 An' fussed an' quarrelled day by
 day,
 While Liza, mindin' not the
 fuss,
 Jest kep' a-goin' with both of us,
 Tell we pore chaps, that's Zeke
 an' me,
 Was jest plum mad with jeal-
 ousy.
 Well, fur a time we kep' our
 places,
 An' only showed by frownin'
 faces
 An' looks 'at well our meanin'
 boded
 How full o' fight we both was
 loaded
 At last it come, the thing broke
 out,
 An' this is how it come about
 One night ('t was fair, you'll all
 agree)

I got Eliza's company,
 An' leavin' Zeke in the lurch,
 Went trottin' off with her to
 church
 An' jest as we had took our seat
 (Eliza lookin' fair an' sweet),
 Why, I jest could n't help but grin
 When Zeke come a-bouncin' in
 As furious as the law allows
 He'd jest be'n up to Liza's house,
 To find her gone, then come to
 church
 To have this end put to his
 search
 I guess I laffed that meetin'
 through,
 An' not a mortal word I knew
 Of what the preacher preached er
 read
 Er what the choir sung er said
 Fur every time I'd turn my head
 I could n't skeercely help but see
 'At Zeke had his eye on me
 An' he 'ud sort o' turn an' twist
 An' grind his teeth an' shake his
 fist
 I laughed, fur la' the hull church
 seen us,
 An' knowed that suthin' was be-
 tween us
 Well, meetin' out, we started
 hum,
 I sorter feelin' what would come
 We'd jest got out, when up
 stepped Zeke,
 An' said, "Scuse me, I'd like to
 speak

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

To you a minute ' " Cert said
I —

A nudgin' Liza on the sly
An laughin in my sleeve with
glee,

I asked her please to pardon me
We walked away a step er two
Jest to git out o' Liza's view
An then Zeke said, ' I want to
know

Ef you think you're Eliza's beau,
An at I m goin to let her go
Hum with sich a chap as you?
An I said bold You bet I do
Then Zekel, sneerin' said at he
Did n't want to hender me
But then he loved the gal was
his

An at he guessed he knowed his
biz

An was n't feared o' all my kin
With all my friends an chums
thrown in

Some other things he mentioned
there

That no born man could no ways
bear

Er think o' camly tryin to stan'
Ef Zeke had be n the bigges man
In town an not the leanest runt
At time an' labor ever stunt
An' so I let my fist go him
I thought I d mos nigh finished
him

But Zekel did n't take it so
He jest ducked down an' dodged
my blow

An then come back at me so hard
I guess I must a hurt the yard
Er spilet the grass plot where I
fell

An sakes alive it hurt me well
It would n't be n so bad you see
But he jest kep a hittin me
An I bit back an kicked an
pawed

But t seemed t was mostly air I
clawed

While Zekel used his science well
A makin every motion tell
He punched an hit why good
ness lands,

Seemed like he had a dozen hands
Well afterwhile they stopped the
fuss,

An some one kindly parted us
All beat an cuffed an clawed an
scratched

An needin both our faces
patched

Each started hum a different way
An what o Liza, do you say

Why, Liza — little humbug —
dem her

Why, she d gone home with
Hiram Turner

THE LOVER AND THE MOON

A LOVER whom duty called over
the wave

With himself communed
Will my love be true

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

If left to herself? Had I better not sue

Some friend to watch over her,
good and grave?

But my friend might fail in my
need," he said,

"And I return to find love
dead

Since friendships fade like the
flow'rs of June,

I will leave her in charge of the
stable moon "

Then he said to the moon. "O
dear old moon,

Who for years and years from
thy thrown above

Hast nurtured and guarded
young lovers and love,

My heart has but come to its
waiting June,

And the promise time of the
budding vine,

Oh, guard thee well this love
of mine "

And he harked him then while
all was still,

And the pale moon answered
and said, "I will "

And he sailed in his ship o'er
many seas,

And he wandered wide o'er
strange far strands

In isles of the south and in Ori-
ent lands,

Where pestilence lurks in the
breath of the breeze

But his star was high, so he
braved the main,

And sailed him blithely home
again,

And with joy he bended his
footsteps soon

To learn of his love from the
matron moon

She sat as of yore, in her olden
place,

Serene as death, in her silver
chair

A white rose gleamed in her
whiter hair,

And the tint of a blush was on
her face

At sight of the youth she sadly
bowed

And hid her face 'neath a gra-
cious cloud

She faltered faint on the night's
dim marge,

But "How," spoke the youth,
"have you kept your
charge? "

The moon was sad at a trust ill-
kept,

The blush went out in her
blanching cheek,

And her voice was timid and
low and weak,

As she made her plea and sighed
and wept

"Oh, another prayed and an-
other plead,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And I could n't resist she
answering said

' But love still grows in the
hearts of men

Go forth dear youth, and love
again

But he turned him away from her
proffered grace

Thou art false O moon as
the hearts of men

I will not will not love again
And he turned sheer round with
a soul sick face

To the sea and cried Sea
curse the moon

Who makes her vows and for
gets so soon

And the awful sea with anger
tired

And his breast heaved hard as
he lay and heard

And ever the moon wept down in
rain

And ever her sighs rose high in
wind

But the earth and sea were deaf
and blind

And she wept and sighed her
griefs in vain

And ever at night when the
storm is fierce

The cries of a wraith through
the thunder pierce

And the waves strain their aw-
ful hands on high

To tear the false moon from th
sky

CONSCIENCE AND RE MORSE

GOOD-BYE I said to my con-
science —

Good bye for aye and aye
And I put her hands off harshly
And turned my face away
And conscience smitten sorely
Returned not from that day

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace
And I cried Come back my
conscience,

I long to see thy face
But conscience cried I cannot
Remorse sits in my place

IONE

I

AH yes 't is sweet still to remem-
ber

Though t were less painful to
forget

For while my heart glows like an
ember

Mine eyes with sorrow's drops
are wet

And oh my heart is aching
yet

It is a law of mortal pain

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

That old wounds, long ac-
counted well,
Beneath the memory's potent
spell,
Will wake to life and bleed again.

So 't is with me; it might be bet-
ter

If I should turn no look be-
hind,—

If I could curb my heart, and fet-
ter

From reminiscent gaze my
mind,

O! let my soul go blind — go
blind!

But would I do it if I could?

Nay! ease at such a price were
spurned,

For, since my love was once re-
turned,

All that I suffer seemeth good

I know, I know it is the fashion,
When love has left some heart
distressed,

To weight the air with wordful
passion,

But I am glad that in my
breast

I ever held so dear a guest

Love does not come at every nod,
Or every voice that calleth
“hasten,”

He seeketh out some heart to
chasten,

'And whips it, wailing, up to God!

Love is no random road wayfarer
Who where he may must sip his
glass

Love is the King, the Purple-
Wearer,

Whose guard reels not of tree
or grass

To blaze the way that he may
pass

What if my heart be in the blast
That heralds his triumphant
way;

Shall I repine, shall I not say
“Rejoice, my heart, the King has
passed!”

In life, each heart holds some sad
story —

The saddest ones are never told.

I, too, have dreamed of fame and
glory,

And viewed the future bright
with gold,

But that is as a tale long told.
Mine eyes have lost their youthful
flash,

My cunning hand has lost its
art,

I am not old, but in my heart
The ember lies beneath the ash

I loved! Why not? My heart
was youthful,

My mind was filled with
healthy thought

He doubts not whose own self is
truthful,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Doubt by dishonesty is taught So loved I boldly, fearing naught I did not walk this lowly earth, Mine was a newer, higher sphere Where youth was long and life was dear And all save love was little worth	A form where every maiden grace Bloomed to perfection's richest flower,— The statued pose of conscious power, Like lithe limbed Dian's of the chase Beneath a brow too fair for frown ing Like moonlit deeps that glass the skies Till all the hosts above seem drowning Looked forth her steadfast ha zel eyes With gaze serene and purely wie And over all, her tresses rare Which when with his desire grown weak The Night bent down to kiss her cheek Entrapped and held him captive there
Her likeness! Would that I might hush it As Love did with enduring art Nor dust of days nor death may dim it, Where it lies graven on my heart Of this sad fabric of my life a part I would that I might paint her now As I beheld her in that day, Ere her first bloom had passed away And left the lines upon her brow	This was lone a spirit finer Neer burned to ash its house of clay A soul instinct with fire divine Neer fled athwart the face of day And tempted Time with earthly stay Her loveliness was not alone Of face and form and tresses' hue,
A face serene that, beaming brightly Disarmed the hot sun's glances bold A foot that kissed the ground so lightly He frowned in wrath and deemed her cold But loved her still though he was old	

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

For aye a pure, high soul shone
through
Her every act this was Ione.

Go striding down the gory
West,
When Day's long fight was fought
and won.

II

'T was in the radiant summer
weather,
When God looked, smiling,
from the sky,
And we went wand'ring much to-
gether
By wood and lane, Ione and
I,
Attracted by the subtle tie
Of common thoughts and com-
mon tastes,
Of eyes whose vision saw the
same,
And freely granted beauty's
claim
Where others found but worthless
wastes

We paused to hear the far bells
ringing
Across the distance, sweet and
clear.
We listened to the wild bird's
singing
The song he meant for his
mate's ear,
And deemed our chance to do
so dear
We loved to watch the warrior
Sun,
With flaming shield and flaunt-
ing crest,

And life became a different
story;
Where'er I looked, I saw new
light.
Earth's self assumed a greater
glory,
Mine eyes were cleared to
fuller sight.
Then first I saw the need and
might
Of that fair band, the singing
throng,
Who, gifted with the skill di-
vine,
Take up the threads of life,
spun fine,
And weave them into soulful
song.

They sung for me, whose passion
pressing
My soul, found vent in song
nor line
They bore the burden of express-
ing
All that I felt, with art's de-
sign,
And every word of theirs was
mine.
I read them to Ione, oft-times,
By hill and shore, beneath fair
skies,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And she looked deeply in mine
eyes

And knew my love spoke through
their rhymes

Her life was like the stream that
floweth,

And mine was like the waiting
sea,

Her love was like the flower that
bloweth,

And mine was like the earch
ing bee —

I found her sweetness all for
me.

God plied him in the mint of
time

And coined for us a golden day
And rolled it ringing down
life's way

With love's sweet music in its
chime.

And God unclasped the Book of
Ages

And laid it open to our sight
Upon the *dimness of its pages*
So long consigned to rayless
night

He shed the glory of his light.
We read them well we read them
long

And ever thrilling did we see
That love ruled all human
ity —

The master passion pure and
strong

III

To-day, my skies are bare and
ashen,

And bend on me without a
beam

Since love is held the master pas-
sion,

Its loss must be the pain su-
preme —

And grinning Fate has wrecked
my dream

But pardon dear departed Guest
I will not rant I will not rail

For good the grain must feel
the flail

There are whom love has never
blessed

I had and have a younger brother,
One whom I loved and love to
day

As never fond and doting mother
Adored the babe who found its
way

From heavenly scenes into her
day

Oh he was full of youth's new
wine —

A man on life's ascending slope
Flushed with ambition full of
hope,

And every wish of his was mine

A kingly youth the way before
him

Was thronged with victories to
be won

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

So joyous, too, the heavens o'er
him

Were bright with an unchang-
ing sun,—

His days with rhyme were over-
run

Toil had not taught him Nature's
prose,

Tears had not dimmed his bril-
liant eyes,

And sorrow had not made him
wise,

His life was in the budding rose

I know not how I came to
waken,

Some instinct pricked my soul
to sight,

My heart by some vague thrill
was shaken,—

A thrill so true and yet so
slight,

I hardly deemed I read aright.

As when a sleeper, ign'rant why,
Not knowing what mysterious
hand

Has called him out of slumber-
land,

Starts up to find some danger
nigh

Love is a guest that comes, un-
bidden,

But, having come, asserts his
right,

He will not be repressed nor hid-
den

And so my brother's dawning
plight

Became uncovered to my sight.
Some sound-mote in his passing
tone

Caught in the meshes of my
ear,

Some little glance, a shade too
dear,

Betrayed the love he bore Ione.

What could I do? He was my
brother,

And young, and full of hope
and trust,

I could not, dared not try to
smother

His flame, and turn his heart to
dust

I knew how oft life gives a
crust

To starving men who cry for
bread,

But he was young, so few his
days,

He had not learned the great
world's ways,

Nor Disappointment's volumes
read.

However fair and rich the booty,
I could not make his loss my
gain.

For love is dear, but dearer
duty,

And here my way was clear and
plain.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I saw how I could save him pain
And so with all my day grown
dim

That this loved brother's sun
might shine

I joined his suit gave over
mine
And sought Ione to plead for him

I found her in an eastern bower
Where all day long the am'rous
sun

Lay by to woo a timid flower

This day his course was well
nigh run

But still with lingering art he
spun

Gold fancies on the shadowed
wall

The vines waved soft and green
above

And there where one might tell
his love

I told my griefs—I told her all!

I told her all and as she heark-
ened

A tear drop fell upon her dress
With grief her flushing brow was
darkened

One sob that she could not re-
press

Betrayed the depths of her dis-
tress

Upon her grief my sorrow fed

And I was bowed with unliv'd
years

My heart swelled with a sea of
tears

The tears my manhood could not
shed

The world is Rome and Fate is
Nero

Disporting in the hour of
doom

God made us men times make the
hero—

But in that awful space of
gloom

I gave no thought but sorrow's
room

All—all was dim within that
bower

What time the sun divorced the
day,

And all the shadows glooming
gray,

Proclaimed the sadness of the
hour

She could not speak—no word
was needed

*Her look half strength and half
despair*

Told me I had not vainly pleaded,
That she would not ignore my

prayer
And so she turned and left me
there

And as she went so passed my
bliss

She loved me, I could not mis-
take—

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

RELIGION

But for her own and my love's
sake,
Her womanhood could rise to
this!

My wounded heart fled swift to
cover,
And life at times seemed very
drear
My brother proved an ardent
lover —

What had so young a man to
fear?

He wed Ione within the year
No shadow clouds her tranquil
brow,

Men speak her husband's name
with pride,

While she sits honored at his
side —

She is — she must be happy now!

I doubt the course I took no
longer,

Since those I love seem satisfied
The bond between them will grow
stronger

As they go forward side by
side,

Then will my pains be jus-
fied

Their joy is mine, and that is
best —

I am not totally bereft;

For I have still the mem'ry
left —

Love stopped with me — a Royal
Guest!

I AM no priest of crooks nor
creeds,

For human wants and human
needs

Are more to me than prophets'
deeds,

And human tears and human
cares

Affect me more than human
prayers

Go, cease your wail, lugubrious
saint!

You fret high Heaven with your
plaint

Is this the "Christian's joy" you
paint?

Is this the Christian's boasted
bliss?

Avails your faith no more than
this?

'Take up your arms, come out with
me,

Let Heav'n alone, humanity
Needs more and Heaven less from
thee

With pity for mankind look
'round,

Help them to rise — and Heaven
is found

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

DEACON JONES GRIEVANCE

I've been watchin' of 'em, parson

An' I'm sorry fur to say
At my mind is not contented
With the loose an' leerless way

'At the young folks treat the music

Tain't the proper sort o' choir

Then I don't believe in Christians

A singin' hymns for hire

But I never would a murmured

An the matter might a gone
Ef it was n't fur the antics

At I've seen 'em kerry on
So I thought it was my dooty

Fur to come to you an' ask
Ef you would n't sort o' gently
Take them singin' folks to task

Fust the music they've been singin'

Will disgrace us mighty soon
It's a cross between a opry
An a ol' cotillion tune
With its dashes an' its quavers
An its hifalutin' style—

Why it sets my head to swimmin'

When I'm comin' down the aisle

Now it might be almost decent

Ef it was n't fur the way
At they git up there an' sing it
Hey dum diddle loud and gay
Why it shames the name o' sacred

In its brazen wordliness
An they've even got Ol' Hundred

In a bold new fangled dress

You'll excuse me Mr. Parson,
Ef I seem a little sore
But I've sung the songs of Israel
For threescore years an' more
An it sort o' hurts my feelin's
Fur to see 'em put away
Fur these harum scarum ditties
At is capturin' the day

There's another little happenin'
At I'll mention while I'm here

Jes to show at my objections
All is offered sound and clear
It was one day they was singin'
An was doin' well enough—
Singin' good as people could sing
Sich an awful mess o' stuff—

When the choir give a holler
An the organ give a groan
An they left one weak voiced feller

A singin' there alone!
But he stuck right to the music
Tho' twas tryin' as could be

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

An' when I tried to help him,
Why, the hull church scowled
at me

You say that 's so-low singin',
Well, I pray the Lord that I
Growed up when folks was
willin'

To sing their hymns so high.
Why, we never had sich doin's
In the good ol' Bethel days,
When the folks was all con-
tented
With the simple songs of
praise

Now I may have spoke too open,
But 't was too hard to keep
still,

An' I hope you 'll tell the singers
'At I bear 'em no ill-will
'At they all may git to glory
Is my wish an' my desire,
But they 'll need some extry train-
in'
'Fore they jine the heavenly
choir

ALICE

KNOW you, winds that blow your
course

Down the verdant valleys,
That somewhere you must, per-
force,

Kiss the brow of Alice?
When her gentle face you find,
Kiss it softly, naughty wind

Roses waving fair and sweet
Thro' the garden alleys,
Grow into a glory meet
For the eve of Alice,
Let the wind your offering bear
Of sweet perfume, faint and rare

Lily holding crystal dew
In your pure white chalice,
Nature kind hath fashioned you
Like the soul of Alice,
It of purest white is wrought,
Filled with gems of crystal
thought

AFTER THE QUARREL

So we, who've supped the self-
same cup,

To-night must lay our friend-
ship by,

Your wrath has burned your
judgment up,

Hot breath has blown the ashes
high

You say that you are wronged —
ah, well,

I count that friendship poor,
at best

A bauble, a mere bagatelle,
That cannot stand so slight a
test

I fain would still have been your
friend,

And talked and laughed and
loved with you,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

But since it must why let it end
The false but dies 't is not the
true

So we are favored you and I
Who only want the living
truth

It was not good to nurse the lie
T is well it died in harmless
youth

I go from you to night to sleep
Why what s the odds? why
should I grieve?

I have no fund of tears to weep
For happenings that undeceive
The days shall come the days
shall go

Just as they came and went be
fore

The sun shall shine the streams
shall flow

Though you and I are friends no
more

And in the volume of my years
Where all my thoughts and
acts shall be

The page whereon your name
appears

Shall be forever sealed to me
Not that I hate you over much
T is less of hate than love de
fied

Howe er our hands no more shall
touch

We ll go our ways the world is
wide

BEYOND THE YEARS

I

BEYOND the years the answer lies
Beyond where brood the grieving
skies

And Night drops tears
Where Faith rod chastened smiles
to rise

And doff its fears
And carping Sorrow pines and
dies —
Beyond the years

II

Beyond the years the prayer for rest
Shall beat no more within the
breast

The darkness clears
And Morn perched on the moun
tain s crest

Her form uprears —
The day that is to come is best
Beyond the years

III

Beyond the years the soul shall find
That endless peace for which it
pined

For light appears
And to the eyes that still were blind
With blood and tears
Their sight shall come all uncon
fined

Beyond the years

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

AFTER A VISIT

I BE'N down in ole Kentucky
Fur a week er two, an' say,
'T wuz ez hard ez breakin' oxen
Fur to tear myse'f away.
Allus argerin' 'bout fren'ship
An' yer hospitality —
Y' ain't no right to talk about it
Tell you be'n down there to see.

See jest how they give you welcome
To the best that 's in the land,
Feel the sort o' grip they give you
When they take you by the hand
Hear 'em say, "We're glad to
have you,
Better stay a week er two,"
An' the way they treat you makes
you
Feel that ev'ry word is true

Feed you tell you hear the buttons
Crackin' on yore Sunday vest,
Haul you roun' to see the wonders
Tell you have to cry for rest
Drink yer health an' pet an' praise
you
Tell you git to feel ez great
Ez the Sheriff o' the county
Er the Gov'ner o' the State.

Wife, she sez I must be crazy
'Cause I go on so, an' Nelse
He 'lows, "Goodness gracious!
daddy,
Can't you talk about nuthin'
else?"

Well, pleg-gone it, I 'm jes' tickled,
Bein' tickled ain't no sin,
I be'n down in ole Kentucky,
An' I want o' go ag'in

CURTAIN

VILLAIN shows his indiscretion,
Villain's partner makes confession.
Juvenile, with golden tresses,
Finds her pa and dons long dresses
Scapegrace comes home money-
laden,
Hero comforts tearful maiden,
Soubrette marries loyal chappie,
Villain skips, and all are happy

THE SPELLIN'-BEE

I NEVER shall furgit that night
when father hitched up Dob-
bin,
An' all us youngsters clambered in
an' down the road went bob-
bin'
To school where we was kep'
at work in every kind o'
weather,
But where that night a spellin'-
bee was callin' us together.
'Twas one o' Heaven's banner
nights, the stars was all a
glitter,
The moon was shinin' like the
hand o' God had jest then lit
her.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

The ground was white with spot
 less snow the blast was sort
 o' stinging
 But underneath our roundabouts
 you bet our hearts was sing
 in
 That spellin' bee had ben the talk
 o' many a precious moment
 The youngsters all was wild to see
 jes what the precious show
 meant
 An' we whos years was in their
 teens was little less desirous
 O gittin to the meetin so s our
 sweethearts could admire us
 So on we went o' anxious fur to
 satisfy our mission
 That fater had to box our ears
 to smother our ambition
 But boxin ears was too short
 work to hinder our arrivin
 He jest turned roun an smacked
 us all an kep right on
 a drivin'
 Well soon the schoolhouse love
 in sight, the winders beamin
 brightly
 The sound o' talkin reached our
 ears and voices luffin lightly
 It puffed us up so full an big at
 I ll jest bet a dollar
 There want a feller there but
 felt the strain upon his col
 lar
 So down we jumped an in we
 went ez sprightly ez you
 make em
 But somethin grabbed us by the
 knees an straight began to
 shake em
 Fur once within that lighted
 room our feelins took a
 canter
 An scurried to the zero mark ez
 quick ez Tim O Shinter
 Cause there was crowds o' peo-
 ple there both sexes in all
 s'ations
 It looked like all the town had
 come an brought all their re-
 lations
 The first I saw was Nettie Gray
 I thought that girl was
 dearer
 N gold an when I got a chance
 you bet I aidge up near
 her
 An Farmer Dobb's girl was
 there th one at Jim was
 sweet on
 An Cyrus Jones an Mandy
 Smith an' Futh an Patience
 Deaton
 Then Parson Brown an Lawyer
 Jones were present—all at
 tention
 An piles on piles of other folks
 too numerous to mention
 The master rose an briefly said
 Good friends dear brother
 Crawford
 To spur the pupils minds along
 a little prize has offered
 To him who spells the best to-

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

night — or 't may be 'her' —
no tellin' —
He offers ez a jest reward, this
precious work on spellin' "

A little blue-backed spellin'-book
with fancy scarlet trimmin',
We boys devoured it with our
eyes — so did the girls an'
women.

He held it up where all could see,
then on the table set it,
An' ev'ry speller in the house felt
mortal bound to get it
At his command we fell in line,
prepared to do our dooty,
Outspell the rest an' set 'em down,
an' carry home the booty
'T was then the merry times be-
gan, the blunders, an' the
laffin',

The nudges an' the nods an' winks
an' stale good-natured chaf-
fin'

Ole Uncle Hiram Dane was there,
the closest man a-livin',
Whose only bugbear seemed to be
the dreadful fear o' givin'.
His beard was long, his hair un-
cut, his clothes all bare an'
dingy,
It was n't 'cause the man was
pore, but jest so mortal
stingy,
An' there he sot by Sally Riggs
a-smilin' an' a-smirkin',
An' all his children lef' to home a
diggin' an' a-workin'.

A widower he was, an' Sal was
thinkin' 'at she 'd wing him,
I reckon he was wond'rin' what
them rings o' hern would
bring him
An' when the spellin'-test com-
menced, he up an' took his
station,
A-spellin' with the best o' them
to beat the very nation.
An' when he 'd spell some young-
ster down, he 'd turn to look
at Sally,
An' say "The teachin' nowadays
can't be o' no great vally "
But true enough the adage says,
"Pride walks in slipp'ry
places,"
Fur soon a thing occurred that
put a smile on all our faces
The laffter jest kep' ripplin' 'roun'
an' teacher could n't quell it,
Fur when he give out "charity"
ole Hiram could n't spell it
But laffin' 's ketchin' an' it
throwed some others off their
bases,
An' folks 'u'd miss the very word
that seemed to fit their cases
Why, fickle little Jessie Lee come
near the house upsettin'
By puttin' in a double "kay" to
spell the word "coquettin'."
An' when it come to Cyrus Jones,
it tickled me all over —
Him settin' up to Mandy Smith
an' got sot down on "lover."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

But Lawyer Jones of all gone men
did shorely look the gonest
When he found out that he d fur
got to put the 'h in ' hon
est
An Parson Brown, whose ser
mons were too long fur tol
eration,
Caused lots o smules by missin
when they give out con
densation
So one by one they giv it up—
the big words kep a landin
Till me an Nettie Gray was left,
the only ones a standin
An then my inward strife began
—I guess my mind was
petty—
I did so want that spellin book
but then to spell down Net
tie
Jest sort o went agin my grain—
I somehow could n t do it,
An when I git a notion fixed
I m great on stickin to it
So when they giv the next word
out—I had n t orter tell
it
But then 't was all fur Nettie s
sake—I missed so's she
could spell it
She spelt the word then looked at
me so lovin like an' mello
I tell you t sent a hunderd pins
a shootin through a fello

O course I had to stand the jokes
an' chaffin of the fello s
But when they handed her the
book I vow I was n t jealous
We sung a hymn an Parson
Brown dismissed us like he
orter
Fur la! he'd learned a thing er
two an made his blessin
shorter
T was late an' cold when we got
out but Nettie liked cold
weather
An so did I, so we agreed we'd
jest walk home together
We both wuz silent fur of words
we nuther had a surplus
'Till she spoke out quite sudden
like 'You missed that word
on purpose'
Well I declare it frightened me
at first I tried denyin
But Nettie she jest smiled an'
smiled she knowed that I
was lyn
Sez she 'That book is yourn by
right sez I 'It never
could be—
I—I—you—th— an there
I stuck an well she under
stood me
So we agreed that later on when
age had giv' us tether
We d jine our lots an settle down
to own that book together

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

KEEP A-PLUGGIN' AWAY

I've a humble little motto
That is homely, though it's
true,—

Keep a-pluggin' away.

It's a thing when I've an object
That I always try to do,—

Keep a-pluggin' away.

When you've rising storms to
quell,

When opposing waters swell,
It will never fail to tell,—

Keep a-pluggin' away

If the hills are high before
And the paths are hard to climb,

Keep a-pluggin' away

And remember that successes

Come to him who bides his
time,—

Keep a-pluggin' away

From the greatest to the least,
None are from the rule released.

Be thou toiler, poet, priest,

Keep a-pluggin' away

Delve away beneath the surface,
There is treasure farther down,—

Keep a-pluggin' away

Let the rain come down in tor-
rents,

Let the threat'ning heavens frown,

Keep a-pluggin' away

When the clouds have rolled
away,

There will come a brighter day
All your labor to repay,—
Keep a-pluggin' away

There'll be lots of sneers to swal-
low,

There'll be lots of pain to bear,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

If you've got your eye on heaven,
Some bright day you'll wake up
there,—

Keep a-pluggin' away.

Perseverance still is king,
Time its sure reward will bring,
Work and wait unwearying,—

Keep a-pluggin' away

NIGHT OF LOVE

THE moon has left the sky, love,
The stars are hiding now,
And frowning on the world, love,
Night bares her sable brow.
The snow is on the ground, love,
And cold and keen the air is
I'm singing here to you, love,
You're dreaming there in Paris

But this is Nature's law, love,
Though just it may not seem,
That men should wake to sing,
love,

While maidens sleep and dream
Them care may not molest, love,
Nor stir them from their slum-
bers,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Though midnight find the swain
 love
Still halting o'er his numbers

I watch the rosy dawn, love
 Come stealing up the east
While all things round rejoice
 love
That Night her reign has
 ceased
The lark will soon be heard love
 And on his way be winging
When Nature's poets wake love
 Why should a man be singing?

COLUMBIAN ODE

I

Four hundred years ago a tangled
 waste
Lay sleeping on the west At
 lantic's side
Their devious ways the Old
 World's millions traced
Content and loved and la
 bored dared and died
While students still believed the
 charts they conned
And revelled in their thriftless
 ignorance
Nor dreamed of other lands that
 lay beyond
Old Ocean's dense indefinite
 expanse

II

But deep within her heart old Na
 ture knew
That she had once arrayed at
 Earth's behest
Another offspring fine and fair
 to view —
The chosen suckling of the
 mother's breast
The child was wrapped in vest
 ments soft and fine
Each fold a work of Nature's
 matchless art
The mother looked on it with love
 divine,
And strained the loved one
 closely to her heart.
And there it lay and with the
 warmth grew strong
And hearty by the salt sea
 breezes fanned
Till Time with mellowing touches
 passed along
And changed the infant to a
 mighty land

III

But men knew naught of this till
 there arose
That mighty mariner the
 Genoese
Who dared to try, in spite of fears
 and foes
The unknown fortunes of un
 sounded seas
O noblest of Italia's sons thy
 bark

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Went not alone into that shroud-
ing night!

O dauntless darer of the rayless
dark,

The world sailed with thee to
eternal light!

The deer-haunts that with game
were crowded then

To-day are tilled and cultivated
lands,

The schoolhouse tow'rs where
Bruin had his den,

And where the wigwam stood
the chapel stands,

The place that nurtured men of
savage mien

Now teems with men of Na-
ture's noblest types,

Where moved the forest-foliage
banner green,

Now flutters in the breeze the
stars and stripes!

A BORDER BALLAD

OH, I have n't got long to live, for
we all

Die soon, e'en those who live
longest;

And the poorest and weakest are
taking their chance

Along with the richest and
strongest

So it's heigho for a glass and a
song,

And a bright eye over the table,

And a dog for the hunt when the
game is flush,

And the pick of a gentleman's
stable

There is Dimmock o' Dune, he
was here yester-night,

But he's rotting to-day on Glen
Arragh,

'Twas the hand o' MacPherson
that gave him the blow,

And the vultures shall feast on
his marrow

But it's heigho for a brave old
song

And a glass while we are able;

Here's a health to death and an-
other cup

To the bright eye over the table

I can show a broad back and a
jolly deep chest,

But who argues now on ap-
pearance?

A blow or a thrust or a stumble
at best

May send me to-day to my
clearance

Then it's heigho for the things I
love,

My mother 'll be soon wearing
sable,

But give me my horse and my dog
and my glass,

And a bright eye over the table.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

AN EASY GOIN' FELLER

THER aint no use in all this
strife

An hurryin pell mell right thro
life

I don't believe in goin too fast
To see what kind o' road you've
passed

It aint no mortal kind o' good
N I would n't hurry ef I could
I like to jest go joggin long
To lumber up my soul with song
To stop awhile n chat the men,
N drink some cider now an'
then

Do want no boss a standin by
To see me work I allus try
To do my dooty right straight up
An earn what fills my plate an
cup

An' ez fur boss, I'll be my own
I like to jest be let alone
To plough my strip an tend my
bees

An do jest like I doggoned please
My head s all right in my
heart s meller

But I m a easy goin feller

A NEGRO LOVE SONG

SEEN my lady home las night
Jump back honey jump back
Hel huh han an squeeze it tight
Jump back honey jump back
Hyeahd huh sigh a little sigh,

Seen a light gleam fom huh eye
An' a smile go flittin by —

Jump back, honey jump back

Hyeahd de win blow thoo d-
pine,

Jump back honey jump back
Mockin' bird was singin fine

Jump back honey jump back
An my heart was beatin so
When I reached my lady s do
Dat I could n't ba to go —

Jump back honey jump back

Put my ahm aroun' huh wais
Jump back honey jump back.

Raised huh lips in took a rise
Jump back honey jump back.
I ove me honey love me true?
I ove me well ez I love you?

An she answe'd Coe I do —
Jump back honey jump back

THE DILETTANTE A MODERN TYPE

HE scribbles some in prose and
verse

And now and then he prints it
He paints a little — gathers some
Of Nature's gold and mints it

He plays a little sings a song
Acts tragic roles, or funny
He does because his love is strong
But not, oh not for money!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

He studies almost everything
From social art to science,
A thirsty mind, a flowing spring,
Demand and swift compliance

He looms above the sordid
crowd —
At least through friendly lenses,
While his mamma looks pleased
and proud,
And kindly pays expenses

BY THE STREAM

By the stream I dream in calm
delight, and watch as in a
glass,

How the clouds like crowds of
snowy-hued and white-robed
maidens pass,

And the water into ripples breaks
and sparkles as it spreads,
Like a host of armored knights
with silver helmets on their
heads

And I deem the stream an emblem
fit of human life may go,

For I find a mind may sparkle
much and yet but shallows
show,

And a soul may glow with myriad
lights and wondrous mys-
teries,

When it only lies a dormant thing
and mirrors what it sees

THE COLORED SOLDIERS

If the muse were mine to tempt it
And my feeble voice were
strong,

If my tongue were trained to
measures,

I would sing a stirring song
I would sing a song heroic
Of those noble sons of Ham,
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam!

In the early days you scorned
them,

And with many a flip and flout
Said "These battles are the white
man's,

And the whites will fight them
out"

Up the hills you fought and fal-
tered,

In the vales you strove and bled,
While your ears still heard the
thunder

Of the foes' advancing tread.

Then distress fell on the nation,
And the flag was drooping low;
Should the dust pollute your ban-
ner?

No! the nation shouted, No!
So when War, in savage triumph,
Spread abroad his funeral
pall —

Then you called the colored sol-
diers,

And they answered to your call

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And like hounds unleashed and
eager

For the life blood of the prey,
Sprung they forth and bore them
bravely

In the thickest of the fray
And where'er the fight was hot
test

Where the bullets fastest fell
There they pressed unblanched
and fearless
At the very mouth of hell

Ah they rallied to the standard
To uphold it by their might
None were stronger in the labors
None were braver in the fight
From the blazing breach of Wag
ner

To the plains of Olustee
They were foremost in the fight
Of the battles of the free

And at Pillow! God have mercy
On the deeds committed there
And the souls of those poor vic
tims

Sent to Thee without a prayer
Let the fulness of Thy pity
O'er the hot wrought spirits
sway
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fell fighting on that day!

Yes the Blacks enjoy their free
dom
And they won it dearly too,

For the life blood of their thou
sands

Did the southern fields bedew
In the darkness of their bondage
In the depths of slavery's night
Their muskets flashed the dawn
ing

And they fought their way to
light

They were comrades then and
brothers

Are they more or less to day?
They were good to stop a bullet
And to front the fearful fray
They were citizens and soldiers
When rebellion raised its head
And the traits that made them
worthy —

Ah! those virtues are not dead

They have shared your nightly
vigils

They have shared your daily
toil
And their blood with yours com
mingling
Has enriched the Southern soil

They have slept and marched and
suffered

'Neath the same dark skies as
you

They have met as fierce a foe-
man,

And have been as brave and
true

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And their deeds shall find a record
In the registry of Fame,
For their blood has cleansed completely
Every blot of Slavery's shame
So all honor and all glory
To those noble sons of Ham—
The gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam!

NATURE AND ART

TO MY FRIEND CHARLES BOOTH
NETTLETON

I

THE young queen Nature, ever
sweet and fair,
Once on a time fell upon evil
days
From hearing oft herself dis-
cussed with praise,
There grew within her heart the
longing rare
To see herself, and every passing
air
The warm desire fanned into
lusty blaze
Full oft she sought this end by
devious ways,
But sought in vain, so fell she in
despair
For none within her train nor by
her side
Could solve the task or give the
envied boon
So day and night, beneath the
sun and moon,

She wandered to and fro unsatis-
fied,
Till Art came by, a blithe in-
ventive elf,
And made a glass wherein she
saw herself

II

Enrapt, the queen gazed on her
glorious self,
Then trembling with the thrill
of sudden thought,
Commanded that the skilful
wright be brought
That she might dower him with
lands and pelf.
Then out upon the silent sea-lapt
shelf
And up the hills and on the
downs they sought
Him who so well and won-
drously had wrought,
And with much search found and
brought home the elf
But he put by all gifts with sad
replies,
And from his lips these words
flowed forth like wine
"O queen, I want no gift but
thee," he said
She heard and looked on him with
love-lit eyes,
Gave him her hand, low murmur-
ing, "I am thine,"
And at the morrow's dawning
they were wed.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

AFTER WHILE

A POEM OF FAITH

I THINK that though the clouds
be dark
That though the waves dash o'er
the bark
Yet after while the light will
come
And in calm waters safe at home
The bark will anchor
Weep not my sad-eyed gray
robed maid
Because your fairest blossoms
fade
That sorrow still o'erruns your
cup
And even though you root them
up
The weeds grow ranker

For after while your tears shall
cease
And sorrow shall give way to
peace
The flowers shall bloom the
weeds shall die
And in that faith seen by and by
Thy woes shall perish
Smile at old Fortune's adverse
tide
Smile when the scoffers sneer and
chide
Oh not for you the gems that
pale
And not for you the flowers that
foul
Let this thought cherish

That after while the clouds will
part
And then with joy the waiting
heart
Shall feel the light come stealing
in
That drives away the cloud of sin
And breaks its power
And you shall burst your chrysa-
lis
And wing away to realms of
bliss
Untrammelled pure divinely
free
Above all earth's anxiety
From that same hour

THE OL TUNES

You kin talk about yer anthems
An yer arias an sich
An yer modern choir singin
That you think so awful rich
But you orter heerd us youngsters
In the times now far away
A singin o' the ol tunes
In the ol fashioned way
There was some of us sung treble
An a few of us growled bass
An' the tide o' song flowed
smoothly
With its complement o' grace
There was spirit in that music
An a kind o' solemn sway,
A singin o' the ol tunes
In the ol fashioned way

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I remember oft o' standin'
In my homespun pantaloons —
On my face the bronze an' freckles
O' the suns o' youthful Junes —
Thinkin' that no mortal minstrel
Ever chanted sich a lay
As the ol' tunes we was singin'
In the ol'-fashioned way.

The boys 'ud always lead us,
An' the girls 'ud all chime in
Till the sweetness o' the singin'
Robbed the list'nin' soul o' sin,
An' I used to tell the parson
'T was as good to sing as pray,
When the people sung the ol'
tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way

How I long ag'in to hear 'em
Pourin' forth from soul to soul,
With the treble high an' meller,
An' the bass's mighty roll,
But the times is very diff'rent,
An' the music heerd to-day
An't the singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

Little screechin' by a woman,
Little squawkin' by a man,
Then the organ's twiddle-twaddle,
Jest the empty space to span, —
An' ef you should even think it,
'T is n't proper fur to say
That you want to hear the ol'
tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

But I think that some bright
mornin',
When the toils of life air o'er,
An' the sun o' heaven arisin'
Glads with light the happy
shore,
I shall hear the angel chorus,
In the realms of endless day,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

MELANCHOLIA

SILENTLY without my window,
Tapping gently at the pane,
Falls the rain
Through the trees sighs the breeze
Like a soul in pain.
Here alone I sit and weep;
Thought hath banished sleep.

Wearily I sit and listen
To the water's ceaseless drip.
To my lip
Fate turns up the bitter cup,
Forcing me to sip,
'T is a bitter, bitter drink,
Thus I sit and think, —

Thinking things unknown and
awful,
Thoughts on wild, uncanny
themes,
Waking dreams
Spectres dark, corpses stark,
Show the gaping seams
Whence the cold and cruel knife
Stole away their life.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Bloodshot eyes all strained and staring
Gazing ghastly into mine,
Blood like wine
On the brow — clotted now —
Shows death's dreadful sign
Lonely vigil still I keep
Would that I might sleep!

Hark! the morning cock is crowing
Dreams like ghosts must hie away
'Tis the day
Rosy morn now is born
Dark thoughts may not stay
Day my bruin from foes will keep,
Now, my soul, I sleep

Still oh still my brain is whirling!
Still runs on my stream of thought
I am caught
In the net fate hath set
Mind and soul are brought
To destruction's very brink
Yet I can but think!

Eyes that look into the future —
Peeping forth from out my mind
They will find
Some new weight soon or late
On my soul to bind
Crushing all its courage out —
Heavier than doubt

Dawn the Eastern monarch's daughter
Rising from her dewy bed
Lays her head
Gainst the clouds sombre shrouds
Now half fringed with red
O'er the land she gins to peep
Come O gentle Sleep!

THE WOOING

A YOUTH went faring up and down
Alack and well a day
He fared him to the market town
Alack and well a day
And there he met a maiden fair
With hazel eyes and ruburn hair
His heart went from him then and there
Alack and well a day

She posies sold right merrily
Alack and well a day
But not a flower was fair as she
Alack and well a day
He bought a rose and sighed a sigh
Ah dearest maiden would that I
Might dare the seller too to buy!
Alack and well a day

She tossed her head the coy coquette
Alack and well a day

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

"I'm not, sir, in the market yet,"
Alack and well-a-day.
"Your love must cool upon a
shelf,
Tho' much I sell for gold and
pelf,
I'm yet too young to sell myself,"
Alack and well-a-day.

The youth was filled with sorrow
sore,
Alack and well-a-day.
And looked he at the maid once
more,
Alack and well-a-day
Then loud he cried, "Fair maid-
en, if
Too young to sell, now as I live,
You're not too young yourself to
give,"
Alack and well-a-day.

The little maid cast down her
eyes,
Alack and well-a-day
And many a flush began to rise,
Alack and well-a-day
"Why, since you are so bold," she
said,
"I doubt not you are highly bled,
So take me!" and the twain were
wed,
Alack and well-a-day.

MERRY AUTUMN

It's all a farce,—these tales they
tell
About the breezes sighing,
And moans astir o'er field and
dell,
Because the year is dying

Such principles are most absurd,—
I care not who first taught
'em,
There's nothing known to beast
or bird
To make a solemn autumn

In solemn times, when grief holds
sway
With countenance distressing,
You'll note the more of black and
gray
Will then be used in dressing

Now purple tints are all around;
The sky is blue and mellow,
And e'en the grasses turn the
ground
From modest green to yellow

The seed burrs all with laughter
crack
On featherweed and jimson;
And leaves that should be dressed
in black
Are all decked out in crimson

A butterfly goes winging by;
A singing bird comes after;

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And Nature all from earth to
sky

Is bubbling o'er with laughter

The ripples wimple on the rills

Like sparkling little lasses

The sunlight runs along the hills,

And laughs among the grasses

The earth is just so full of fun

It really can't contain it,

And streams of mirth so freely
run

The heavens seem to rain it

Don't talk to me of solemn days

In autumn's time of splendor

Because the sun shows fewer rays

And these grow slant and slender

Why it's the climax of the
year —

The highest time of living! —

Till naturally its bursting cheer

Just melts into thanksgiving

WHEN DE CON PONES HOT

DE is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go

Jes a rattlin' down creation

Lak an ocean's overflow

When de worl' jes stahts a spin
nin

Lak a picaminy's top

An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'

Twell it seems about to slop

An' you feel jes lak a racah

Dat is trunin' fu' to trot —

When yo' mammy says de blessin'

An' de con pone's hot

When you set down at de table

Kin o' weary lak an' sad

An' you 'se jes a little tiahed

An' purhps a little mad

How yo' gloom tuns into glad
ness

How yo' joy drives out de
doubt

When de oven do is opened

An' de smell comes po in out

Why de lectric light o' Heaven

Seems to settle on de spot

When yo' mammy says de blessin'

An' de con pone's hot

When de cabbage pot is steamin'

An' de bacon good an' fat

When de chittlins is a sputter n

So s to show you whah dey s
at

Tek away yo' sody biscuit

Tek away yo' cake an' pie

Fu de glory time is comin'

An' it's proachin' mighty
nigh

An' you want to jump an' hollah

Dough you know you d bettah
not

When yo' mammy says de ble sin

An' de con pone's hot

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I have hyeahd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've hyeahd o' lots o'
prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuck me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mastah's th'one,
An' have lef' my hea't a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone,
But dem wu'ds so sweetly mur-
mured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy says de blessin',
An' de co'n pone's hot.

BALLAD

I KNOW my love is true,
And oh the day is fair.
The sky is clear and blue,
The flowers are rich of hue,
The air I breathe is rare,
I have no grief or care;
For my own love is true,
And oh the day is fair.

My love is false I find,
And oh the day is dark
Blows sadly down the wind,
While sorrow holds my mind,
I do not hear the lark,
For quenched is life's dear
spark,—
My love is false I find,
And oh the day is dark!

For love doth make the day
Or dark or doubly bright;
Her beams along the way
Dispel the gloom and gray
She lives and all is bright,
She dies and life is night.
For love doth make the day,
Or dark or doubly bright.

THE CHANGE HAS COME

THE change has come, and Helen
sleeps —
Not sleeps, but wakes to greater
deeps
Of wisdom, glory, truth, and
light,
Than ever blessed her seeking
sight,
In this low, long, lethargic
night,
Worn out with strife
Which men call life.

The change has come, and who
would say
"I would it were not come to-
day"?
What were the respite till to-
morrow?
Postponement of a certain sor-
row,
From which each passing day
would borrow!
Let grief be dumb,
The change has come.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

COMPARISON

THE sky of brightest gray seems
dark

To one whose sky was ever
white

To one who never knew a spark
Thro all his life of love or
light

The grayest cloud seems over
bright

The robin sounds a beggar's note
Where one the nightingale has
heard

But he for whom no silver throat
Its liquid music ever stirred
Deems robin still the sweetest
bird

A CORN SONG

ON the wide veranda white
In the purple failing light
Sits the master while the sun is
lowly burning

And his dreamy thoughts are
drowned
In the softly flowing sound
Of the corn songs of the field
hands slow returning

Oh we hoe de co n
Since de ehly mo n
Now de sinkin sun
Says de day is done

O'er the fields with heavy tread
Light of heart and high of head

Though the halting steps be la
bored slow and weary
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song
And their corn song rises ever
loud and cheery

Oh we hoe de co n
Since de ehly mo n
Now de sinkin sun
Says de day is done

To the master in his seat
Comes the burden full and sweet,
Of the mellow minor music grow
ing clearer
As the toilers raise the hymn
Thro the silence dusk and dim
To the cabin's restful shelter
drawing nearer

Oh we hoe de co n
Since de ehly mo n
Now de sinkin sun
Says de day is done

And a tear is in the eye
Of the master sitting by
As he listens to the echoes low
replying
To the music's fading calls
As it faints away and falls
Into silence deep within the cabin
dying

Oh we hoe de co n
Since de ehly mo n
Now de sinkin sun
Says de day is done.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF ·

DISCOVERED

SEEN you down at chu'ch las'
night,

Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

What I mean? oh, dat's all right,

Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

You was sma't ez sma't could be,

But you could n't hide f'om me.

An't I got two eyes to see!

Nevah min', Miss Lucy

Guess you thought you's awful
keen,

Nevah min', Miss Lucy

Evahthing you done, I seen,

Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Seen him tek yo' ahm jes' so,

When he got outside de do' —

Oh, I know dat man's yo' beau!

Nevah min', Miss Lucy

Say now, honey, wha'd he say? —

Nevah min', Miss Lucy!

Keep yo' secrets — dat's yo'
way —

Nevah min', Miss Lucy

Won't tell me an' I'm yo' pal —

I'm gwine tell his othah gal, —

Know huh, too, huh name is Sal,

Nevah min', Miss Lucy!

DISAPPOINTED

AN old man planted and dug and
tended,

Toiling in joy from dew to
dew,

The sun was kind, and the rain
befriended,

Fine grew his orchard and fair
to view

Then he said: "I will quiet my
thrifty fears,

For here is fruit for my failing
years"

But even then the storm-clouds
gathered,

Swallowing up the azure sky,

The sweeping winds into white
foam lathered

The placid breast of the bay,
hard by,

Then the spirits that raged in the
darkened air

Swept o'er his orchard and left it
bare

The old man stood in the rain, un-
caring,

Viewing the place the storm had
swept,

And then with a cry from his soul
despairing,

He bowed him down to the
earth and wept

But a voice cried aloud from the
driving rain,

"Arise, old man, and plant
again!"

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

INVITATION TO LOVE

COME when the nights are bright
with stars

Or when the moon is mellow
Come when the sun his golden
bars

Drops on the hay field yellow
Come in the twilight soft and
gray

Come in the night or come in the
day,

Come O love where'er you may,
And you are welcome, welcome

You are sweet O Love dear
Love

You are soft as the nesting dove
Come to my heart and bring it rest
As the bird flies home to its wel-
come nest

Come when my heart is full of
grief

Or when my heart is merry
Come with the falling of the leaf
Or with the reddening cherry
Come when the year's first blos-
som blows

Come when the summer gleams
and glows

Come with the winter's drifting
snows

And you are welcome welcome

HE HAD HIS DREAM

HE had his dream and all
through life

Worked up to it through toil and
strife

Afloat fore'er before his eyes

It colored for him all his skies

The storm-cloud dark

Above his bark,

The calm and listless vault of blue

Took on its hopeful hue

It tintured every passing beam —

He had his dream

He labored hard and failed at last
His sails too weak to bear the
blast

The raging tempests tore away
And sent his beating bark astray
But what cared he
For wind or seal

He said 'The tempest will be
short

My bark will come to port
He saw through every cloud a
gleam —

He had his dream

GOOD NIGHT

THE lark is silent in his nest

The breeze is sighing in its
flight

Sleep Love and peaceful be thy
rest

Good night my love good
night good night

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Sweet dreams attend thee in thy
sleep,
To soothe thy rest till morn-
ing's light,
And angels round thee vigil keep
Good-night, my love, good-
night, good-night

Sleep well, my love, on night's
dark breast,
And ease thy soul with slumber
bright,
Be joy but thine and I am blest
Good-night, my love, good-
night, good-night.

'T ain't no possum! Bless de
Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!
Gin it to me, whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go
'way!
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you av too big a price

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat's de gal's whut makes you?
Come back, Sam, now whah's
you gwine?
Co'se you knows dat possum's
mine!

A COQUETTE CON- QUERED

YES, my ha't 's ez ha'd ez stone —
Go 'way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No, I ain't gwine change my
min' —
Ain't gwine ma'y you — nuffin' de
kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?
Go ma'y Phiny, whut I keer?
Oh, you need n't mou'n an' cry —
I don't keer how soon you die

Got a present! Whut you got?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot!
Huh! yo' sass do sholy beat —
Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

Whut's dat un'neaf yo' coat?
Looks des lak a little shoat.

NORA · A SERENADE

AH, Nora, my Nora, the light
fades away,
While Night like a spirit steals
up o'er the hills,
The thrush from his tree where he
chanted all day,
No longer his music in ecstasy
trills
Then, Nora, be near me, thy pres-
ence doth cheer me,
Thine eye hath a gleam that is
truer than gold

I cannot but love thee, so do not
reprove me,
If the strength of my passion
should make me too bold

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Nora pride of my heart —
 Rosy cheeks cherry lips, sparkling with glee —
Wake from thy slumbers where
 ever thou art
Wake from thy slumbers to
 me

Ah Nora my Nora, there's love
 in the air —
It stirs in the numbers that
 thrill in my brain
Oh sweet sweet is love with its
 mingling of care
Though joy travels only a step
 before pain
Be roused from thy slumbers and
 list to my numbers
My heart is poured out in this
 song unto thee
Oh be thou not cruel thou treasure
 thou jewel
Turn thine ear to my pleading
 and hearken to me

OCTOBER

OCTOBER is the treasurer of the
 year
And all the months pay bounty
 to her store
The fields and orchards still their
 tribute bear
And fill her brimming coffers
 more and more
But she with youthful lavishness

Spends all her wealth in gaudy
 dress
And decks herself in garments
 bold
Of scarlet purple, red and
 gold

She heedeth not how swift the
 hours fly
But smiles and sings her happy
 life along
She only sees above a shining sky
 She only hears the breezes voice
 in song
Her garments trail the woodlands
 through
And gather pearls of early dew
 That sparkle till the roguish
 Sun
Creeps up and steals them every
 one

But what cares she that jewels
 should be lost
When all of Nature's bounte-
 ous wealth is hers?
Though princely fortunes may
 have been their cost
Not one regret her calm de-
 meanor stirs
Wholehearted happy careless
 free
She lives her life out joyously
 Nor cares when Frost stalks o'er
 her way
And turns her auburn locks to
 gray

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

A SUMMER'S NIGHT

THE night is dewy as a maiden's
mouth,
The skies are bright as are a
maiden's eyes,
Soft as a maiden's breath the
wind that flies
Up from the perfumed bosom of
the South
Like sentinels, the pines stand in
the park,
And hither hastening, like rakes
that roam,
With lamps to light their way-
ward footsteps home,
The fireflies come stagg'ring down
the dark

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

OUT in the sky the great dark
clouds are massing;
I look far out into the pregnant
night,
Where I can hear a solemn boom-
ing gun
And catch the gleaming of a
random light,
That tells me that the ship I seek
is passing, passing
My tearful eyes my soul's deep
hurt are glassing,
For I would hail and check that
ship of ships.

I stretch my hands imploring, cry
aloud,
My voice falls dead a foot from
mine own lips,
And but its ghost doth reach that
vessel, passing, passing

O Earth, O Sky, O Ocean, both
surpassing,
O heart of mine, O soul that
dreads the dark!
Is there no hope for me? Is there
no way
That I may sight and check that
speeding bark
Which out of sight and sound is
passing, passing?

THE DELINQUENT

Goo'-BY, Jinks, I got to hump,
Got to mek dis pony jump;
See dat sun a-goin' down
'N' me a-foolin' hyeah in town!
Git up, Suke — go long!

Guess Mirandy 'll think I's tight,
Me not home an' comin' on night.
What's dat stan'in' by de fence?
Pshaw! why don't I lu'n some
sense?
Git up, Suke — go long!

Guess I spent down dah at Jinks'
Mos' a dollah fur de drinks
Bless yo'r soul, you see dat star?
Lawd, but won't Mirandy rar?
Git up, Suke — go long!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Went dis mo nin hyeah it s night,
Dah s de cabin dah in sight
Who s dat stan in in de do ?
Dat must be Mirandy sho
Git up Suke — go long!

Got de close stick in huh han
Dat look funny, goodness lan
Sakes alibe but she look glum!
Hyeah Mirandy hyeah I come!
Git up Suke — go long!

Ef t had n t a ben fur you, you
slow ole fool I d a ben home
long fo now!

DAWN

AN angel robed in spotless white
Bent down and kissed the sleeping
Night
Night woke to blush the sprite
was gone
Men saw the blush and called it
Dawn

A DROWSY DAY

THE air is dark the sky is gray
The misty shadows come and
go
And here within my dusky room
Each chair looks ghostly in the
gloom
Outside the rain falls cold and
slow —

Half stinging drops half blinding
spray

Each slightest sound is magnified
For drowsy quiet holds her
reign

The burnt stick in the fireplace
breaks,

The nodding cat with start
awakes

And then to sleep drops off
again

Unheeding Towser at her side

I look far out across the lawn
Where huddled stand the silly
sheep

My work lies idle at my hands
My thoughts fly out like scattered
strands

Of thread and on the verge of
sleep —

Still half awake — I dream and
yawn

What spirits rise before my eyes!
How various of kind and form!
Sweet memories of days long past
The dreams of youth that could
not last,

Each smiling calm each raging
storm

That swept across my early skies

Half seen the bare gaunt fingered
boughs

Before my window sweep and
sway

And chafe in tortures of unrest

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

My chin sinks down upon my
breast,

I cannot work on such a day,
But only sit and dream and
drowse

DIRGE

PLACE this bunch of mignonette
In her cold, dead hand,
When the golden sun is set,
Where the poplars stand,
Bury her from sun and day,
Lay my little love away
From my sight

She was like a modest flower
Blown in sunny June,
Warm as sun at noon's high hour,
Chaster than the moon
Ah, her day was brief and bright,
Earth has lost a star of light,
She is dead.

Softly breathe her name to me,—
Ah, I loved her so.
Gentle let your tribute be,
None may better know
Her true worth than I who weep
O'er her as she lies asleep —
Soft asleep

Lay these lilies on her breast,
They are not more white
Than the soul of her, at rest
'Neath their petals bright
Chant your aves soft and low,

Solemn be your tread and slow,—
She is dead

Lay her here beneath the grass,
Cool and green and sweet,
Where the gentle brook may pass
Crooning at her feet.
Nature's bards shall come and
sing,
And the fairest flowers shall spring
Where she lies

Safe above the water's swirl,
She has crossed the bar,
Earth has lost a precious pearl,
Heaven has gained a star,
That shall ever sing and shine,
Till it quells this grief of mine
For my love

HYMN

WHEN storms arise
And dark'ning skies
About me threat'ning lower,
To thee, O Lord, I raise mine
eyes,
To thee my tortured spirit flies
For solace in that hour

The mighty arm
Will let no harm
Come near me nor befall me;
Thy voice shall quiet my alarm,
When life's great battle waxeth
warm —
No foeman shall appall me.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Upon thy breast
Secure I rest

From sorrow and vexation
No more by sinful cares oppressed
But in thy presence ever blest
O God of my salvation

PREPARATION

THE little bird sits in the nest and
sings

A shy soft song to the morning
light

And it flutters a little and prunes
its wings

The song is halting and poor
and brief

And the fluttering wings scarce
stir a leaf

But the note is a prelude to
sweeter things

And the busy bill and the flutter
slight

Are proving the wings for a
bolder flight!

THE DESERTED PLAN TATION

OH de grubbin hoe s a rustin in
de co nah

An de plow s a tumblin down
in de fiel

While de whippo will s a wulin
lak a mou nah

When h s stubbo n hea t is try
in ha d to yiel

In de furrers whah de co'n was
allus wain

Now de weeds is growin green
an rank an tall

An de swallers roun de whole
place is a bravin

Lak dey thought deir folks had
allus owned it all

An de big house stan s all quiet
lak an solemn

Not a blessed soul in pa lor
po ch er lawn

Not a guest ner not a ca'iage lef
to haul em

Fu' de ones dat tu ned de latch
string out air gone

An de banjo s voice is silent in de
qua ters

D an t a hymn ner co n song
ringin in de air

But de murmur of a branch s pass-
in' waters

Is de only soun dat breks de
stillness dere

Whah s de da kies dem dat used
to be a dancin

Evry night befo de ole cabin
do ?

Whah 's de chillun dem dat used
to be a prancin

Er a rollin in de san er on de
flo ?

Whah s ole Uncle Mordecai an
Uncle Aaron?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Whah 's Aunt Doshy, Sam, an'
Kit, an' all de res'?

Whah 's ole Tom de da'ky fiddlah,
how 's he farin'?

Whah 's de gals dat used to sing
an' dance de bes'?

Gone! not one o' dem is lef' to tell
de story;

Dey have lef' de deah ole place
to fall away

Could n't one o' dem dat seed it in
its glory

Stay to watch it in de hour of
decay?

Dey have lef' de ole plantation to
de swallers,

But it hol's in me a lover till de
las',

Fu' I fin' hyeah in de memory dat
follers

All dat loved me an' dat I loved
in de pas'.

So I 'll stay an' watch de deah ole
place an' tend it

Ez I used to in de happy days
gone by

'Twell de othah Mastah thinks
it's time to end it,

An' calls me to my qua'ters in
de sky.

THE SECRET

WHAT says the wind to the wav-
ing trees?

What says the wave to the
river?

What means the sigh in the passing
breeze?

Why do the rushes quiver?

Have you not heard the fainting
cry

Of the flowers that said "Good-
bye, good-bye"?

List how the gray dove moans and
grieves

Under the woodland cover,
List to the drift of, the falling
leaves,

List to the wail of the lover
Have you not caught the message
heard

Already by wave and breeze and
bird?

Come, come away to the river's
bank,

Come in the early morning,
Come when the grass with dew is
dank,

There you will find the warn-
ing —

A hint in the kiss of the quicken-
ing air

Of the secret that birds and
breezes bear

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE WIND AND THE SEA

At many a crime that he wot of
Wherein he had played his part

I stood by the shore at the death
of day,
As the sun sank flaming red,
And the face of the waters that
spread away
Was as gray as the face of the
dead

He thought of the gallant ships
gone down
By the will of his wicked waves
And he thought how the church
yard in the town
Held the sea made widows
graves

And I heard the cry of the wan
ton sea
And the moan of the wailing
wind
For love's sweet pain in his heart
had he
But the gray old sea had sinned

The wild wind thought of the love
he had left
Afar in an Eastern land
And he longed as long the much
bereft
For the touch of her perfumed
hand

The wind was young and the sea
was old,
But their cries went up to-
gether
The wind was warm and the sea
was cold
For age makes wintry weather

In his winding wail and his deep
heaved sigh
His aching grief found vent
While the sea looked up at the
bending sky
And murmured I repent

So they cried aloud and they wept
amain
Till the sky grew dark to hear
it
And out of its folds crept the misty
rain
In its shroud like a troubled
spirit

But even as he spoke a ship came
by
That bravely ploughed the
main
And a light came into the sea's
green eye
And his heart grew hard again

For the wind was wild with a
hopeless love
And the sea was sad at heart

Then he spoke to the wind
Friend seest thou not
Yon vessel is eastward bound?
Pray speed with it to the happy
spot

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Where thy loved one may be
found ”

And the wind rose up in a dear
delight,

And after the good ship sped,
But the crafty sea by his wicked
might
Kept the vessel ever ahead

Till the wind grew fierce in his
despair,

And white on the brow and lip
He tore his garments and tore his
hair,
And fell on the flying ship.

And the ship went down, for a
rock was there,

And the sailless sea loomed
black,

While burdened again with dole
and care,

The wind came moaning back.

And still he moans from his bosom
hot

Where his raging grief lies pent,
And ever when the ships come not,
The sea says “ I repent ”

RIDING TO TOWN

WHEN labor is light and the
morning is fair,

I find it a pleasure beyond all
compare

To hitch up my nag and go hur-
rying down

And take Katie May for a ride
into town,

For bumpety-bump goes the
wagon,

But tra-la-la-la our lay

There's joy in a song as we rattle
along

In the light of the glorious day

A coach would be fine, but a
spring wagon's good,

My jeans are a match for Kate's
gingham and hood,

The hills take us up and the vales
take us down,

But what matters that? we are
riding to town,

And bumpety-bump goes the
wagon,

But tra-la-la-la sing we

There's never a care may live in
the air

That is filled with the breath
of our glee.

And after we've started, there's
naught can repress

The thrill of our hearts in their
wild happiness,

The heavens may smile or the
heavens may frown,

And it's all one to us when we're
riding to town

For bumpety-bump goes the
wagon,

But tra-la-la-la we shout,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

For our hearts they are clear and
there's no hing to fear
And we ve never a pain nor a
doubt

The wagon is weak and the road
way is rough
And tho it is long it is not long
enough
For mid all my ees asies this is the
crown
To sit bes de Katie and ride into
town

When bumpety bump goes the
wagon
But tra la la la our song
And if I had my way I d be will
ing to pay
If the road could be made twice
as long

WE WFAR THE MASK

We wear the mask that grins and
lies
It hides our cheeks and shades our
eyes—
This debt we pay to human guile
With torn and bleeding hearts we
smile
And mouth with myriad subtle
ties

Why should the world be over
wise
In counting all our tears and
sighs?

Nay, let them only see us while
We wear the mask

We smile but, O great Christ,
our ees
To thee from tortured souls arise
We sing but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet and long the
mile
But let the world dream other
wise
We wear the mask!

THE MEADOW LARK

THOUGH the winds be dank,
And the sky be sober
And the grieving Day
In a mantle gray
Hath let her waiting maiden
robe her—
All the fields along
I can hear the song
Of the meadow lark
As she flits and flutters
And laughs at the thunder
when it mutters.
O happy bird of heart most
gay
To sing when skies are gray!

When the clouds are full
And the tempest master
Let the loud winds sweep
From his bosom deep
Like heralds of some dire disaster,
ter,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Then the heart alone
To itself makes moan,
And the songs come slow,
While the tears fall fleeter,
And silence than song by far
seems sweeter
Oh, few are they along the
way
Who sing when skies are
gray!

ONE LIFE

OH, I am hurt to death, my
Love;

The shafts of Fate have pierced
my striving heart,
And I am sick and weary of
The endless pain and smart
My soul is weary of the strife,
And chafes at life, and chafes at
life

Time mocks me with fair prom-
ises,

A blooming future grows a bar-
ren past,
Like rain my fair full-blossomed
trees

Unburden in the blast.
The harvest fails on grain and
tree,
Nor comes to me, nor comes to
me

The stream that bears my hopes
abreast

Turns ever from my way its
pregnant tide
My laden boat, torn from its rest,
Drifts to the other side
So all my hopes are set astray,
And drift away, and drift away

The lark sings to me at the morn,
And near me wings her sky-
ward-soaring flight,
But pleasure dies as soon as born,
The owl takes up the night,
And night seems long and doubly
dark;

I miss the lark, I miss the lark.

Let others labor as they may,
I'll sing and sigh alone, and
write my line

Their fate is theirs, or grave or
gay,

And mine shall still be mine
I know the world holds joy and
glce,

But not for me,—'t is not for me

CHANGING TIME

THE cloud looked in at the win-
dow,

And said to the day, "Be dark!"
And the roguish rain tapped hard
on the pane,

To stifle the song of the lark

The wind sprang up in the tree
tops

PAUL I ALBINCI DI NBAR

And st and n h a v e of St l e e s t l e l o n g l e n
d e a t m e t h e t
h e t l e t l e e d l e e t l e
t l e t l e e
W a t l e t m h a v e l e a A C O N F I D E N C I
l e t l e

11: 312

As our eyes met
 I saw
 Some dream-like mist
 Between us
 Clear
 As our eyes met
 From the
 And I saw that
 I saw
 So even the door and walls
 I saw
 Crossed a light to the truly
 Outward
 His light like day
 I saw
 A man who had given
 His life
 Then looking on the day of her
 I saw
 He crushes his tears in his
 arms
 And I look no upon this
 Cold embrace
 Nor see the calmness of the
 woman's face
 With joy unspeakable and bated
 breath.

CONFIDENTIAL

[illegible]

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Not no foolin' ner no fun;
Fur I'm sweet on her, you see,
An' I ruther guess 'at she
Must be kinder sweet on me,
So we're keepin' company.
Honest Injun! this is true,
Ever' word I'm tellin' you!
But you won't be sich a scab
Ez to run aroun' an' blab
Mebbe 't ain't the way with you,
But you know some fellers do.
Spoils a girl to let her know
'At you talk about her so.
Don't you know her? her name's
Liz,

Nicest girl in town she is.
Purty? ah, git out, you gilly —
Liz 'ud purt 'nigh knock you silly.
Y' ought 'o see her when she's
dressed

All up in her Sunday best,
All the fellers nudgin' me,
An' a-whisperin', gemunee!
Betcher life 'at I feel proud
When she passes by the crowd
'T 's kinder nice to be a-goin'
With a girl 'at makes some show-
in'—

One you know 'at hain't no snide,
Makes you feel so satisfied.
An' I'll tell you she's a trump,
Never even seen her jump
Like some silly girls 'ud do,
When I'd hide and holler "Boo!"
She'd jest laff an' say "Git out!
What you hollerin' about?"
When some girls 'ud have a fit

That 'un don't git skeered a bit,
Never makes a bit o' row
When she sees a worm er cow.
Them kind 's few an' far between;
Bravest girl I ever seen
Tell you 'nuther thing she'll do,
Mebbe you won't think it's true,
But if she's jest got a dime
She'll go halvers ever' time.
Ah, you goose, you need n't laff,
That's the kinder girl to have
If you knowed her like I do,
Guess you'd kinder like her too
Tell you somep'n' if you 'll swear
You won't tell it anywhere.
Oh, you got to cross yer heart
Earnest, truly, 'fore I start.
Well, one day I kissed her cheek;
Gee, but I felt cheap an' weak,
'Cause at first she kinder flared,
'N', gracious goodness! I was
scared.
But I need n't been, fer la!
Why, she never told her ma.
That's what I call grit, don't
you?

Sich a girl's worth stickin' to

PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS, ah, Phyllis, my life is a
gray day,
Few are my years, but my griefs
are not few,
Ever to youth should each day be
a May-day,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Warm wind and rose breath and
diamonded dew —
Phyllis ah Phyllis my life is a
gray day

Oh for the sunlight that shines on
a May day!
Only the cloud hangeth over
my life
Love that should bring me youth's
happiest heyday
Brings me but seasons of sor
row and strife
Phyllis ah Phyllis my life is a
gray day

Sunshine or shadow or gold day
or gray day
Life must be lived as our des
tines rule
Leisure or labor or work day or
play day —
Feasts for the famous and fun
for the fool
Phyllis ah Phyllis my life is a
gray day

RIGHTS SECURITY

WHAT if the wind do howl with
out
And turn the creaking weather
vane
What if the arrows of the rain
Do beat against the window pane?
Art thou not armored strong and
fast

Against the sallies of the blast?
Art thou not sheltered safe and
well
Against the flood's insistent swell?

What boots it that thou stand'st
alone,
And laughest in the battle's face
When all the weak have fled the
place
And let their feet and fears keep
pace?
Thou wavest still thine ensign
high
And shoutest thy loud battle cry
Higher than e'er the tempest
roared
It cleaves the silence like a sword
Right arms and armors too that
man
Who will not compromise with
wrong
Though single he must front the
throng
And wage the battle hard and
long
Minorities since time began
Have shown the better side of
man
And often in the lists of Time
One man has made a cause sub
lime!

IF

If life were but a dream my Love
And death the waking time

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

If day had not a beam, my Love,
And night had not a rhyme,—
A barren, barren world were
this
Without one saving gleam,
I'd only ask that with a kiss
You'd wake me from the
dream.

If dreaming were the sum of
days,
And loving were the bane,
If battling for a wreath of bays
Could soothe a heart in pain,—
I'd scorn the meed of battle's
might,
All other aims above
I'd choose the human's higher
right,
To suffer and to love!

THE SONG

My soul, lost in the music's mist,
Roamed, rapt, 'neath skies of ame-
thyst.
The cheerless streets grew summer
meads,
The Son of Phœbus spurred his
steeds,
And, wand'ring down the mazy
tune,
December lost its way in June,
While from a verdant vale I
heard
The piping of a love-lorn bird.

A something in the tender strain
Revived an old, long-conquered
pain,
And as in depths of many seas,
My heart was drowned in mem-
ories
The tears came welling to my
eyes,
Nor could I ask it otherwise,
For, oh! a sweetness seems to
last
Amid the dregs of sorrows past.

It stirred a chord that here of
late
I'd grown to think could not vi-
brate
It brought me back the trust of
youth,
The world again was joy and
truth
And Avicé, blooming like a
bride,
Once more stood trusting at my
side
But still, with bosom desolate,
The 'lorn bird sang to find his
mate.

Then there are trees, and lights
and stars,
The silv'ry tinkle of guitars,
And throbs again as throbbed that
waltz,
Before I knew that hearts were
false
Then like a cold wave on a shore,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Comes silence and she sings no
more
I wake I breathe I think again
And walk the sordid ways of men

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Air a gittin cool an coolab
Frost a comin in de night
Hicka nuts an' wa nuts fallin
Possum keepin out o' sight
Tukey struttin' in de ba nya'd
Nary step so proud ez his
Keep on struttin Mistah Tukey,
Yo do know whut time it is

Cidah press commence a squeakin
Eatin apples sto'ed away
Chillun swamin 'roun lak ho
nets
Huntin aigs ermung de hay
Mistah Tukey keep on gobblin
At de geese a flyin souf
Oomph! dat bird do know whut's
comin
Ef he did he'd shet his mouf

Pumpkin gittin good an yallah
Mek me open up my eyes
Seems lak it s a lookin at me
Jes a la in dah sayin Pies'
Tukey gobbler gwine roun' blow
in
Gwine roun gibbin sass an
slack

Keep on talkin Mistah Tukey,
You ain't seed no almanac

Fa'mer walkin th'oo de ba'nyad
Seen how things is comin on
Sees ef all de fowls is fattnin —
Good times comin sho's you
bo n

Hyeahs dat tukey gobbler brag
gin

Den his face break in a smile —
Nebbah min you sassy rascal
He s gwine nab you atter while

Choppin suet in de kitchen
Stonin raisins in de hall
Beef a cookin fu de mince meat
Spices groun — I smell em all
Look hyeah Tukey stop dat
gobblin

You ain lured de sense ob
feah
You ol fool yo naik s in dangah
Do you know Thanksgibbin s
hyeah?

WHY FADES A DREAM?

WHY fades a dream?
An indescent ray
Flecked in between the tryst
Of night and day
Why fades a dream? —
Of consciousness the shade
Wrought out by lack of light and
made
Upon life's stream
Why fades a dream?

That thought may thrive
So fades the fleshless dream,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Lest men should learn to trust
The things that seem.
So fades a dream,
That living thought may grow
And like a waxing star-beam glow
Upon life's stream —
So fades a dream.

THE SPARROW

A LITTLE bird, with plumage
brown,
Beside my window flutters down,
A moment chirps its little strain,
Ten taps upon my window-pane,
And chirps again, and hops along,
To call my notice to its song;
But I work on, nor heed its lay,
Till, in neglect, it flies away.

So birds of peace and hope and
love
Come fluttering earthward from
above,
To settle on life's window-sills,
And ease our load of earthly ills,
But we, in traffic's rush and din
Too deep engaged to let them in,
With deadened heart and sense
plod on,
Nor know our loss till they are
gone.

SPEAKIN' O' CHRISTMAS

BREEZES blowin' middlin' brisk,
Snow-flakes thro' the air a-whisk,
Fallin' kind o' soft an' light,

Not enough to make things white,
But jest sorter siftin' down
So 's to cover up the brown
Of the dark world's rugged ways
'N' make things look like holidays.
Not smoothed over, but jest
specked,

Sorter strainin' fur effect,
An' not quite a-gittin' through
What it started in to do.
Mercy sakes! it does seem queer
Christmas day is 'most nigh here
Somehow it don't seem to me
Christmas like it used to be,—
Christmas with its ice an' snow,
Christmas of the long ago
You could feel its stir an' hum
Weeks an' weeks before it come;
Somethin' in the atmosphere
Told you when the day was near,
Did n't need no almanacs,
That was one o' Nature's fac's
Every cottage decked out gay —
Cedar wreaths an' holly spray —
An' the stores, how they were
drest,

Tinsel tell you could n't rest;
Every winder fixed up pat,
Candy canes, an' things like that,
Noah's arks, an' guns, an' dolls,
An' all kinds o' fol-de-rols
Then with frosty bells a-chime,
Shidin' down the hills o' time,
Right amidst the fun an' din
Christmas come a-bustlin' in,
Raised his cheery voice to call
Out a welcome to us all;

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Hale and hearty, strong an' bluff
That was Christmas sure enough
Snow knee deep an' coas in fine
Frozen mill ponds all ashine,
Seem n' jest to lay in wait
Beggin' you to come an' skate.
An' you d' git your gal in go
Stumpin' cheerily thro' the snow
Feelin' pleased an' sleert an'
warm

'Cau e' she had a holt yore arm
Why when Christmas come in
we

Spent the whole glad day in glee,
Havin' fun an' seas in high
An' some courtin' on the sly
Bustin' in some neighbor's door
An' then suddenly before
He could give his voice a lift
Yellin' at him "Christmas gift"
Now sich things are never heard
Merry Christmas is the word
But it's only change o' name,
An' means givin' jest the same
There's too many new styled ways
Now about the holidays
I d' jest like once more to see
Christmas like it used to be!

LONESOME

MOTHER'S gone a visitin' to spend
a month er two
An', oh, the house is lonesome ez a
nest whose birds has flew
To other trees to build agin' the
rooms seem jest so bare

That the echoes run like sperrits
from the kitchen to the
s' air

The shadders flap more lazy like
'n what they used to do
Sence mother's gone a visitin' to
spend a month er two

We've killed the fattest chicken
an' we've cooked her to a
turn

We've made the richest gravy,
but I jest don't give a durn
Fur nothin' at I drink er eat, er
rothin' at I see.

The food ain't got the pleasant
taste it used to have to me
They's somep'n stickin' in my
throat er tight er hardened
glue

Sence mother's gone a visitin' to
spend a month er two

The hollyhocks air jest ez pink
they're double ones at that
An' I wuz prouder of em than a
baby of a cat

But now I don't go near em
though they nod an' blush at
me

Fur they's somep'n' seems to gall
me in their keerless sort o'
glee

An' all their fren'ly noddin' an'
their blushin' seems to say
'You're purty lonesome John
old boy sence mother's gone
away

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

The neighbors ain't so fren'ly ez it
seems they 'd ort to be,
They seem to be a-lookin' kinder
sideways like at me,
A-kinder feared they 'd tech me
off ez ef I wuz a match,
An' all because 'at mother's gone
an' I'm a-keepin' batch!
I'm shore I don't do nothin'
worse'n what I used to do
'Fore mother went a-visitin' to
spend a month er two

The sparrers ac's more fearsome
like an' won't hop quite so
near,
The cricket's chirp is sadder, an'
the sky ain't ha'f so clear,
When ev'nin' comes, I set an'
smoke tell my eyes begin to
swim,
An' things aroun' commence to
look all blurred an' faint an'
dim.
Well, I guess I 'll have to own up
'at I'm feelin' purty blue
Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to
spend a month er two

GROWIN' GRAY

HELLO, ole man, you're a-gittin'
gray,
An' it beats ole Ned to see the
way
'At the crow's feet's a-getherin'
aroun' yore eyes,

Tho' it ought n't to cause me no
su'prise,
Fur there's many a sun 'at you've
seen rise
An' many a one you've seen go
down
Sence yore step was light an' yore
hair was brown,
An' storms an' snows have had
their way —
Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin'
gray

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin'
gray,
An' the youthful pranks 'at you
used to play
Arc dreams of a far past long ago
That lie in a heart where the fires
burn low —
That has lost the flame though it
kept the glow,
An' spite of drivin' snow an' storm,
Beats bravely on forever warm.
December holds the place of
May —
Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin'
gray

Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin'
gray —
Who cares what the carpin' young-
sters say?
For, after all, when the tale is told,
Love proves if a man is young or
old!
Old age can't make the heart grow
cold

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When it does the will of an honest
mind
When it beats with love fur all
mankind
Then the night but leads to a fairer
day —
Hello ole man you re a gittin
gray!

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY YOUNG

God has his plans and what if we
With our sight be too blind to see
Their full fruition cannot he
Who made it solve the mystery?
One whom we loved has fall'n
asleep
Not died, although her calm be
deep
Some new unknown and strange
surprise
In Heaven holds enrapt her eyes

And can you blame her that her
gaze
Is turned away from earthly ways
When to her eyes God's light and
love
Have giv'n the view of things
above?
A gentle spirit sweetly good
The pearl of precious womanhood
Who heard the voice of duty
clear
And found her mission soon and
near

She loved all nature flowers fair
The warmth of sun the kiss of air
The birds that filled the sky with
song
The stream that laughed its way
along
Her home to her was shrine and
throne
But one love held her not alone
She sought out poverty and grief
Who touched her robe and found
relief

So sped she in her Master's
work
Too busy and too brave to shirk,
When through the silence, dusk
and dim
God called her and she fled to him
We wonder at the early call
And tears of sorrow can but fall
For her o'er whom we spread the
pall
But faith sweet faith is over
all

The house is dust the voice is
dumb
But through undying years to
come
The spark that glowed within her
soul
Shall light our footsteps to the
goal
She went her way but oh she
trod
The path that led her straight to
God

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Such lives as this put death to
scorn,
They lose our day to find God's
morn

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

G'WAY an' quit dat noise, Miss
Lucy —

Put dat music book away,
What's de use to keep on tryin' ?
Ef you practise twell you're
gray,

You can't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to be big woods
When Malindy sings

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light
Tell you one thing now, Miss
Lucy,

An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right
singin',

'T ain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots,
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and
clings,

Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah hycald Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hycih, ain't you jokin',
honcy ?

Well, you don't know whut you
los'.

Y' ought to hycah dat gal a-wa'b-
lin',

Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey
face.

When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f,
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de
strings —

Bless yo' soul — fu'gits to move
em,

When Malindy sings

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hol-
lahs,

"Come to Jesus," twell you
hycah

Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak a-drawin' neah,
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master nevah counts?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
Ez hit rises up an mounts—
Floatin by de hills an valleys,
Way above dis buryin sod
Ez hit makes its way in glory
To de very gates of God!

Oh hit s sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band
An hit s dearah dan de battles
Song o triumph in de lan
It seems holier dan evenin
When de solemn chu'ch bell
rings
Ez I sit an camly listen
While Malindy sings

Towsah, stop dat bakin, hyeah
me!

Mandy mek dat chile keep still
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin
Fom de valley to de hill?
Let me listen I can hyeah it
Thoo de bresh of angels wings
Sof an sweet ' Swing Low
Sweet Chariot
Ez Malindy sings

THE PARTY

DEY had a gread big pahty
down to Tom's de othah
night
Was I dah? You bet! I nevah
in my life see sich a sight
All de folks fom fou plantations
was invited, an' dey come,

Dey come troopin thick ez chillun
when dey hyeahs a fife an
drum

Evahbody dres ed deir fins—
Heish yo' mouf an git
away

Ain't seen no sich fancy dressin'
sence las quah'tly meetin
day

Gals all dressed in silks an satins
not a wrinkle ner a crease

Eyes a battin, teeth a shinin hah
breshed back ez slick ez
grease

Skuts all tucked an puffed an
ruffled evah blessed scam an
stitch

Ef you d seen em wif deir mistus
could n't swahed to which
was which

Men all dressed up in Prince Al
berts swaller tails u d tek yo
bre!

I can't tell you nothin bout it
y ought to seen it fu yo se f
Who was dah? Now who you
askin? How you spect I
gwine to know?

You mus think I stood an
counted evahbody at de do

Ole man Babah's house boy Isaac
brung dat gal Malindy Jane

Huh a hangin to his elbow, him
a struttin wif a cane

My but Hahvey Jones was jeal
ous! seemed to stick him lak
a tho'n

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But he laughed with Viney Cah-
teh, tryin' ha'd to not let on,
But a pusson would 'a' noticed
f'om de d'rection of his look,
Dat he was watchin' ev'ry step dat
Ike an' Lindy took.

Ike he foun' a cheer an' asked huh
"Won't you set down?" wif
a smile,

An' she answe'd up a-bowin',
"Oh, I reckon 't ain't wuth
while"

Dat was jes' fu' style, I reckon,
'cause she sot down jes' de
same,

An' she stayed dah 'twell he
fetched huh fu' to jine some
so't o' game,

Den I hyeahd huh sayin' propah,
ez she riz to go away,

"Oh, you raly mus' excuse me,
fu' I hardly keers to play"

But I seen huh in a minute wif de
othahs on de flo',

An' dah was n't any one o' dem
a-playin' any mo',

Comin' down de flo' a-bowin' an'
a-swayin' an' a-swingin',

Puttin' on huh high-toned man-
nahs all de time dat she was
singin'.

"Oh, swing Johnny up an' down,
swing him all aroun',

Swing Johnny up an' down, swing
him all aroun',

Oh, swing Johnny up an' down,
swing him all aroun'

Fa' you well, my dahlin'."

Had to laff at ole man Johnson,
he's a caution now, you bet —
Hittin' clost onto a hunderd, but
he's spry an' nimble yet,
He 'lowed how a-so't o' gigglin',
"I ain't ole, I'll let you see,
D'ain't no use in gittin' feeble, now
you youngstahs jes' watch
me,"

An' he grabbed ole Aunt Marier
— weighs th'ee hunderd mo
er less,

An' he spun huh 'roun' de cabin
swingin' Johnny lak de res'

Evahbody laffed an' hollahed.
"Go it! Swing huh, Uncle
Jim!"

An' he swung huh too, I reckon,
lak a youngstah, who but
him

Dat was bettah 'n young Scott
Thomas, tryin' to be so awful
smaht

You know when dey gits to singin'
an' dey comes to dat ere paht

"In some lady's new brick
house,

In some lady's gyahden.

Ef you don't let me out, I
will jump out,

So fa' you well, my dahlin'"

Den dey's got a circle 'roun' you,
an' you's got to break de
line,

Well, dat dahky was so anxious,
lak to bust hisse'f a-tryin',

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Keep on blund'rin' 'roun' an
foolin' twell he giv' one
gread big jump,

Broke de line an hit head fo most
in de fiah place right plump

Hit ad fiah in it mind you well,
I thought my soul I d bust

Tried my best to keep f om laffin',
but hit seemed like die I
must!

Y ought to seen dat man a scram
blin' f om de ashes an de
grime

Did it bu n him! Sich a question,
why he did n t give it time

Thow d dem ashes and dem cin
dahs evah which a way I
guess

An you nevah did, I reckon clap
yo eyes on sich a mess

Fu he sholy made a picter an a
funny one to boot

Wif his clothes all full o ashes
an his face all full o soot

Well hit laked to stopped de
pahity an' I reckon lak ez
not

Dat it would ef Tom's wife,
Mandy had n t happened on
de spot

To invite us out to suppah — well,
we scrambled to de table

An I d lak to tell you 'bout it —
what we had — but I ain t
able

Mention jes a few things dough
I know I had n t orter,

Fu I know t will staht a hank'rin'
an yo' mouf 'll mence to
worter

We had wheat bread white ez cot
ton an a egg pone jes like
gol

Hog jole bilin hot an steamin
roasted shoat an ham sliced
cold —

Look out! What s de mattah wif
you? Don t be fallin' on de
flo,

Ef it's go n to fect you dat way
I won t tell you nothin
mo

Dah now — well we had hot
cluttlin's — now you s tryin
agin to fall,

Cain t you stan to hyeah about it?
Spose you d been an seed it
all

Seed dem gread big sweet pertaters
layin by de possums side

Seed dat coon in all his gravy
reckon den you d up and
died!

Mandy lowed you all mus
scuse me, d want much
upon my she'ves

But I s done my bes to suit you
so set down an he p
yo se ves

Tom he 'lowed "I don t b lieve
in pologisin' an perfessin

Let em tek it lak dey ketch it
Eldah Thompson ask de
blessin'

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Wish you'd seed dat colo'ed
preachah cleah his th'oat an'
bow his head,
One eye shet, an' one eye open,—
dis is evah wud he said
"Lawd, look down in tendah
mussy on sich generous hea'ts
ez dese,
Make us truly thankful, amen
Pass dat possum, ef you
please!"
Well, we eat and drunk ouah
po'tion, 'twell dah was n't
nothin' lef,
An' we felt jes' like new sausage,
we was mos' nigh stuffed to
def!
Tom, he knowed how we'd be
feelin', so he had de fiddlah
'roun',
An' he made us cleah de cabin
fu' to dance dat suppah
down
Jim, de fiddlah, chuned his fiddle,
put some rosum on his
bow,
Set a pine box on de table, mounted
it an' let huh go!
He's a fiddlah, now I tell you, an'
he made dat fiddle ring,
'Twell de ol'est an' de lamest had
to give deir feet a fling.

Jigs, cotillions, reels an' break-
downs, corderills an' a waltz
er two;
Bless yo' soul, dat music winged
'em an' dem people lak to
flew.
Cripple Joc, de old rheumatic,
danced dat flo' f'om side to
middle,
Th'owed away his crutch an'
hopped it; what's rheumatics
'ginst a fiddle?
Eldah Thompson got so tickled
dat he lak to los' his grace,
Had to tek bofe feet an' hol' dem
so's to keep 'em in deir place.
An' de Christuns an' de sinnahs
got so mixed up on dat flo',
Dat I don't see how dey'd pahted
ef de trump had chanced to
blow.
Well, we danced dat way an' ca-
pahed in de mos' redic'lous
way,
'Twell de roostahs in de bahnyard
cleahed deir th'oats an' crowed
fu' day
Y' ought to been dah, fu' I tell
you evahthing was rich an'
prime,
An' dey ain't no use in talkin', we
jes had one scrumptious time!

LYRICS OF THE HEARTHSIDE

LOVE'S APOTHEOSIS

Love me I care not what the
circling years
To me may do
If but in spite of time and tears,
You prove but true

Love me — albeit grief shall dim
mine eyes
And tears bedew
I shall not even complain for then
my skies
Shall still be blue

Love me and though the winter
snow shall pile
And leave me chill
Thy passion's warmth shall make
for me meanwhile
A sun-kissed hill

And when the days have length-
ened into years
And I grow old
Oh spite of pains and griefs and
cares and fears
Grow thou not cold

Then hand and hand we shall pass
up the hill
I say not down
That twain go up of love who've
loved their fill —
To gain love's crown

Love me and let my life take up
thine own
As sun the dew
Come sit my queen for in my
heart & throne
Awaits for you!

THE PARADOX

I am the mother of sorrows
I am the ender of grief
I am the bud and the blossom
I am the late falling leaf

I am thy priest and thy poet
I am thy serf and thy king
I cure the tears of the heartsick
When I come near they shall
sing

White are my hands as the snow-
drop
Swart are my fingers as clay
Dark is my frown as the mid-
night
Fair is my brow as the day

Battle and war are my minions
Doing my will as divine
I am the calmer of passions
Peace is a nursling of mine

Speak to me gently or curse me
Seek me or fly from my sight
I am thy fool in the morning
Thou art my slave in the night.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Down to the grave will I take
 thee,
 Out from the noise of the
 strife,
Then shalt thou see me and know
 me —
 Death, then, no longer, but life.

Then shalt thou sing at my com-
 ing,
 Kiss me with passionate breath,
Clasp me and smile to have
 thought me
 Aught save the foeman of
 Death

Come to me, brother, when weary,
 Come when thy lonely heart
 swells,
I'll guide thy footsteps and lead
 thee
 Down where the Dream Wom-
 an dwells.

OVER THE HILLS

OVER the hills and the valleys of
 dreaming
 Slowly I take my way
Life is the night with its dream-
 visions teeming,
 Death is the waking at day

Down thro' the dales and the bow-
 ers of loving,
Singing, I roam afar.

Daytime or night-time, I con-
 stantly roving,—
 Dearest one, thou art my star.

WITH THE LARK

NIGHT is for sorrow and dawn is
 for joy,
Chasing the troubles that fret and
 annoy,
Darkness for sighing and daylight
 for song,—
Cheery and chaste the strain,
 heartfelt and strong
All the night through, though I
 moan in the dark,
I wake in the morning to sing
 with the lark

Deep in the midnight the rain
 whips the leaves,
Softly and sadly the wood-spirit
 grieves
But when the first hue of dawn
 tints the sky,
I shall shake out my wings like
 the birds and be dry,
And though, like the rain-drops, I
 grieved through the dark,
I shall wake in the morning to
 sing with the lark

On the high hills of heaven, some
 morning to be,
Where the rain shall not grieve
 thro' the leaves of the tree,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

There my heart will be glad for
the pain I have known
For my hand will be clasped in the
hand of mine own
And though life has been hard and
death's pathway been dark
I shall wake in the morning to
sing with the lark

IN SUMMER

Oh summer has clothed the earth
In a cloak from the loom of
the sun!
And a mantle too of the skies
soft blue
And a belt where the rivers run

And now for the kiss of the wind
And the touch of the air's soft
hands
With the rest from strife and the
heat of life
With the freedom of lakes and
lands

I envy the farmer's boy
Who sings as he follows the
plow,
While the shining green of the
young blades lean
To the breezes that cool his
brow

He sings to the dewy morn
No thought of another's ear

But the song he sings is a chant
for kings
And the whole wide world to
hear

He sings of the joys of life
Of the pleasures of work and
rest
From an overfull heart without
aim or art
Tis a song of the merriest

O ye who toil in the town
And ye who toil in the mart
Hear the artless song and your
faith made strong
Shall renew your joy of heart

Oh poor were the worth of the
world
If never a song were heard —
If the sting of grief had no re-
lief
And never a heart were stirred

So long as the streams run down
And as long as the robins trill
Let us taunt old Care with a
merry air
And sing in the face of ill

THE MYSTIC SEA

THE smell of the sea in my nos-
trils
The sound of the sea in mine
ears

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

The touch of the spray on my
burning face,
Like the mist of reluctant tears

The blue of the sky above me,
The green of the waves beneath,
The sun flashing down on a gray-
white sail

Like a scimitar from its sheath

And ever the breaking billows,
And ever the rocks' disdain,
And ever a thrill in mine inmost
heart

That my reason cannot explain

So I say to my heart, "Be silent,
The mystery of time is here,
Death's way will be plain when
we fathom the main,
And the secret of life be clear"

A SAILOR'S SONG

OH for the breath of the briny
deep,
And the tug of the bellying sail,
With the sea-gull's cry across the
sky

And a passing boatman's hail.
For, be she fierce or be she gay,
The sea is a famous friend away

Ho! for the plains where the
dolphins play,
And the bend of the mast and
spars,

And a fight at night with the wild
sea-sprite

When the foam has drowned the
stars

And, pray, what joy can the lands-
man feel

Like the rise and fall of a sliding
keel?

Fair is the mead, the lawn is fair
And the birds sing sweet on the
lea,

But the echo soft of a song aloft
Is the strain that pleases me,
And swish of rope and ring of
chain

Are music to men who sail the
main

Then, if you love me, let me sail
While a vessel dares the deep,
For the ship's my wife, and the
breath of life

Are the raging gales that sweep,
And when I'm done with calm
and blast,

A slide o'er the side, and rest at
last

THE BOHEMIAN

BRING me the livery of no other
man

I am my own to robe me at my
pleasure

Accepted rules to me disclose no
treasure.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

What is the chief who shall my
garments plan?

No garb conventional but I'll
attack it

(Come, why not don my span
gled jacket?)

ABSENCE

GOOD NIGHT my love for I have
dreamed of thee

In waking dreams until my soul
is lost —

Is lost in passion's wide and shore
less sea

Where like a ship unruddered it
is tost

Hither and thither at the wild
waves will

There is no potent Master's voice
to still

This newer more tempestuous
Galilee!

The stormy petrels of my fancy
fly

In warning course across the
darkening green,

And like a frightened bird my
heart doth cry

And seek to find some rock of rest
between

The threatening sky and the re
lentless wave

It is not length of life that grief
doth crave

But only calm and peace in which
to die

Here let me rest upon this single
hope

For oh my wings are weary of the
wind

And with its stress no more may
strive or cope

One cry has dulled mine ears
mine eyes are blind —

Would that o'er all the interven
ing space

I might fly forth and see thee face
to face

I fly I search but love in gloom
I grope

Fly home far bird unto thy wait
ing nest

Spread thy strong wings above the
wind swept sea

Beat the grim breeze with thy un
ruffled breast

Until thou sittest wing to wing
with me

Then let the past bring up its
tales of wrong

We shall chant low our sweet con
nubial song

Till storm and doubt and past no
more shall be!

HER THOUGHT AND HIS

THE gray of the sea and the gray
of the sky

A glimpse of the moon like a half
closed eye

The gleam on the waves and the
light on the land

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

A thrill in my heart,— and — my
sweetheart's hand

She turned from the sea with a
woman's grace,
And the light fell soft on her
upturned face,
And I thought of the flood-tide of
infinite bliss
That would flow to my heart from
a single kiss.

But my sweetheart was shy, so I
dared not ask
For the boon, so bravely I wore
the mask.
But into her face there came a
flame —
I wonder could she have been
thinking the same?

THE RIGHT TO DIE

I HAVE no fancy for that ancient
cant
That makes us masters of our des-
tinies,
And not our lives, to hold or give
them up
As will directs, I cannot, will not
think
That men, the subtle worms, who
plot and plan
And scheme and calculate with
such shrewd wit,
Are such great blund'ring fools as
not to know

When they have lived enough.

Men court not death
When there are sweets still left in
life to taste
Nor will a brave man choose to
live when he,
Full deeply drunk of life, has
reached the dregs,
And knows that now but bitter-
ness remains
He is the coward who, outfaced
in this,
Fears the false goblins of another
life
I honor him who being much
harassed
Drinks of sweet courage until
drunk of it,—
Then seizing Death, reluctant, by
the hand,
Leaps with him, fearless, to eter-
nal peace!

BEHIND THE ARRAS

As in some dim baronial hall re-
strained,
A prisoner sits, engirt by secret
doors
And waving tapestries that argue
forth
Strange passages into the outer
air,
So in this dimmer room which we
call life,
Thus sits the soul and marks with
eye intent

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

That mystic curtain o'er the por- tal death	In those moods of silent dream- ing
Still deeming that behind the arras lies	When the old man smokes
The lambent way that leads to lasting light	Ah perhaps he sits there dream- ing
Poor fooled and foolish soul! Know now that death	Of the love of other days And of how he used to lead her Through the merry dance's maze
Is but a blind false door that no where leads	How he called her little prin- cess
And gives no hope of exit final free	And to please her used to twine

WHEN THE OLD MAN SMOKES

In the forenoon's restful quiet When the boys are off at school When the window lights are shaded And the chimney corner cool Then the old man seeks his arm chair Lights his pipe and settles back Falls a dreaming as he draws it Till the smoke wreaths gather black	Tender wreaths to crown her tresses From the matrimony vine Then before his mental vision Comes perhaps a sadder day When they left his little princess Sleeping with her fellow clay How his young heart throbbed and pained him! Why the memory of it chokes! Is it of these things he's thinking When the old man smokes?
And the tear drops come a trick- ling Down his cheeks a silver flow— Smoke or memories you wonder But you never ask him—no For there's something almost sa- cred To the other family folks	But some brighter thoughts pos- sess him For the tears are dried the while And the old worn face is wrin- kled In a reminiscent smile From the middle of the forehead To the feebly trembling lip

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

At some ancient prank remembered
Or some long unheard-of quip

Then the lips relax their tension
And the pipe begins to slide,
Till in little clouds of ashes,
It falls softly at his side,
And his head bends low and lower
Till his chin lies on his breast,
And he sits in peaceful slumber
Like a little child at rest.

Dear old man, there's something
sad'ning,

In these dreamy moods of yours,
Since the present proves so fleeting,
ing,

All the past for you endures
Weeping at forgotten sorrows,
Smiling at forgotten jokes;
Life epitomized in minutes,
When the old man smokes

THE GARRET

WITHIN a London garret high,
Above the roofs and near the sky,
My ill-rewarding pen I ply
To win me bread
This little chamber, six by four,
Is castle, study, den, and more,—
Altho' no carpet decks the floor,
Nor down, the bed

My room is rather bleak and bare;
I only have one broken chair,
But then, there's plenty of fresh
air,—

Some light, beside.
What tho' I cannot ask my friends
To share with me my odds and
ends,
A liberty my aerie lends,
To most denied

The bore who falters at the stair
No more shall be my curse and
care,
And duns shall fail to find my lair
With beastly bills
When debts have grown and
funds are short,
I find it rather pleasant sport
To live "above the common sort"
With all their ills.

I write my rhymes and sing away,
And dawn may come or dusk or
day.

Tho' fare be poor, my heart is
gay,
And full of glee
Though chimney-pots be all my
views,
'Tis nearer for the winging
Muse,
So I am sure she'll not refuse
To visit me.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

TO E H K

ON THE RECEIPT OF A FAMILIAR POEM

To me like hauntings of a va-
grant breath
From some far forest which I
once have known
The perfume of this flower of
verse is blown
Tho seemingly soul blossoms fount
to death
Naught that with joy she bears
ever withereth
So tho the pregnant years have
come and flown
Lives come and gone and al-
tered like mine own
This poem comes to me a shib-
boleth
Brings sound of past communings
to my ear,
Turns round the tide of time
and bears me back
Along an old and long un-
traversed way
Makes me forget this is a later
year
Makes me tread o'er a reminis-
cent track
Half sad half glad to one
forgotten day!

A BRIDAL MEASURE

COME essay a sprightly measure
Tuned to some light song of
pleasure

Maidens let your brows be
crowned
As we foot this merry round

From the ground a voice is sing-
ing
From the sod a soul is springing
Who shall say 'tis but a clod
Quickening upward toward its
God?

Who shall say it? Who may
know it
That the clod is not a poet
Waiting but a gleam to waken
In a spirit music shaken?

Phyllis Phyllis why be waiting?
In the woods the birds are mating
From the tree beside the wall
Hear the amorous robin call

Listen to yon thrush's trilling
Phyllis Phyllis are you willing
When love speaks from cave
and tree
Only we should silent be?

When the year itself renewing
All the world with flowers is
strewn
Then through Youth's Arcadian
land
Love and song go hand in hand

Come unfold your vocal treasure
Sing with me a nuptial measure—
Let this springtime gambol be
Bridal dance for you and me

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

VENGEANCE IS SWEET

WHEN I was young I longed for
Love,
And held his glory far above
All other earthly things I cried:
"Come, Love, dear Love, with me
abide,"
And with my subtlest art I wooed,
And eagerly the wight pursued
But Love was gay and Love was
shy,
He laughed at me and passed me
by

Well, I grew old and I grew gray,
When Wealth came wending
down my way
I took his golden hand with glee,
And comrades from that day were
we

Then Love came back with dole-
ful face,
And prayed that I would give him
place
But, though his eyes with tears
were dim,
I turned my back and laughed at
him

A HYMN

AFTER READING "LEAD, KINDLY
LIGHT"

LEAD gently, Lord, and slow,
For oh, my steps are weak,
And ever as I go,
Some soothing sentence speak,

That I may turn my face
Through doubt's obscurity
Toward thine abiding-place,
E'en tho' I cannot see

For lo, the way is dark,
Through mist and cloud I grope,
Save for that fitful spark,
The little flame of-hope

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,
For fear that I may fall;
I know not where to go
Unless I hear thy call

My fainting soul doth yearn
For thy green hills afar,
So let thy mercy burn —
My greater, guiding star!

JUST WHISTLE A BIT

JUST whistle a bit, if the day be
dark,
And the sky be overcast.
If mute be the voice of the piping
lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.

And it's wonderful how o'er the
gray sky-track
The truant warbler comes steal-
ing back
But why need he come? for your
soul's at rest,
And the song in the heart,—ah,
that is best

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Just whistle a bit if the night be
drear

And the stars refuse to shine
And a gleam that mocks the star
light clear

Within you glows benign

Till the dearth of light in the
glooming skies

Is lost to the sight of your soul lit
eyes

What matters the absence of moon
or star?

The light within is the best by far

Just whistle a bit, if there s work
to do

With the mind or in the soil
And your note will turn out a
talisman true
To exorcise grim Toil

It will lighten your burden and
make you feel

That there s nothing like work as
a sauce for a meal

And with song in your heart and
the meal in — its place

There ll be joy in your bosom and
light in your face

Just whistle a bit if your heart
be sore

Tis a wonderful balm for pain
Just pipe some old melody oer
and oer

Till it soothes like summer rain

And perhaps t would be best in a
later day

When Death comes stalking down
the way

To knock at your bosom and see
if you re fit

Then as you wait calmly, just
whistle a bit

THE BARRIER

THE Midnight wooed the Morn
ing Star

And prayed her Love come
nearer

Your swinging coldly there afar
To me but makes you dearer!"

The Morning Star was pale with
dole

As said she low replying

'Oh lover mine soul of my soul,
For you I too am sighing

'But One ordained when we
were born

In spite of Love s insistence

That Night might only view the
Morn

Adoring at a distance'

But as she spoke the jealous Sun
Across the heavens panted

'Oh whining fools he cried
have done

Your wishes shall be granted!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

He hurled his flaming lances far,
The twain stood unaffrighted —
And Midnight and the Morning-
Star
Lay down in death united!

DREAMS

DREAM on, for dreams are sweet.
Do not awaken!
Dream on, and at thy feet
Pomegranates shall be shaken

Who likeneth the youth
Of life to morning?
'Tis like the night in truth,
Rose-coloured dreams adorning

The wind is soft above,
The shadows umber
(There is a dream called Love)
Take thou the fullest slumber!

In Lethe's soothing stream,
Thy thirst thou slakest
Sleep, sleep; 't is sweet to dream
Oh, weep when thou awakest!

THE DREAMER

TEMPLES he built and palaces of
air,
And, with the artist's parent-
pride aglow,
His fancy saw his vague ideals
grow
Into creations marvellously fair,

He set his foot upon Fame's
nether stair
But ah, his dream,—it had
entranced him so
He could not move He could
no farther go,
But paused in joy that he was even
there!

He did not wake until one day
there gleamed
Thro' his dark consciousness a
light that racked
His being till he rose, alert to act.
But lo! what he had dreamed, the
while he dreamed,
Another, wedding action unto
thought,
Into the living, pulsing world
had brought

WAITING

THE sun has slipped his tether
And galloped down the west.
(Oh, it's weary, weary waiting,
love)
The little bird is sleeping
In the softness of its nest
Night follows day, day follows
dawn,
And so the time has come and
gone
And it's weary, weary waiting,
love

The cruel wind is rising
With a whistle and a wail

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

(And it s weary weary waiting
love)

My eyes are seaward straining
For the coming of a sail,
But void the sea and void the
beach
Far and beyond where gaze can
reach!

And it s weary weary waiting
love

I heard the bell buoy ringing—
How long ago it seems!
(Oh it s weary weary waiting
love)

And ever still its knelling
Crashes in upon my dreams
The banns were read my frock
was sewn

Since then two seasons winds
have blown—

And it s weary, weary waiting
love

The stretches of the ocean
Are bare and bleak to-day
(Oh it s weary, weary waiting
love)

My eyes are growing dimmer—
Is it tears or age or spray?
But I will stay till you come home
Strange ships come in across the
foam!

But it s weary, weary waiting
love

THE END OF THE CHAPTER

Ah yes the chapter ends to day,
We even lay the book away
But oh, how sweet the moments
sped
Before the final page was read!

We tried to read between the lines
The Author s deep-concealed de
signs

But scant reward such search se
cures
You saw my heart and I saw
yours

The Master—He who penned
the page
And bade us read it—He is sage
And what he orders you and I
Can but obey nor question why

We read together and forgot
The world about us Time was
not

Unheeded and unfelt it fled
We read and hardly knew we
read

Until beneath a sadder sun
We came to know the book was
done

Then as our minds were but new
lit

It dawned upon us what was writ

And we were startled In our
eyes,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Looked forth the light of great
surprise

Then as a deep-toned tocsin tolls,
A voice spoke forth "Behold
your souls!"

I do, I do I cannot look
Into your eyes so close the book
But brought it grief or brought it
bliss,
No other page shall read like this!

SYMPATHY

I KNOW what the caged bird feels,
alas!

When the sun is bright on the
upland slopes,

When the wind stirs soft through
the springing grass,

And the river flows like a stream
of glass,

When the first bird sings and
the first bud opes,

And the faint perfume from its
chalice steals—

I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats
his wing

Till its blood is red on the cruel
bars,

For he must fly back to his perch
and cling

When he fain would be on the
bough a-swing,

And a pain still throbs in the
old, old scars

And they pulse again with a keener
sting—

I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings,
ah me,

When his wing is bruised and
his bosom sore,—

When he beats his bars and he
would be free,

It is not a carol of joy or glee,

But a prayer that he sends from
his heart's deep core,

But a plea, that upward to Heaven
he flings—

I know why the caged bird sings!

LOVE AND GRIEF

OUT of my heart, one treach'rous
winter's day,

I locked young Love and threw
the key away.

Grief, wandering widely, found
the key,

And hastened with it, straight-
way, back to me,

With Love beside him He un-
locked the door

And bade Love enter with him
there and stay

And so the twain abide for ever-
more.

LOVE'S CHASTENING

Once Love grew bold and arro-
gant of air,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Proud of the youth that made him
fresh and fair

So unto Grief he spake What
right hast thou

To part or parcel of this heart? '
Grief's brow

Was darkened with the storm of
inward strife,

Thrice smote he Love as only he
might dare

And Love pride purged was chas-
tised all his life

MORTALITY

ASHES to ashes dust unto dust,
What of his loving what of his
lust?

What of his passion, what of his
pain?

What of his poverty what of his
pride?

Earth the great mother has called
him again

Deeply he sleeps the world's ver-
dict defied

Shall he be tried again? Shall he
go free?

Who shall the court convene?
Where shall it be?

No answer on the land none from
the sea

Only we know that as he did we
must

You with your theories you with
your trust —

Ashes to ashes dust unto dust!

LOVE

A LIFE was mine full of the close
concern

Of many voiced affairs The
world sped fast

Behind me, ever rolled a preg-
nant past

A present came equipped with lore
to learn

Art science letters in their turn
Each one allured me with its
treasures vast

And I staked all for wisdom,
till at last

Thou camst and taught my soul
anew to yearn

I had not dreamed that I could
turn away

From all that men with brush
and pen had wrought

But ever since that memorable
day

When to my heart the truth of
love was brought,

I have been wholly yielded to
its sway

And had no room for any other
thought

SHE GAVE ME A ROSE

SHE gave a rose

And I kissed it and pressed it

I love her she knows

And my action confessed it

She gave me a rose

And I kissed it and pressed it

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Ah, how my heart glows,
 Could I ever have guessed it?
It is fair to suppose
 That I might have repressed it.
She gave me a rose,
 And I kissed it and pressed it

'T was a rhyme in life's prose
 That uplifted and blest it
Man's nature, who knows
 Until love comes to test it?
She gave me a rose,
 And I kissed it and pressed it.

DREAM SONG I

LONG years ago, within a distant
 clime,
Ere Love had touched me with
 his wand sublime,
I dreamed of one to make my life's
 calm May
The panting passion of a sum-
 mer's day
And ever since, in almost sad sus-
 pense,
I have been waiting with a soul
 intense
To greet and take unto myself
 the beams,
Of her, my star, the lady of my
 dreams
O Love, still longed and looked
 for, come to me,

Be thy far home by mountain,
 vale, or sea
My yearning heart may never find
 its rest
Until thou liest rapt upon my
 breast
The wind may bring its perfume
 from the south,
Is it so sweet as breath from my
 love's mouth?
Oh, naught that surely is, and
 naught that seems
May turn me from the lady of my
 dreams.

DREAM SONG II

PRAY, what can dreams avail
 To make love or to mar?
The child within the cradle rail
 Lies dreaming of the star
But is the star by this beguiled
 To leave its place and seek the
 child?
The poor plucked rose within its
 glass
Still dreameth of the bee,
But, tho' the lagging moments
 pass,
Her Love she may not see
If dream of child and flower fail,
Why should a maiden's dreams
 prevail?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

THE snow lies deep upon the
ground
And winter's brightness all around
Decks bravely out the forest sere
With jewels of the brave old year
The coasting crowd upon the hill
With some new spirit seems to
thrill
And all the temple bells achime
Ring out the glee of Christmas
time

In happy homes the brown oak
bough
Vies with the red gemmed holly
now,
And here and there like pearls
there show
The berries of the mistletoe
A song upon the chandelier
Says to the maidens Come not
here!
Even the pauper of the earth
Some kindly gift has cheered to
mirth!

Within his chamber dim and cold
There sits a grasping miser old
He has no thought save one of
gain —
To grind and gather and grasp
and drain
A peal of bells a merry shout
Assail his ear he gazes out
Upon a world to him all gray

And snarls Why this is Christ
mas Day!

No man of ice — for shame for
shame!
For 'Christmas Day' is no mere
name
No not for you this ringing cheer
This festal season of the year
And not for you the chime of bells
From holy temple rolls and swells
In day and deed he has no part —
Who holds not Christmas in his
heart!

THE KING IS DEAD

AYE lay him in his grave the old
dead year!
His life is lived — fulfilled his
destiny
Have you for him no sad regret
ful tear
To drop beside the cold unfol
lowed bier?
Can you not pay the tribute of a
sigh?

Was he not kind to you this dead
old year?
Did he not give enough of earthly
store?
Enough of love and laughter, and
good cheer?
Have not the skies you scanned
sometimes been clear?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

How, then, of him who dies, could
you ask more?

It is not well to hate him for the
pain

He brought you, and the sorrows
manifold.

To pardon him these hurts still I
am fain,

For in the panting period of his
reign,

He brought me new wounds, but
he healed the old

One little sigh for thee, my poor,
dead friend —

One little sigh while my com-
panions sing

Thou art so soon forgotten in the
end,

We cry e'en as thy footsteps down-
ward tend

"The king is dead! long live the
king!"

THEOLOGY

THERE is a heaven, for ever, day
by day,

The upward longing of my soul
doth tell me so

There is a hell, I'm quite as sure,
for pray,

If there were not, where would
my neighbours go?

RESIGNATION

LONG had I grieved at what I
deemed abuse,

But now I am as grain within
the mill

If so be thou must crush me for
thy use,

Grind on, O potent God, and
do thy will!

LOVE'S HUMILITY

AS some rapt gazer on the lowly
earth,

Looks up to radiant planets,
ranging far,

So I, whose soul doth know thy
wondrous worth

Look longing up to thee as to a
star

PRECEDENT

THE poor man went to the rich
man's doors,

"I come as Lazarus came," he
said.

The rich man turned with humble
head,—

"I will send my dogs to lick your
sores!"

SHE TOLD HER BEADS

SHE told her beads with down-
cast eyes,

Within the ancient chapel dim;
And ever as her fingers slim

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Slept o'er the insensate ivories
My rapt soul followed, spaniel
wise.

Ah, many were the beads she wore
But as she told them o'er and
o'er

They did not number all my sighs
My heart was filled with unvoiced
ones

And prayers and pleadings un
expressed

But while I burned with Love's
unrest

She told her beads with down
cast eyes.

LITTLE LUCY LANDMAN

Oh the day has set me dreaming
In a strange half solemn way
Of the feelings I experienced

On another long past day —
Of the way my heart made music
When the buds began to blow
And o little Lucy Landman
Whom I loved long years ago

It's in spring the poet tells us
That we turn to thoughts of
love

And our hearts go out a wooing
With the lapwing and the dove
But whenever the soul goes seeking
Its twin soul upon the wing
I've a notion backed by memory
That it's love that makes the
spring

I have heard a robin singing
When the boughs were brown
and bare

And the chilling hand of winter
Scattered jewels through the air
And in spite of dates and seasons
It was always spring I know
When I loved Lucy Landman
In the days of long ago

Ah my little Lucy Landman,
I remember you as well
As if it were only yesterday
I strove your thoughts to tell —
When I tilted back your bonnet,
Looked into your eyes so true
Just to see if you were loving
Me as I was loving you

Ah my little Lucy Landman
It is true it was denied
You should see a fuller summer
And an autumn by my side
But the glance of love's sweet sun
light
Which your eyes that morning
gave
Has leapt spring within my bosom
Though you lie within the
grave

THE GOURD

In the heavy earth the miner
Toiled and laboured day by day
Wrenching from the miser moun
tain
Brilliant treasure where it lay

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And the artist worn and weary
Wrought with labour manifold
That the king might drink his
nectar
From a goblet made of gold

On the prince's groaning table
Mid the silver gleaming bright
Mirroring the happy faces
Giving back the flaming light,
Shine the cups of priceless crystal
Chased with many a lovely line,
Glowing now with warmer colour,
Crimsoned by the ruby wine

In a valley sweet with sunlight,
Fertile with the dew and rain,
Without miner's daily labour,
Without artist's nightly pain,
There there grows the cup I drink
from,
Summer's sweetness in it stored,
And my lips pronounce a blessing
As they touch an old brown
gourd

Why, the miracle at Cana
In the land of Galilee,
Tho' it puzzles all the scholars,
Is no longer strange to me
For the poorest and the humblest
Could a priceless wine afford,
If they'd only dip up water
With a sunlight-seasoned gourd

So a health to my old comrade,
And a song of praise to sing

When he rests inviting kisses
In his place beside the spring
Give the king his golden goblets,
Give the prince his crystal
hoard;
But for me the sparkling water
From a brown and brimming
gourd!

THE KNIGHT

OUR good knight, Ted, girds his
broadsword on
(And he wields it well, I
ween),
He's on his steed, and away has
gone
To the fight for king and queen.
What tho' no edge the broadsword
hath?
What tho' the blade be made of
lath?
'T is a valiant hand
That wields the brand,
So, foeman, clear the path!

He prances off at a goodly pace,
'T is a noble steed he rides,
That bears as well in the speedy
race
As he bears in battle-tides
What tho' 't is but a rocking-chair
That prances with this stately air?
'T is a warrior bold
The reins doth hold,
Who bids all foes beware!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THOU ART MY LUTE

THOU art my lute by thee I
sing —

My being is attuned to thee
Thou settest all my words a wing
And meltest me to melody

Thou art my life by thee I live
From thee proceed the joys I
know

Sweetheart thy hand has power
to give

The meed of love — the cup of
woe

Thou art my love by thee I lead
My soul the paths of light along
From vale to vale from mead to
mead
And home it in the hills of song

My song, my soul, my life my all
Why need I pray or make my
plea

Since my petition cannot fall
For I am already one with thee!

THE PHANTOM KISS

ONE night in my room still and
beamless

With will and with thought in
eclipse

I rested in sleep that was dream
less

When softly there fell on my
lips

A touch as of lips that were press
ing

Mine own with the message of
bliss —

A sudden soft, fleeting caressing
A breath like a maiden's first
kiss

I woke — and the scoffer may
doubt me —

I peered in surprise through the
gloom

But nothing and none were about
me

And I was alone in my room

Perhaps 'twas the wind that
caressed me

And touched me with dew laden
breath

Or maybe close sweeping there
passed me

The low winging Angel of
Death

Some sceptic may choose to dis
dain it

Or *one feign to read it aright*

Or wisdom may seek to explain
it —

This mystical kiss in the night

But rather let fancy thus clear it
That thinking of me here alone

The miles were made naught and
in spirit

Thy lips love were laid on
mine own

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

COMMUNION

IN the silence of my heart,
I will spend an hour with thee,
When my love shall rend apart
All the veil of mystery:

All that dim and misty veil
That shut in between our souls
When Death cried, "Ho, maiden,
hail!"
And your barque sped on the
shoals

On the shoals? Nay, wrongly
said.
On the breeze of Death that
sweeps
Far from life, thy soul has sped
Out into unsounded deeps

I shall take an hour and come
Sailing, darling, to thy side
Wind nor sea may keep me from
Soft communings with my bride

I shall rest my head on thee
As I did long days of yore,
When a calm, untroubled sea
Rocked thy vessel at the shore.

I shall take thy hand in mine,
And live o'er the olden days
When thy smile to me was wine,—
Golden wine thy word of praise,

For the carols I had wrought
In my soul's simplicity,

For the petty beads of thought
Which thine eyes alone could
see

Ah, those eyes, love-blind, but keen
For my welfare and my weal!
Tho' the grave-door shut between,
Still their love-lights o'er me
steal

I can see thee thro' my tears,
As thro' rain we see the sun.
What tho' cold and cooling years
Shall their bitter courses run,—

I shall see thee still and be
Thy true lover evermore,
And thy face shall be to me
Dear and helpful as before.

Death may vaunt and Death may
boast,
But we laugh his pow'r to
scorn,
He is but a slave at most,—
Night that heralds coming morn.

I shall spend an hour with thee
Day by day, my little bride
True love laughs at mystery,
Crying, "Doors of Death, fly
wide"

MARE RUBRUM

IN Life's Red Sea with faith I
plant my feet,
And wait the sound of that sus-
taining word

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Which long ago the men of
Israel heard
When Pharaoh's host behind them
fierce and fleet
Raged on consuming with re-
vengeful heat
Why are the barrier waters
still unstirred?—
That struggling faith may die
of hope deferred?
Is God not sitting in His ancient
seat?

The billows swirl above my trem-
bling limbs
And almost chill my anxious
heart to doubt
And disbelief, long conquered
and defied
But tho' the music of my hopeful
hymns
Is drowned by curses of the rag-
ing rout,
No voice yet bids th' opposing
waves divide!

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN

In this old garden fair I walk
to day
Heart-charmed with all the
beauty of the scene
The rich luxuriant grasses
cooling green
The wall's environing ivy decked and
gray,

The waving branches with the
wind at play
The slight and tremulous
blossoms that show between
Sweet all and yet my yearning
heart doth lean
Toward Love's Egyptian flesh
pots far away

Beside the wall the slim Labur-
num grows
And flings its golden flow'rs to
every breeze
But e'en among such soothing
sights as these
I pant and nurse my soul devour-
ing woes
Of all the longings that our
hearts wot of
There is no hunger like the want
of love!

THE CRISIS

A MAN of low degree was sore op-
pressed
Fate held him under iron handed
sway
And ever, those who saw him
thus distressed
Would bid him bend his stub-
born will and pray
But he strong in himself and ob-
durate
Waged prayerless on his losing
fight with Fate

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Friends gave his proffered hand
 their coldest clasp,
Or took it not at all, and Poverty,
 That bruised his body with relentless grasp,
Grinned, taunting, when he
 struggled to be free.
But though with helpless hands he
 beat the air,
His need extreme yet found no
 voice in prayer

Then he prevailed, and forthwith
 snobbish Fate,
Like some whipped cur, came
 fawning at his feet,
Those who had scorned forgave
 and called him great—
His friends found out that
 friendship still was sweet
But he, once obdurate, now bowed
 his head
In prayer, and trembling with its
 import, said.

“Mere human strength may stand
 ill-fortune's frown,
So I prevailed, for human
 strength was mine;
But from the killing pow'r of
 great renown,
Naught may protect me save a
 strength divine
Help me, O Lord, in this my
 trembling cause,
I scorn men's curses, but I dread
 applause!”

THE CONQUERORS

THE BLACK TROOPS IN CUBA
ROUND the wide earth, from the
 red field your valour has won,
Blown with the breath of the far-
 speaking gun,
Goes the word
Bravely you spoke through the bat-
 tle cloud heavy and dun
Tossed though the speech toward
 the mist-hidden sun,
The world heard.

Hell would have shrunk from you
 seeking it fresh from the fray,
Grim with the dust of the battle,
 and gray
From the fight.
Heaven would have crowned you,
 with crowns not of gold but
 of bay,
Owning you fit for the light of
 her day,
Men of night

Far through the cycle of years and
 of lives that shall come,
There shall speak voices long muf-
 fled and dumb,
Out of fear
And through the noises of trade
 and the turbulent hum,
Truth shall rise over the militant
 drum,
Loud and clear

Then on the cheek of the honestest
 nation that grows,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

All for their love of you not for
your woes

There shall lie
Tears that shall be to your souls as
the dew to the rose
Afterward thanks that the pres-
ent yet knows
Not to ply!

ALEXANDER CRUMMELL — DEAD

BACK to the breast of thy mother
Child of the earth!
E'en her cares can not smother
What thou hast done
Follow the trail of the westering
sun

Over the earth
Thy light and his were as one —
Sun in thy worth
Unto a nation whose sky was as
night
Camest thou holly bearing thy
light
And the dawn came
In it thy fame
Flashed up in a flame

Back to the breast of thy mother —
To rest
Long hast thou striven
Dared where the hills by the light
ning of heaven were riven
Go now pure shriven
Who shall come after thee out of
the clay —

Learned one and leader to show
us the way?

Who shall rise up when the world
gives the test?

Think thou no more of this —
Rest!

WHEN ALL IS DONE

WHEN all is done and my last
word is said

And ye who loved me murmur
He is dead

Let no one weep for fear that I
should know

And sorrow too that ye should
sorrow so

When all is done and in the ooz-
ing clay

Ye lay this cast off hull of mine
away

Pray not for me for after long
despair

The quiet of the grave will be a
prayer

For I have suffered loss and
grievous pain

The hurts of hatred and the
world's disdain

And wounds so deep that love
well tried and pure

Had not the pow'r to ease them
or to cure

When all is done, say not my day
is o'er

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And that thro' night I seek a dimmer shore
Say rather that my morn has just begun,—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done.

THE POET AND THE BABY

How's a man to write a sonnet,
can you tell,—
How 's he going to weave the dim,
poetic spell,—
When a-toddling on the floor
Is the muse he must adore,
And this muse he loves, not
wisely, but too well?

Now, to write a sonnet, every one
allows,
One must always be as quiet as a
mouse,
But to write one seems to me
Quite superfluous to be,
When you've got a little sonnet
in the house

Just a dainty little poem, true and
fine,
That is full of love and life in
every line,
Earnest, delicate, and sweet,
Altogether so complete

That I wonder what's the use of
writing mine

DISTINCTION

"I AM but clay," the sinner plead,
Who fed each vain desire
"Not only clay," another said,
"But worse, for thou art mire."

THE SUM

A LITTLE dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy,—and that is life

A little short-lived summer's
morn,
When joy seems all so newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
And one bird sings,—and that is
love.

A little sickening of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears
Two folded hands, the failing
breath,
And peace at last,—and that is
death

Just dreaming, loving, dying so,
The actors in the drama go —
A fitting picture on a wall,
Love, Death, the themes, but is
that all?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SONNET

ON AN OLD BOOK, WITH ^UNCUT
LEAVES

EMBLEM of blasted hope and lost
desire

No finger ever traced thy yel
low page

Save Times Thou hast not
wrought to noble rage

The hearts thou wouldst have
stirred Not any fire

Save sad flames set to light a fu
neral pyre

Dost thou suggest Nay — im
potent in age

Unsought thou holdst a corner
of the stage

And ceasest even dumbly to aspire

How different was the thought of
him that writ

What promised he to love of
ease and wealth

When men should read and kin
dle at his wit

But here decay eats up the book
by stealth,

While it like some old maiden,
solemnly,

Hugs its incongruous virginity]

ON THE SEA WALL

I sit upon the old sea wall

And watch the shimmering sea
Where soft and white the moon
beams fall,

Till in a fantasy,

Some pure white maiden's funeral
pall

The strange light seems to me

The waters break upon the shore
And shiver at my feet

While I dream old dreams o'er
and o'er

And dim old scenes repeat

Tho' all have dreamed the same
before,

They still seem new and sweet

The waves still sing the same old
song

That knew an elder time

The breakers' beat is not more
strong

Their music more sublime

And poets thro' the ages long

Have set these notes to rhyme

But this shall not deter my lyre

Nor check my simple strain

If I have not the old time fire

I know the ancient pun

The hurt of unfulfilled desire —

The ember quenched by rain

I know the softly shining sea

That rolls this gentle swell

Has snarled and licked its tongues
at me

And bared its fangs as well

That neath its smile so heavenly

There lurks the scowl of hell!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But what of that? I strike my
string

(For songs in youth are sweet),
I'll wait and hear the waters
bring

Their loud resounding beat,
Then, in her own bold numbers
sing

The Ocean's dear deceit!

But far and strange, thou still
dost make them fair

Now thou dost sing, and I am lost
in thee

As one who drowns
In floods of melody.

Still in thy art
Give me this part,
Till perfect love, the love of lov-
ing crowns

TO A LADY PLAYING THE HARP

THY tones are silver melted into
sound,

And as I dream

I see no walls around,

But seem to hear

A gondolier

Sing sweetly down some slow Ve-
netian stream

Italian skies — that I have never
seen —

I see above

(Ah, play again, my queen,

Thy fingers white

Fly swift and light

And weave for me the golden
mesh of love)

Oh, thou dusk sorceress of the
dusky eyes

And soft dark hair,

'Tis thou that mak'st my skies

So swift to change

To far and strange,

CONFESSIONAL

SEARCH thou my heart,

If there be guile,

It shall depart

Before thy smile

Search thou my soul,

Be there deceit,

'T will vanish whole

Before thee, sweet

Upon my mind

Turn thy pure lens;

Naught shalt thou find

Thou canst not cleanse.

If I should pray,

I scarcely know

In just what way

My prayers would go

So strong in me

I feel love's leaven,

I'd bow to thee

As soon as Heaven!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

MISAPPREHENSION

OUT of my heart one day I
wrote a song
With my heart's blood imbued
Instinct with passion tremulously
strong
With grief subdued
Breathing a fortitude
Pain bought
And one who claimed much love
for what I wrought
Read and considered it
And spoke
Ay brother — 't is well writ,
But where's the joke?

PROMETHEUS

PROMETHEUS stole from Heaven
the sacred fire
And swept to earth with it o'er
land and sea
He lit the vestal flames of poesy
Content for this to brave celestial ire

Wroth were the gods and with
eternal hate
Pursued the fearless one who
ravished Heaven
That earth might hold in fee
the perfect leaven
To lift men's souls above their
low estate

But judge you now when poets
wield the pen

Think you not well the wrong
has been repaired?

'T was all in vain that ill Prometheus fared
The fire has been returned to
Heaven again!

We have no singers like the ones
whose note

Gave challenge to the noblest
warblers song

We have no voice so mellow
sweet and strong
As that which broke from Shelley's
golden throat

The measure of our songs is our
desires

We tinkle where old poets used
to storm

We lack their substance tho' we
keep their form
We strum our banjo strings and
call them lyres

LOVE'S PHASES

LOVE hath the wings of the butterfly

Oh clasp him but gently
Pausing and dipping and fluttering by

Inconsequently
Stir not his poise with the breath
of a sigh

Love hath the wings of the butterfly

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Love hath the wings of the eagle
bold,

Cling to him strongly —
What if the look of the world be
cold,

And life go wrongly?
Rest on his pinions, for broad is
their fold,
Love hath the wings of the eagle
bold

Love hath the voice of the nightin-
gale,

Hearken his trilling —
List to his song when the moon-
light is pale,—

Passionate, thrilling.
Cherish the lay, ere the lilt of it
fail;
Love hath the voice of the nightin-
gale.

Love hath the voice of the storm
at night,
Wildly defiant.

Hear him and yield up your soul
to his might,
Tenderly pliant.

None shall regret him who heed
him aright,
Love hath the voice of the storm
at night

FOR THE MAN WHO FAILS

THE world is a snob, and the man
who wins

Is the chap for its money's
worth

And the lust for success causes
half of the sins

That are cursing this brave old
earth

For it's fine to go up, and the
world's applause

Is sweet to the mortal ear,
But the man who fails in a noble
cause

Is a hero that's no less dear.

'Tis true enough that the laurel
crown

Twines but for the victor's
brow,

For many a hero has lain him
down

With naught but the cypress
bough

There are gallant men in the los-
ing fight,

And as gallant deeds are done
As ever graced the captured
height

Or the battle grandly won.

We sit at life's board with our
nerves highstrung,

And we play for the stake of
Fame,

And our odes are sung and our
banners hung

For the man who wins the
game

But I have a song of another kind

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Than breathes in these fame
wrought gales —

An ode to the noble heart and
mind

Of the gallant man who fails!

The man who is strong to fight his
fight

And whose will no front can
daunt,

If the truth be truth and the right
be right

Is the man that the ages want
Tho he fail and die in grim de-
feat

Yet he has not fled the strife,
And the house of Earth will seem
more sweet

For the perfume of his life.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

SHE told the story and the whole
world wept

At wrongs and cruelties it had
not known

But for this fearless woman's
voice alone

She spoke to consciences that
long had slept

Her message Freedom's clear
reveille swept

From heedless hovel to compla-
cent throne

Command and prophecy were
in the tone

And from its sheath the sword
of justice leapt

Around two peoples swelled a
fiery wave

But both came forth transfig-
ured from the flame

Blest be the hand that dared be
strong to save

And blest be she who in our
weakness came —

Prophet and priestess! At one
stroke she gave

A race to freedom and herself
to fame

VAGRANTS

LONG time ago we two set out,

My soul and I

I know not why

For all our way was dim with
doubt

I know not where

We two may fare

Though still with every changing
weather

We wander groping on together

We do not love we are not
friends

My soul and I

He lives a lie

Untruth lines every way he wends

A scoffer he

Who jeers at me

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And so, my comrade and my
brother,
We wander on and hate each
other

Ay, there be taverns and to spare,
Beside the road,
But some strange goad
Lets me not stop to taste their
fare
Knew I the goal
Toward which my soul
And I made way, hope made life
fragrant
But no We wander, aimless, va-
grant!

A WINTER'S DAY

Across the hills and down the
narrow ways,
And up the valley where the
free winds sweep,
The earth is folded in an er-
mined sleep
That mocks the melting mirth of
myriad Mays
Departed her disheartening duns
and grays,
And all her crusty black is cov-
ered deep
Dark streams are locked in
Winter's donjon-keep,
And made to shine with keen, un-
wonted rays.

O icy mantle, and deceitful snow!
What world-old liars in your
hearts ye are!
Are there not still the darkened
seam and scar
Beneath the brightness that you
fain would show?
Come from the cover with thy
blot and blur,
O reeking Earth, thou whited
sepulchre!

MY LITTLE MARCH GIRL

COME to the pane, draw the cur-
tain apart,
There she is passing, the girl of
my heart,
See where she walks like a queen
in the street,
Weather-defying, calm, placid and
sweet
Tripping along with impetuous
grace,
Joy of her life beaming out of her
face,
Tresses all truant-like, curl upon
curl,
Wind-blown and rosy, my little
March girl.

Hint of the violet's delicate
bloom,
Hint of the rose's pervading per-
fume!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

How can the wind help from kiss
ing her face —
Wrapping her round in his stormy
embrace?
But still serenely she laughs at his
rout
She is the victor who wins in the
bout
So may life's passions about her
soul swirl,
Leaving it placid — my little
March girl

What self possession looks out of
her eyes!
What are the wild winds and
what are the skies
Frowning and glooming when
brimming with life
Cometh the little maid ripe for the
strife?
Ah! Wind and bah! Wind what
might have you now?
What can you do with that inno-
cent brow?
Blow Wind and grow Wind
and eddy and swirl
But bring her to me Wind — my
little March girl

REMEMBERED

SHE sang and I listened the
whole song thro
(It was sweet so sweet the
singing)

The stars were out and the moon
it grew
From a wee soft glimmer y y out
in the blue
To a bird thro the heavens
winging

She sang and the song trembled
down to my breast —
(It was sweet so sweet the
singing)
As a dove just out of its fledgling
nest
And putting its wings to the first
sweet test
Flutters homeward o wearily
winging

She sang and I said to my heart
That song
That was sweet so sweet i the
singing
Shall live with us and inspire us
long
And thou my heart shalt be brave
and strong
For the sake of those words
i winging

The woman died and the song
was still
(It was sweet so sweet the
singing)
But ever I hear the same low
trill
Of the song that shakes my heart
with a thrill
And goes forever winging

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THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

LOVE DESPOILED

As lone I sat one summer's day,
With mien dejected, Love
came by,
His face distraught, his locks
astray,
So slow his gait, so sad his eye,
I hailed him with a pitying cry.

"Pray, Love, what has disturbed
thee so?"

Said I, amazed "Thou seem'st
bereft,
And see thy quiver hanging
low,—

What, not a single arrow left?
Pray, who is guilty of this
theft?"

Poor Love looked in my face and
cried

"No thief were ever yet so bold
To rob my quiver at my side.

But Time, who rules, gave ear
to Gold,

And all my goodly shafts are
sold"

THE LAPSE

THIS poem must be done to-day;

Then, I'll e'en to it

I must not dream my time away,—

I'm sure to rue it

The day is rather bright, I know

The Muse will pardon

My half-defection, if I go
Into the garden.

It must be better working
there,—

I'm sure it's sweeter.
And something in the balmy air
May clear my metre.

[In the Garden]

Ah this is noble, what a sky!
What breezes blowing!

The very clouds, I know not why,
Call one to rowing

The stream will be a paradise
To-day, I'll warrant

I know the tide that's on the rise
Will seem a torrent,

I know just how the leafy boughs
Are all a-quiver,

I know how many skiffs and scows
Are on the river

I think I'll just go out awhile
Before I write it,

When Nature shows us such a
smile,

We should n't slight it
For Nature always makes desire

By giving pleasure;
And so 't will help me put more
fire

Into my measure.

[On the River.]

The river's fine, I'm glad I came,
That poem's teasing;

But health is better far than fame,
Though cheques are pleasing.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I don't know what I did it for,—
This air's a poppy
I'm sorry for my editor—
He'll get no copy!

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER

LONG since in sore distress I
heard one pray
Lord who prevailest with resistless might
Ever from war and strife keep me
away
My battles fight!

I know not if I play the Pharisee
And if my brother after all be
right
But mine shall be the warrior's
plea to thee—
Strength for the fight!

I do not ask that thou shalt front
the fray
And drive the warring foeman
from my sight
I only ask O Lord by night by
day
Strength for the fight!

When foes upon me press let me
not quail
Nor think to turn me into
coward flight
I only ask to make mine arms
prevail
Strength for the fight!

Still let mine eyes look ever on the
foe
Still let mine armor case me
strong and bright
And grant me as I deal each righteous
blow
Strength for the fight!

And when at eventide the fray
is done
My soul to Death's bedchamber
do thou light
And give me be the field or lost
or won
Rest from the fight!

FAREWELL TO ARCADY

WITH sombre mien the Evening
gray
Comes nagging at the heels of
Day
And driven faster and still faster
Before the dusky mantled Master
The light fades from her fearful
eyes
She hastens, stumbles, falls, and
dies

Beside me Amaryllis weeps
The swelling tears obscure the
deeps
Of her dark eyes as mistily
The rushing rain conceals the sea
Here lay my tuneless reed away—
I have no heart to tempt a lay

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I scent the perfume of the rose
Which by my crystal fountain
 grows

In this sad time, are roses blowing?[?]

And thou, my fountain, art thou
 flowing,

While I who watched thy waters
 spring

Am all too sad to smile or sing?

Nay, give me back my pipe again,
It yet shall breathe this single
 strain

Farewell to Arcady!

THE VOICE OF THE BANJO

IN a small and lonely cabin out
 of noisy traffic's way,

Sat an old man, bent and feeble,
 dusk of face, and hair of gray,

And beside him on the table, battered, old, and worn as he,

Lay a banjo, droning forth this
 reminiscent melody.

"Night is closing in upon us,
 friend of mine, but don't be
 sad,

Let us think of all the pleasures
 and the joys that we have had.

Let us keep a merry visage, and be
 happy till the last,

Let the future still be sweetened
 with the honey of the past.

"For I speak to you of summer
 nights upon the yellow sand,
When the Southern moon, was
 sailing high and silvering all
 the land;

And if love tales were not sacred,
 there's a tale that I could
 tell

Of your many nightly wanderings
 with a dusk and lovely belle

"And I speak to you of care-free
 songs when labour's hour was
 o'er,

And a woman waiting for your
 step outside the cabin door,
And of something roly-poly that
 you took upon your lap,

While you listened for the stumbling, hesitating words, 'Pap,
 pap'

"I could tell you of a 'possum
 hunt across the wooded
 grounds,

I could call to mind the sweetness
 of the baying of the hounds,
You could lift me up and smelling
 of the timber that's in me,
Build again a whole green forest
 with the mem'ry of a tree

"So the future cannot hurt us
 while we keep the past in
 mind,

What care I for trembling fingers,
 — what care you that you are
 blind?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Time may leave us poor and
stranded circumstance may
make us bend
But they ll only find us mellow
won t they, comrade? — in
the end

THE STIRRUP CUP

COME, drink a stirrup cup with me,
Before we close our rouse
You re all aglow with wine, I
know

The master of the house
Unmindful of our revelry
Has drowned the carking devil
care
And slumbers in his chair

f ome drink a cup before we start
We ve far to ride to night
And Death may take the race we
make

And check our gallant flight
But even he must play his part
And tho the look he wears be
grim

We ll drink a toast to him!

For Death — a swift old chap is
he

And swift the steed He rides
He needs no chart o er main or
mart

For no direction bides
So come a final cup with me
And let the soldiers chorus
swell —

To hell with care to hell!

A CHOICE

THEY please me not — these
solemn songs

That hint of sermons covered up
T is true the world should heed
its wrongs

But in a poem let me sup,
Not simples brewed to cure or
ease

Humanity s confessed disease
But the spirit wine of a singing
line

Or a dew drop in a honey cup!

HUMOUR AND DIALECT

THEN AND NOW

THEN

He loved her, and through many
years
Had paid his fair devoted court
Until she wearied and with sneers
Turned all his ardent love to sport
That night within his chamber
lone
He long sat writing by his bed
A note in which his heart made
moan
For love, the morning found him
dead

NOW

Like him, a man of later day
Was ilted by the maid he sought
And from her presence turned
away
Consumed by burning bitter
thought
He sought his room to write — a
curse
Like him before and die I ween
Ah no he put his woes in verse,
And sold them to a magazine

AT CHESHIRE CHEESE

WHEN first of wise old Johnson
taught
My youthful mind its homage
brought,

And made the pondrous crusty
sage
The object of a noble rage
Nor did I think (How dense we
are!)
That any day however far
Would find me holding unre-
pelled
The place that Doctor Johnson
held!

But change has come and time has
moved,
And now applauded unreprieved,
I hold with pardonable pride
The place that Johnson occupied

Conceit! Presumption! What is
this?

You surely read my words amiss
Like Johnson I — a man of mind!
How could you ever be so blind?

No At the ancient Cheshire
Cheese,

Blown hither by some vagrant
breeze

To dignify my shallow wit
In Doctor Johnson's seat I sit!

MY CORN COB PIPE

Men may sing of their Havanas
elevating to the stars
The real or fancied virtues of their
foreign made cigars,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But I worship Nicotina at a different sort of shrine,
And she sits enthroned in glory in
this corn-cob pipe of mine

It's as fragrant as the meadows
when the clover is in bloom,
It's as dainty as the essence of the
daintiest perfume,
It's as sweet as are the orchards
when the fruit is hanging ripe,
With the sun's warm kiss upon
them — is this corn-cob pipe

Thro' the smoke about it clinging,
I delight its form to trace,
Like an oriental beauty with a veil
upon her face;
And my room is dim with vapour
as a church when censers
sway,
As I clasp it to my bosom — in a
figurative way.

It consoles me in misfortune and
it cheers me in distress,
And it proves a warm partaker of
my pleasures in success;
So I hail it as a symbol, friendship's
true and worthy type,
And I press my lips devoutly to
my corn-cob pipe.

IN AUGUST

WHEN August days are hot an'
dry,
When burning copper is the sky,

I'd rather fish than feast or fly
In airy realms serene and high.

I'd take a suit not made for looks,
Some easily digested books,
Some flies, some lines, some bait,
some hooks,
Then would I seek the bays and
brooks

I would eschew mine every task,
In Nature's smiles my soul should
bask,
And I methinks no more could
ask,
Except — perhaps — one little
flask

In case of accident, you know,
Or should the wind come on to
blow,
Or I be chilled or capsized, so,
A flask would be the only go

Then could I spend a happy
time,—
A bit of sport, a bit of rhyme
(A bit of lemon, or of lime,
To make my bottle's contents
prime).

When August days are hot an'
dry,
I won't sit by an' sigh or die,
I'll get my bottle (on the sly)
And go ahead, and fish, and lie!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE DISTURBER

OH, what shall I do? I am wholly
upset

I am sure I'll be jailed for a
lunatic yet

I ll be out of a job—it s the
thing to expect

When I m letting my duty go by
with neglect

You may judge the extent and de
gree of my plight

When I'm thinking all day and
a dreaming all night,

And a trying my hand at a rhyme
on the sly

All on account of a sparkling eye

There are those who say men
should be strong well a day!

But what constitutes strength in
a man? Who shall say?

I am strong as the most when it
comes to the arm

I have aye held my own on the
playground or farm

And when I ve been tempted I
haven't been weak

But now—why I tremble to
hear a maid speak

I used to be bold but now I've
grown shy,

And all on account of a sparkling
eye

There once was a time when my
heart was devout

But now my religion is open to
doubt

When parson is earnestly preach
ing of grace

My fancy is busy with drawing
a face,

Thro the back of a bonnet most
piously plain

'I draw it redraw it and draw
it again

While the songs and the sermon
unheeded go by—

All on account of a sparkling eye

Oh dear little conjurer give o'er
your wiles

It is easy for you you re all
blushes and smiles

But, love of my heart I am sorely
perplexed

I am smiling one minute and sigh
ing the next

And if it goes on, I ll drop hackle
and flail

And go to the parson and tell him
my tale

I warrant he ll find me a cure
for the sigh

That you re aye bringing forth
with the glance of your eye.

EXPECTATION

You LL be wonderin whut's de
reason

I's a grinnin all de time

An I guess you tink my sperits

Mus be feelin mighty prime.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Well, I 'fess up, I is tickled
As a puppy at his paws
But you need n't think I's crazy,
I ain' laffin' 'dout a cause

You's a wonderin' too, I reckon,
Why I does n't seem to cat,
An' I notice you a lookin'

Lak you felt completely beat
When I 'fuse to tek de bacon,
An' don' settle on de ham
Don' you feel no feah erbout me,
Jes' keep eatin', an' be ca'm

Fu' I's waitin' an' I's watchin'
'Bout a little t'ing I see —
D' othah night I's out a walkin'
An' I passed a 'simmon tree
Now I's whettin' up my hongry,
An' I's laffin' fit to kill,
Fu' de fros' done turned de 'sim-
mons,
An' de possum 's eat his fill

He done go'ged hisse'f owdacious,
An' he stayin' by de tree!
Don' you know, ol' Mistah Pos-
sum

Dat you gittin' fat fu' me?
'T ain't no use to try to 'spute it,
'Case I knows you's gittin'
sweet

Wif dat 'simmon flavoh thoo you,
So I's waitin' fu' yo' meat

An' some ebenin' me an Towsah
Gwine to come an' mek a call,

We jes' drap in onexpected
Fu' to shek yo' han', dat's all
Oh, I knows dat you 'll be tickled,
Seems lak I kin see you smile,
So pu'haps I mought pu'suade you
Fu' to visit us a while.

LOVER'S LANE

SUMMAH night an' sighin' breeze,
'Long de lovah's lane,
Frien'ly, shadder-mekin' trees,
'Long de lovah's lane.

White folks' wo'k all done up
gran'—

Me an' 'Mandy han'-in-han'
Struttin' lak we owned de lan',
'Long de lovah's lane.

Owl a-settin' 'side de road,
'Long de lovah's lane,
Lookin' at us lak he knowed
Dis uz lovah's lane

Go on, hoot yo' mou'nful tune,
You ain' nevah loved in June,
An' come hidin' f'om de moon
Down in lovah's lane

Bush it ben' an' nod an' sway,
Down in lovah's lane,

Try'n' to hyeah me whut I say
'Long de lovah's lane

But I whispahs low lak dis,
An' my 'Mandy smile huh bliss —
Mistah Bush he shek his fis',
Down in lovah's lane.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Whut I keer ef day is long
Down in lovah s lane
I kin allus sing a song
Long de lovah s lane
An de wods I hyeah an say
Meks up fu de weary day
W en I s strollin' by de way,
Down in lovah s lane

An dis tought will allus rise
Down in lovah s lane
Wondah whethah in de skies
Dey s a lovah s lane
Ef dey ain t I tell you true
Ligion do look mighty blue
'Cause I do know whut I d do
Dout a lovah s lane

PROTEST

Who say my heat ain t true to
you?
Dey bettah heish dey mou'
I knows I loves you thoo an thoo
In watah time er drouf
I wush dese people d stop dey
talkin,
Don t mean no mo dan chickens
squawkin
I guess I knows which way I s
walkin
I knows de norf f om souf

I does not love Elizy Brown
I guess I knows my min
You illus try to tek me down
Wid evah ting you fin

Ef dese hyeah folks will keep on
fillin'
Yo haid wid nonsense an' you s
willin
I bet some day dey ll be a killin
Somewhah along de line

O cose I buys de gal ice cream
Whut else I gwine to do?
I knows jes how de ting u d
seem
Ef I d be shot wid you
On Sunday you s at chu'ch
a shoutin
Den all de week you go roun
poutin —
I s mighty tiahed o all dis
doubtin
I tell you cause I s true

HYMN

O l i l lamb out in de col
De Mastah call you to de fol
O l i l lamb!
He hyeah you bleatin on de hill
Come hyeah an keep yo' mou nin
still
O l i l lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo f
He wandah souf he wandah no f
O l i l lamb!
He wandah eas he wandah
wes
De win a wrenchin at his breas',
O l i l lamb!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide,
He want you walkin' by his side,
O li'l' lamb!

He know you weak, he know you
so',
But come, don' stay away no mo',
O li'l' lamb!

An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah
De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah —
Sweet li'l' lamb!
He ansawah f'om de brambles thick,
"O Shepud, I's a-comin' quick"—
O li'l' lamb!

LITTLE BROWN BABY

LITTLE brown baby wif spa'klin'
eyes,

Come to yo' pappy an' set on his
knee

What you been doin', suh — mak-
in' san' pies?

Look at dat bib — you's ez
du'ty ez me

Look at dat mouf — dat's mer-
lasses, I bet,

Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe
off his han's

Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat
you up yit,

Bein' so sticky an sweet — good-
ness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin'
eyes,

Who's pappy's darlin' an'
who's pappy's chile?

Who is it all de day nevah once
tries

Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat
smile?

Whaih did you git dem teef? My,
you's a scamp!

Whaih did dat dimple come f'om
in yo' chin?

Pappy do' know you — I b'lieves
you's a tramp,

Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol'
straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him ouden de do' in
de san',

We do' want stragglers a-layin'
'roun' hyeah,

Let's gin him 'way to de big
buggah-man;

I know he's hidin' erroun'
hyeah right neah

Buggah-man, buggah-man, come
in de do',

Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have
fu' to eat.

Mammy an' pappy do' want him
no mo',

Swaller him down f'om his haid
to his feet!

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd
hug me up close

Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't
have dis boy.

He ain't no tramp, ner no strag-
gler, of co'se,

He's pappy's pa'dner an' play-
mate an' joy.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Come to you' pallet now — go to
yo res

Wisht you could allus know
ease an cleah skies

Wisht you could stay jes' a chile
on my breas —

Little brown baby wif spa llin'
eyes!

TIME TO TINKER 'ROUN I

SUMMAH s nice wif sun a-shinin
Spring is good wif greens and
grass

An dey s some tings nice bout
wintah

Dough hit brings de freezin
blas

But de time dat is de fines

Whethah fiel s is green er brown
Is w en de rain s a poin

An dey's time to tinker 'roun

Den you men's de mule's ol'
ha ness

An you men s de broken chair
Hummin all de time you s wo kin
Some ol common kind o air

Evah now an then you looks out,
Tryin' mighty had to frown
But you can't you's glad hit's
ruinin

An dey s time to tinker roun

Oh you ten s lak you so anxious
Evah time it so t o stops

W'en hit goes on, den you reckon
Dat de wet 'll he'p de crops

But hit ain't de crops you's aftah,
You knows w en de rain comes
down

Dat s hit's too wet out fu'
wo kin,

An' dey s time to tinker roun'

Oh, dey's fun inside de co'n-crib.

An' dey's luffin' 't de ban

An dey s allus some one jokin',
Er some one to tell a ya n

Dah s a quiet in yo cabin

Only fu de rains sof soun',

So you s mighty blessed happy

W'en dey s time to tinker
roun l

THE REAL QUESTION

FOLKS is talkin bout de money
bout de silvah an de gold

All de time de season's changin
an' de days is gittin cold

An dey s wondrin bout de
metals whethah we'll live
one er two

While de price o coal is risin an
dey s two months rent
dat s due

Some folks srys dat gold's de only
money dat is wuff de name

Den de othahs rise an tell em
dat dey ought to be ashame

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

An' dat silvah is de only thing to
save us f'om de povah
Of de gold-bug ragin' 'roun' an'
seekin' who he may de-
vowah.

Well, you folks kin keep on
shoutin' wif yo' gold er
silvah cry,

But I tell you people hams is
sceerce an' fowls is roostin'
high.

An' hit ain't de so't o' money dat
is pesterin' my min',
But de question I want answehed 's
how to get at any kin'!

JILTED

LUCY done gone back on me,
Dat 's de way wif life
Evaht'ing was movin' free,
T'ought I had my wife.
Den some dahky comes along,
Sings my gal a little song,
Since den, evaht'ing 's gone wrong,
Evah day dey 's strife.

Did n't answeh me to-day,
W'en I called huh name,
Would you t'ink she 'd ac' dat way
W'en I ain't to blame?
Dat 's de way dese women do,
W'en dey fin's a fellow true,
Den dey 'buse him thoo an' thoo;
Well, hit 's all de same.

Somep'n's wrong erbout my lung,
An' I 's glad hit 's so.

Doctah says 'at I 'll die young,
Well, I wants to go!
Whut 's de use o' livin' hyciah,
W'en de gal you loves so deah,
Goes back on you clean an' cleah —
I sh'd like to know?

THE NEWS

WHUT dat you whisperin' keepin'
f'om me?
Don't shut me out 'cause I 's ol'
an' can't see.
Somep'n's gone wrong dat 's
a-causin' you dread,—
Don't be afeared to tell — Whut!
mastah dead?

Somebody brung de news early
to-day,—
One of de sojers he led, do you
say?
Did n't he foller whah ol' mastah
lead?
How kin he live w'en his leadah
is dead?

Let me lay down awhile, dah by
his bed,
I wants to t'ink,— hit ain't cleah
in my head. —
Killed while a-leadin' his men into
fight,—
Dat 's whut you said, ain't it, did
I hyciah right?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Mastah my mastah dead dah in
de fiel'?

Lif me up some — dah jes so I
kin kneel

I was too weak to go wid him dey
said

Well now I ll — fin him — so —
mastah is dead

Yes suh I s comin ez fas ez I
kin —

T was kin o dak but hit s
lightah agin

P omised yo pappy I d allus tek
beer

Of you — yes mastah — I s fol
lerin — hyeah!

CHRISMUS ON THE PLAN TATION

It was Chrismus Eve I mind hit
fu a mighty gloomy day —

Bofe de weathah an de people —
not a one of us was gay

Cose you ll tink dat s mighty
funny twell I try to mek hit
cleah

Fu a da ky's allus happy when de
holidays is neah

But we was n t fu dat mo'nin
Mastah d tol us we mus go

He d been pryin us sence free
dom but he could n t pay no
mo'

He wa n t nevah used to plannin'
fo he got so po an ol

So he gwine to give up tryin, an
de homestead mus be sol

I kin see him stanin' now erpon
de step ez cleah ez day

Wid de win' a kind o' fondlin
thoo his haih all thin an
gray

An I membah how he trimbled
when he said It s had fu
me

Not to mek yo Chrismus brightah
but I low it wa n t to be

All de women was a cryin an' de
men too on de sly

An I noticed somep n shinin even
in ol Mastah's eye

But we ill stood still to listen ez
ol Ben come fom de crowd

An spoke up a try n to steady
down his voice and mek it
loud —

Look hyeah Mastah I s been
servin you fu lol dese many
yeahs

An now sence we s got freedom
an you s kind o po hit
pears

Dat you want us all to leave you
cause you don t tink you can
pay

Ef my membry has n t fooled me
seem dat whut I hyead you
say

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

ANGELINA

“Er in othah wo'ds, you wants us
to fu'git dat you 's been kin',
An' ez soon ez you is he'pless, we 's
to leave you hyeah behin'.

Well, ef dat 's de way dis freedom
ac's on people, white er black,
You kin jes' tell Mistah Lincum
fu' to tek his freedom back.

“We gwine wo'k dis ol' planta-
tion fu' whatevah we kin git,
Fu' I know hit did suppo't us, an'
de place kin do it yit.

Now de land is yo's, de hands is
ouahs, an' I reckon we 'll be
brave,

An' we 'll bah ez much ez you do
w'en we has to scrape an'
save ”

Ol' Mastah stood dah trimblin',
but a-smilin' thoo his teahs,
An' den hit seemed jes' nachul-
like, de place fah rung wid
cheahs,

An' soon ez dey was quiet, some
one sta'ted sof' an' low:

“Praise God,” an' den we all
jined in, “from whom all
blessin's flow!”

Well, dey was n't no use tryin',
ouah min's was sot to stay,
An' po' ol' Mastah could n't plead
ner baig, ner drive us 'way,
An' all at once, hit seemed to us,
de day was bright agin,
So evahone was gay dat night, an'
watched de Chrismus in

WHEN de fiddle gits to singin' out
a ol' Vahginny reel,
An' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in
yo' toe an' in yo' heel,
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an'
you wants to keep it, too,
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git
yo'self clean out o' view.

Case de time is mighty temptin'
when de chune is in de
swing,

Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man,
to cut de pigeon-wing
An' you could n't he'p f'om danc-
in' ef yo' feet was boun' wif
twine,

When Angelina Johnson comes
a-swingin' down de line

Don't you know Miss Angelina?
She 's de da'lin' of de place
W'y, dey ain't no high-toned lady
wif sich mannahts an' sich
grace

She kin move across de cabin, wif
its planks all rough an' wo',
Jes' de same 's ef she was dancin'
on ol' mistus' ball-room flo'.

Fact is, you do' see no cabin—
evaht'ing you see look grand,
An' dat one ol' squeaky fiddle
soun' to you jes' lak a ban',
Cotton britches look lak broadclof
an' a linsey dress look fine,

When Angelina Johnson comes
a-swingin' down de line.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Some folks ay dat dancin s sin
ful an de blessed Lawd, dey
say

Gwine to punish us fu steppin
w en we hyeah de music play
But I tell you I don b lieve it fu'
de Lawd is wise and good
An he made de banjo s metal an
he made de fiddle s wood
An he made de music in dem so
I don quite tink he li keer
Ef our feet keeps time a little to
de melodies we hyeah
W y dey's somep n downright
holy in de way our faces
shine
When Angelina Johnson comes
a swingin down de line

Angelina steps so gentle Angelina
bows so low
An she lif huh sku t so dainty dat
huh shoetop skacely show
An dem teef o huh n a shinin , ez
she tek you by de han —
Go way people d ain t anothah
sich a lady in de lan l
When she s movin thoo de figgers
er a dancin by huhse f
Folks jes stan stock still a sta
in an dey mos nigh hols
dey bref
An de young mens dey s a sayin ,
'I s gwine mek dat damsel
mine
When Angelina Johnson comes
a swingin down de line

FOOLIN' WID DE SEASONS

SEEMS lak folks is mighty curus
In de way dey tink an ac s
Dey jes spen s dey days a mixin
Up de tings in almanacs
Now, I min my nex do neigh
bour —

He s a mighty likely man
But he nevah tink o nuffin
'Ceptin jes to plot an plan

All de wintah he was plannin
How he d gettah sassifras
Jes ez soon ez evah Springtime
Put some greenness in de grass
An he lowed a little soonah
He could stan' a coolah breeze
So s to mek a little money
F om de sugah watah trees

In de summah he d be wathin
Out de linin' of his soul
Try n cacilate an fashion
How he d git his wintah coal,
An' I b lieve he got his judgement
Jes so tuckahed out an thinned
Dat he tought a robin s whistle
Was de whistle of de wind

Why won t folks gin up dey plan
nin ,
An jes be content to know
Dat dey's gittin all dat s fu dem
In de days dat come an go?
Why won t folks quit movin for
rard?
Ain t hut bettah jes to stan

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

An' be satisfied wid livin'
In de season dat 's at han'?

Hit 's enough fu' me to listen
W'en de birds is singin' 'roun',
'Dout a-guessin' whut 'll happen
W'en de snow is on de groun'.
In de Springtime an' de summah,
I lays sorrer on de she'f,
An' I knows ol' Mistah Wintah
Gwine to hustle fu' hisse'f

We been put hyeah fu' a pu'pose,
But de questun dat has riz
An' made lots o' people diftah
Is jes' whut dat pu'pose is
Now, accordin' to my reas'nin',
Hyeah 's de p'int whaih I's
arriv,
Sence de Lawd put life into us,
We was put hyeah fu' to live!

MY SORT O' MAN

I DON'T believe in 'ristercrats
An' never did, you see,
The plain ol' homelike sorter folks
Is good enough fur me
O' course, I don't desire a man
To be too tarnal rough,
But then, I think all folks should
know
When they air nice enough.

Now there is folks in this here
world,
From peasant up to king,

Who want to be so awful nice
They overdo the thing
That 's jest the thing that makes
me sick,
An' quicker 'n a wink
I set it down that them same
folks
Ain't half so good 's you
think

I like to see a man dress nice,
In clothes becomin' too,
I like to see a woman fix
As women orter to do,
An' boys an' gals I like to see
Look fresh an' young an'
spry,—
We all must have our vanity
An' pride before we die

But I jedge no man by his
clothes,—
Nor gentleman nor tramp,
The man that wears the finest suit
May be the biggest scamp,
An' he whose limbs air clad in rags
That make a mournful sight,
In life's great battle may have
proved
A hero in the fight

I don't believe in 'ristercrats,
I like the honest tan
That lies upon the healthful cheek
An' speaks the honest man,
I like to grasp the brawny hand
That labor's lips have kissed,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

For he who has not labored here
Life's greates t pride has
mis ed

The pride to feel that yore own
strength

Has cleaved fur you the way
To heights to which you were not
born

But struggled day by day
What though the thou ands sneer
an scoff

An scorn yore humble birth?
Kings are but puppets you are
king

By right o royal worth

The man who simply sits an waits
Fur good to come along
Ain t worth the breath that one
would take

To tell him he is wrong
Fur good ain t flov in round this
world

Fur every fool to sup
You ve got to put yore see ers on
An go an hunt it up

Good goes with honesty I say
To honour an to bless
To rich an poor alike it brings
A wealth o happiness

The ristercrats ain t got it all
Fur much to their surprise
That s one of earth s most blessed
things

They can t monopolize

POSSUM

Er dey s anyting dat riles me

An jes gits me out o hitch

Twell I want to tek my coat off

So s to rar an t r an pitch

Hit s to see some ign ant white
man

Mittin dat ouldacious sin—

Wen he want to cook a possum

Tekin off de possums skin

W'y dey ain t no use in talkin

Hit jes hu ts me to de hea t

Fu to see dem foolish people

Thowin way de fines pa t

W'y dat skin is jes ez tend'ah

An ez juicy ez kin be

I knows all erbout de critter—

Hide an hah—don t talk to
mel

Possum skin is jes lak shoat skin

Jes you swinge an scrope it
down

Tek a good shap knife an sco it

Den you bake it good an' brown

Huh uh! honey you s so happy

Dat yo thoughtis is mos a sin

When you s settin dah a-chawin'

On dat possums cracklin skin

White folks tink dey know bout
eatin

An I reckon dat dey do

Sometimes git a little idee

Of a middlin dish er two

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But dey ain't a t'ing dey knows of
Dat I reckon can't be beat
W'en we set down at de table
To a unskun possum's meat!

ON THE ROAD

I's boun' to see my gal to-night —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't
bright —

Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
But when I does git to yo' do'
Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',
Dough lone de way, my dearie

De night is skeery-lak an' still —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'-
will —

Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De way so long wif dis slow pace,
'T'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
I wish dat watch-dog would n't
howl —

Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
An' evah't'ing, bofe right an' lef',
Seem p'int'ly lak hit put itse'f
In shape to skeer me half to def —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so 's I won't be feared —
Oh lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I's kin' o' skeered,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
But you kin mek hit lighten some,
Ef you 'll jes' say you's glad I
come,

Dough lone de way, my dearie

A DEATH SONG

LAY me down beneaf de willers in
de grass,
Whah de branch 'll go a-singin' as
it pass
An' w'en I's a-layin' low,
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo'
res' at las'."

Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a
little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak
an' cool,
Whah de little birds in spring,
Ust to come an' drink an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on dey way
to school

Let me settle w'en my shouldahs
draps dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in
de road,
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de t'ings I's
allus knowed.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

A BACK LOG SONG

DE axes has been ringin in de
woods de blessid day

An de chips has been a fallin
fa an thick

Dey has cut de bigges hick ry dat
de mules lin tote away

An dey s laid hit down and
soaked it in de crik

Den dey tuk hit to de big house an
dey piled de wood erroun

In de fiah place f om ash flo to
de flue

While ol' Ezry sta ts de hymn dat
evah yeah has got to soun

When de back log fus com
mence a bu nin thoo

Ol' Mastah is a-smilin on de
da kies f om de hall

Ol Mistus is a stannin in de do
An' de young folks mules an'

misses is a tryin one an'
all

Fu to mek us feel hit s Chris
mus time fu' sho

An ouah hea ts are full of pleasure
fu we know de time is
ouahs

Fu to dance er do jes' whut we
wants to do

An' dey ain t no ovahseer in no
othah kind o powahs

Dat kin stop us while dat log
is bu'nin thoo

Dey s a wokin in de qua tahs a
preparin' fu de feas

So de little pigs is feelin kind o
shy

De chickens ain't so trus ful ez
dey was to say de leas,

An' de wile ol hens is roostin'
mighty high

You could n t git a gobblin fu to
look you in de face —

I ain t sayin' whut de tu ky
spects is true

But hit s mighty dange ous trav'
lin fu de critters on de
place

F om de time dat log commence a
bu nin thoo

Some one s tunin up his fiddle
dah I hyeah a banjo s ring

An, bless me, dat s de tootin of
a hon!

Now dey ll evah one be runnin
dat has got a foot to fling

An' dey ll dance in frolic on
f om now twell mon

Plunk de banjo scrap de fiddle,
blow dat ho n yo level bes,

Keep yo min erpon de chune
an step it true

Oh, dey ain t no time fu stoppin
an dey ain t ro time fu
res

Fu hit's Chrismus an' de back
log's bu'nin thoo!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

LULLABY

BEDTIME 's come fu' little boys.

Po' little lamb

Too tiahed out to make a noise,

Po' little lamb

You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?

Yes, you tole me dat befo',

Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',

Po' little lamb

You been bad de livelong day,

Po' little lamb

Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,

Po' little lamb

My, but you 's a-runnin' wil',

Look jes' lak some po' folks chile;

Mam' gwine whup you atter while,

Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to
def,

Po' little lamb

Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,

Po' little lamb

See dem han's now — sich a sight!

Would you evah b'lieve dey's
white?

Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,

Po' little lamb

Jes' can't hol' yo' hard up straight,

Po' little lamb

Had n't oughter played so late,

Po' little lamb

Mammy do' know whut she 'd do,

Ef de chillun's all lak you,

You 's a caution now fu' true,

Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' hard down in my lap,

Po' little lamb

Y' ought to have a right good slap,

Po' little lamb

You been runnin' roun' a heap

Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,

Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,

Po' little lamb

THE PHOTOGRAPH

SEE dis pictyah in my han'?

Dat 's my gal,

Ain't she purty? goodness lan'!

Huh name Sal

Dat 's de very way she be —

Kin' o' tickles me to see

Huh a-smilin' back at me

She sont me dis photygraph

Jes' las' week,

An' aldough hit made me laugh —

My black cheek

Felt somethin' a-runnin' qucer,

Bless yo' soul, it was a tear

Jes' f'om wishin' she was here

Often when I 's all alone

Layin' here,

I git t'inkin' 'bout my own

Sallie dear,

How she say dat I 's huh beau,

An' hit tickles me to know

Dat de gal do love me so

Some bright day I 's goin' back,

Fo' de la!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

An' ez sho 's my face is black
Ax huh pa
Fu de blessed little miss
Who s a smilin out o dis
Pictyah lak she waned a kiss'

Second hand to boot
I s a tryin to spite you!
Full of jealousy!
Look hyeah man I ll fight
you
Don t you fool wid me!

JEALOUS

HYEAH come Cæsar Higgins
Don t he think he s fine?
Look at dem new riggin s
Ain t he tryin to shine?
Got a standin collar
An a stove pipe hat
I ll jes bet a dollar
Some one gin him dat

Don't one o you mention,
Nothin 'bout his cloes
Don't pay no attention
Er let on you knows
Dat he s got em on him,
Why t'll mek him sick
Jes go on an sco'n him
My ain t dis a trick!

Look hyeah whut s he doin
Lookin t othah way?
Dat ere move s a new one
Some one call him Say!
Can t you see no pusson —
Puttin on you airs
Sakes alive you s wuss n
Dese hyeah millionaires

Need n't git so flighty
Case you got dat suit
Dem cloes ain t so mighty —

PARTED

DE breeze is blowin cross de bay
My lady my lady
De ship hit tels me far away
My lady my lady
Ole M'is done sol me down de
stream
Dey tell me t ain t so bad s hit
seem
My lady my lady

O cose I knows dat you ll be
true
My lady my lady
But den I do know whut to do
My lady my lady
I knowed some day we d have to
pa t
But den hit put' nigh breaks my
hea't
My lady my lady

De day is long de night is black
My lady my lady
I know you ll wait twell I come
back
My lady my lady
I ll stan' de ship, I ll stan de
chain,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But I'll come back, my darlin'
Jane,
My lady, my lady.

Jes' wait, jes' b'lieve in whut I
say,

My lady, my lady;

D' ain't nothin' dat kin keep me
'way,

My lady, my lady;

A man's a man, an' love is love,
God knows ouah hea'ts, my little
dove,

He'll he'p us f'om his th'one
above,

My lady, my lady.

TEMPTATION

I DONE got 'uligion, honey, an' I's
happy ez a king;

Evahthing I see erbout me's jes'
lak sunshine in de spring,

An' it seems lak I do' want to do
anothah blessid thing

But jes' run an' tell de neighbours,
an' to shout an' pray an'
sing.

I done shuk my fis' at Satan, an'
I's gin de worl' my back,

I do' want no hendrin' causes now
a-both'rin' in my track,

Fu' I's on my way to glory, an' I
feels too sho' to miss

W'y, dey ain't no use in sinnin'
when 'uligion's sweet ez dis

Talk erbout a man backslidin' w'en
he's on de gospel way;

No, suh, I done beat de debbil, an'
Temptation's los' de day.

Gwine to keep my eyes right
straight up, gwine to shet my
calis, an' see

Whut ole projick Mistah Satan's
gwine to try to wuk on me

Listen, whut dat soun' I hycah
dah? 'tain't no one commence
to sing;

It's a fiddle, git erway dah! don'
you hycah dat blessid
thing?

W'y, dat's sweet ez drippin' honey,
'cause, you knows, I draws de
bow,

An' when music's sho' 'nough
music, I's de one dat's sho'
to know.

W'y, I's done de double shuffle,
twell a body could n't res',

Jes' a-hycahn' Sam de fiddlah play
dat chune his level bes',

I could cut a mighty caper, I could
gin a mighty fling

Jes' right now, I's mo' dan suttain
I could cut de pigeon wing

Look hycah, whut's dis I's been
sayin'? whut on urf's tuk
holt o' me?

Dat ole music come nigh runnin'
my 'uligion up a tree!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Cleah out wif dat dah ole fiddle
don you try dat trick agin
Did n t think I could be tempted
but you lak to made me sin!

POSSUM TROT

I VE journeyed roun' consid'able
a secin men an' things
An' I ve learned a little of the
sense that meetin' people
brings
But in spite of all my travellin'
an' of all I think I know
I ve got one notion in my head
that I can't git to go
An' it is that the folks I meet in
any other spot
Ain't half so good as them I
knowed back home in Possum
Trot

I know you ve never heerd the
name it ain't a famous
place
An' I reckon ef you'd search the
map you could n't find a trace
Of any sich locality 's this I ve
named to you
But never mind I know the place
an' I love it dearly too
It don't make no pretensions to
bein' great or fine
The circuses don't come that way
they ain't no railroad line
It ain't no great big city where
the schemers plan an' plot

But jest a little settlement the
place called Possum Trot.

But don't you think the folks that
lived in that outlandish place
Were ignorant of all the things
that go for sense or grace
Why there was Hannah Dyer you
may search this teemin' earth
An' never find a sweeter girl er
one o' greater worth
An' Uncle Abner Williams a
leanin' on his staff
It seems like I kin hear him talk
an' hear his hearty laugh
His heart was big an' cheery 's a
sunny acre lot
Why that's the kind o' folks we
had down there at Possum
Trot

Good times? Well now to suit
my taste—an' I'm some hard
to suit—

There ain't been no sich pleasure
sence an' won't be none to
boot

With huskin' bees in Harvest time
an' dances later on

An' singin' school an' taffy pulls
an' fun from night till
dawn

Revivals come in winter time bap-
tizins in the spring

You'd ought to seen those people
shout an' heerd 'em pray an'
sing

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

You 'd ought to 've heard ole Par-
son Brown a-throwin' gospel
shot

Among the saints an' sinners in
the days of Possum Trot

We live up in the city now, my
wife was bound to come,

I hear aroun' me day by day the
endless stir an' hum

I reckon that it done me good, an'
yet it done me harm,

That oil was found so plentiful
down there on my ole farm

We've got a new-styled preacher,
our church is new-styled too,

An' I've come down from what I
knowed to rent a cushioned
pew

But often when I'm settin' there,
it's foolish, like as not,

To think of them ol' benches in
the church at Possum Trot

I know that I'm ungrateful, an'
sich thoughts must be a sin,

But I find myself a wishin' that
the times was back agin

With the huskin's an' the frolics,
an' the joys I used to know,

When I lived at the settlement, a
dozen years ago

I don't feel this way often, I'm
scarcely ever glum,

For life has taught me how to take
her chances as they come

But now an' then my mind goes
back to that ol' buryin' plot,

That holds the dust of some I
loved, down there at Possum
Trot

DELY

JES' lak toddy wahms you thoo'

Sets yo' haid a reelin',

Meks you ovah good and new,

Dat's de way I's feelin'

Seems to me hit's summah time,

Dough hit's wintah reely,

I's a feelin' jes' dat prime—

An' huh name is Dely

Dis hyeah love's a cu'rus thing,

Changes 'roun' de season,

Meks you sad or meks you sing,

'Dout no uifly reason

Sometimes I go mopin' 'roun',

Den agin I's leapin',

Sperits allus up an' down

Even when I's sleepin'.

Fu' de dreams comes to me den,

An' dey keeps me pitchin',

Lak de apple dumplin's w'en

Bilin' in de kitchen

Some one sot to do me hahm,

Tryin' to ovahcome me,

Ketchin' Dely by de ahm

So's to tek huh f'om me.

Mon, you bettah b'lieve I fights

(Dough hit's on'y seemin'),

I's a hittin' fu' my rights

Even w'en I's dreamin'.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

But I d let you have em all
 Give em to you freely
 Good an bad one great an' small
 So's you leave me Del

Dely got dem meltin eyes
 Big an black an tendah
 Dely je a lady size
 Delikat an slendah
 Dely brown ez brown kin be
 An huh huh is curly
 Oh she look so sweet to me —
 Bless de precious girlie!

Dely brown ez brown kin be
 She ain no mullatter
 She pure cullud — don you ee
 Dat s jes whut s de mattah?
 Dat s de why I love huh o
 D unt no mix about huh
 Soon s you see huh face you know
 D ain t no chanst to doubt huh

Folks dey go to chuch an pray
 So s to git a blessin
 Oomph dey bettah come my way
 Dey could lu n a lesson
 Sabbaf day I don go fu
 Jes to see my pigeon
 I jes ets an' looks at huh
 Dat s enuff uligion

BREAKING THE CHARM

CAUGHT Susanner whistlin well
 It s most nigh too good to tell
 Twould a ben too good to see
 Ef it had n t ben fur me,

Comin up so soft an sly
 That she didn' hear me nigh
 I was pokin 'round that dty
 An ez I come down the way
 First her whistle strikes my ears —
 Then her gingham dress appears,
 So with oft step up I ships
 Oh them dewy rose lips!
 Ripe ez cherries red an' round,
 Puckered up to make the sound
 She was lookin in the spring
 Whistlin to beat anything —

Kitty Dale er In the Sweet'
 I was jes so mortal beat
 That I can t quite ricolock
 What the toon was but I speck
 'T w as some hymn er other fur
 Hymny things is jest like her
 Well she went on fur awhile
 With her face all in a smile
 An I never moved but stood
 Still n a piece o wood —
 Would n t wink ner would n t stir,
 But a gazin right at her,
 Tell she turns an' sees me — my I
 Thought at first she d try to fly
 But she blushed an' stood her
 ground
 Then a slyly lookin round,
 She says 'Did you hear me
 Ben?'

Whistlin woman crowin' hen'
 Says I lookin awful stern
 Then the red commenced to burn
 In them cheeks o hern Why Ial
 Reddest red you ever saw —
 Pineys wa'n t a circumstance

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

You 'd 'a' noticed in a glance
She was pow'rful shamed an'
skeart;
But she looked so sweet an' peart,
That a idee struck my head,
So I up an' slowly said
"Woman whistlin' brings shore
harm,
Jest one thing 'll break the charm"
"And what's that?" "Oh,
my!" says I,
"I don't like to tell you"
"Why?"
Says Susanner. "Well, you see
It would kinder fall on me"
Course I knowed that she'd in-
sist,—
So I says. "You must be kissed
By the man that heard you whistle;
Everybody says that this 'll
Break the charm and set you free
From the threat'nin' penalty"
She was blushin' fit to kill,
But she answered, kinder still:
"I don't want to have no harm,
Please come, Ben, an' break the
charm"
Did I break that charm?—oh,
well,
There's some things I must n't
tell
I remember, afterwhile,
Her a-sayin' with a smile:
"Oh, you quit,—you sassy dunce,
You jest caught me whistlin' *once*."
Ev'ry sence that when I hear
Some one whistlin' kinder clear,

I most break my neck to see
Ef it's Susy; but, dear me,
I jest find I've b'en to chase
Some blamed boy about the place.
Dad's b'en noticin' my way,
An' last night I heerd him say.
"We must send fur Dr. Glenn,
Mother, somethin's wrong with
Ben!"

HUNTING SONG

TEK a cool night, good an'
cleah,
Skiff o' snow upon de groun';
Jes' 'bout fall-time o' de yeah
W'en de leaves is dry an'
brown,
Tek a dog an' tek a axe,
Tek a lantu'n in yo' han',
Step light whah de switches
cracks,
Fu' dey's huntin' in de lan'.
Down thoo de valleys an' ovah de
hills,
Into de woods whah de 'simmon-
tree grows,
Wakin' an' skeerin' de po' whip-
po'wills,
Huntin' fu' coon an' fu' 'possum
we goes
Blow dat ho'n dah loud an'
strong,
Call de dogs an' da'kies neah;
Mek its music cleah an' long,
So de folks at home kin hyeah.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Blow it twell de hills an' trees
Sers de echoes tumblin' back
Blow it twell de back ard breeze
Tells de folks we s on de
track
Coons is a ramblin an' 'possums
is out,
Look at dat dog you could set
on his tail!
Watch him now — steady — min
— whut you s about
Bless me dat animal s got on
de trail!
Listen to him bakin now!
Dat means business sho s you
bo n
Ef he's struck de scent I low
Dat ere possum s sholy gone
Knowned dat dog fu fo teen
jahs
An I nevah seed him fail
Wen he sot dem flappin ealis
An went off upon a trail
Run Mistah 'Possum an run
Mistah Coon
No place is safe fu yo ramblin
to-night
Mas gin de lantun an God gin
de moon
An a long hunt gins a good ap
petite
Look hyeah folks you hyeah
dat change?
Dat bak is sha per dan de res'
Dat ere soun' aint nothin
strange —

Dat dog s talked his level
bes
Somep n' s treed I know de
soun
Dah now — whut I tell
you? seel
Dat ere dog done run him
down
Come hyeah! he p eut down
dis tree
Ah Mistah 'Possum we got you
at las —
Need n't ply d'ud layin dah
on de groun
Fros an de simmons has made
you grow fas —
Wont he be fine when he s
roasted up brown!

A JETTER

DEAR MISS LUCY I been tinkin
dat I d write you long fo dis
But dis writin s mighty rejoy's an
you know jes how it i
But I s got a little lesure so I teks
my pen in han
Fu to let you know my feelin s
ince I retched dis furrin lan
I s right well I's glad to tell you
(dough dis climate aint to
blame),
An I hopes wen dese lines reach
you dat dey'll fin yo' se f de
same
Cose I se feelin kin o homesick
— dat s ez natchul ez kin be

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

W'en a feller's mo'n th'ee thou-
sand miles across dat awful
sea

(Don't you let nobidy fool you
'bout de ocean bem' gran',

If you want to see de billers, you
jes' view dem f'om de lan')

'Bout de people? We been t'inkin'
dat all white folks was alak,

But dese Englishmen is diffunt,
an' dey 's curus fu' a fac'

Fust, dey's heavier an' redder in
dey make-up an' dey looks,

An' dey don't put salt nor pepper
in a blessed t'ing dey cooks!

W'en dey gin you good ol' tu'nips,
ca'ots, pa'snips, beets, an'
sich,

Ef dey ain't some one to tell you,
you can't 'stinguish which is
which

W'en I t'ought I's eatin' chicken
— you may b'lieve dis hyeah's
a lie —

But de waiter beat me down dat I
was eatin' rabbit pie

An' dey 'd t'ink dat you was crazy
— jes' a reg'lar ravin' loon,

Ef you 'd speak erbout a 'possum
or a piece o' good ol' coon

O, hit's mighty nice, dis trav'lin',
an' I's kin' o' glad I come

But, I reckon, now I's willin' fu'
to tek my way back home

I done see de Crystal Palace, an'
I's hyeahd dey string-band
play,

But I has n't seen no banjos layin'
nowhahs roun' dis way

Jes' gin ol' Jim Bowles a banjo,
an' he 'd not go very fu',

'Fo' he 'd outplayed all dese fid-
dlers, wif dey flourish and
dey stir

Evahbiddy dat I's met wif has
been monst'ous kin an' good;

But I t'ink I 'd lak it better to be
down in Jones's wood,

Where we ust to have sich frolics,
Lucy, you an' me an' Nelse,

Dough my appetite 'ud call me, ef
dey was n't nuffin else

I 'd jes' lak to have some sweet-
pertaters roasted in de skin;

I's a-longin' fu' my chittlin's an'
my mustard greens ergin,

I's a-wishin' fu' some buttermilk,
an' co'n braid, good an'
brown,

An' a drap o' good ol' bourbon fu'
to wash my feelin's down!

An' I's comin' back to see you jes'
as ehly as I kin,

So you better not go spa'kin' wif
dat wuffless scoun'el Quin!

Well, I reckon, I mus' close now,
write ez soon's dis reaches
you,

Gi' my love to Sister Mandy an'
to Uncle Isham, too.

Tell de folks I sen' 'em howdy;
gin a kiss to pap an' mam,

Closin' I is, deah Miss Lucy,
Still Yo' Own True-Lovin' SAM.

PAUL LAURINCE DUNBAR

P S Ff you can't m k ou dh
letter luv it by erpon de lie f
An when I git home I ll read
it darlin to you t'own et

CHRISTMAS IS A COMIN

Bears a cuttin' liv
Back a feelin' col
Hans a groovin' larky
Jes I k I s' col
Fros erpon de neldah
Lonkin' mighty w'ie
Snowdraps lak a feedah
Shippin' down at night
Jes keep tings a hummin'
Spite o' fros an' 'owah
Christmas is a-comin'
An' all de week is ousah

Little mas axin
Who is S'nt, Claus?
Meks it kin o' travin'
Not to brea' de laws
Chillun a pow'ful tryin'
Fo' a pusson a free
Wen dey gn' a pryin'
Right on th' no you free
Down ermin'g yo' feelin's
Jes pears lak dat yon
Got to change you dealin's
So s' to tell 'em true

An' my pickaninny —
Dreamin' in his l' l
Come h'eah Mummy Jinny
Come in tek a peep

Ol M' a Bob an' Mus is
In dey hot a up d'uh
Gat an' chile lak dis is
D' int none any bruh
Sleep in little lummy
Sleep you little lerb
He do know whut mummy
Done wed up fu' him

Dey il be b' njo p'ekin'
Dancin' il night thoo
Dey il be lo' a chicken
Plenty tukks too
Drums to wet yo' whistles
So a' in fri' a out chills
Whut I keer fu' drizzles
I allin' on de hills?
Jes keer tings a hummin'
Spite o' col an' show he
Christmas day s' a-comin'
An' all de week is ousah

A CABIN TAIL

THE YOUNG MASTER ASKS FOR A
STORY

Whut you say dah? huh uh!
chile
You s' enough to dribe me wile
Want a story jes liveah d'at!
Whah il I git a story at?
Din I tell you thee l'is' night?
Go w'ay honey you ain't right
I gnt somep'n else to do
Cides jes tellin' tales to you
Tell you jes nne? Lem nie ee
Whut dat one's a gwine to be

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

When you 's ole, yo membry fails,
Seems lak I do' know no tales.
Well, set down dah in dat cheer,
Keep still ef you wants to hyeah
Tek dat chin up off yo' han's,
Set up nice now Goodness lan's!
Hol' yo'se'f up lak yo' pa
Bet nobidy evah saw
Him scrunched down lak you was
den —
High-tone boys meks high-tone
men

Once dey was a ole black bah,
Used to live 'roun' hyeah some-
whah

In a cave. He was so big
He could ca'y off a pig
Lak you picks a chicken up,
Er yo' leetles' bit o' pup
An' he had two gread big eyes,
Jes' erbout a saucer's size
Why, dey looked lak balls o' fiah
Jumpin' 'roun' erpon a wiah
W'en dat bah was mad, an' laws!
But you ought to seen his paws!
Did I see 'em? How you 'spec
I 's a-gwine to ricollec'
Dis hyeah ya'n I 's try'n' to spin
Ef you keeps on puttin' in?
You keep still an' don't you cheep
Less I 'll sen' you off to sleep
Dis hyeah bah'd go trompin'
'roun'

Eatin' evahthing he foun',
No one could n't have a fa'm
But dat bah 'u'd do' em ha'm,

And dey could n't ketch de scamp
Anywhah he wan'ed to tramp
Dah de scoun'el 'd mek his track,
Do his du't an' come on back
He was sich a sly ole limb,
Traps was jes' lak fun to him

Now, down neah whah Mistah
Bah

Lived, dey was a weasel dah,
But dey was n't fren's a-tall
Case de weasel was so small.
An' de bah 'u'd, jes' fu' sass,
Tu'n his nose up w'en he'd pass.
Weasels 's small o' cose, but my!
Dem air animiles is sly.

So dis hyeah one says, says he,
"I 'll jes' fix dat bah, you see"
So he fixes up his plan
An' hunts up de fa'merman
When de fa'mer see him come,
He 'mence lookin' mighty glum,
An' he ketches up a stick,
But de weasel speak up quick
"Hol' on, Mistah Fa'mer man,
I wan' 'splain a little plan
Ef you wants, I 'll tell you whah
An' jes' how to ketch ol' Bah
But I tell yow now you mus'
Gin me one fat chicken fus'"
Den de man he scratch his haid,
Las' he say, "I'll mek de trade"
So de weasel et his hen,
Smacked his mouf and says,

"Well, den,

Set yo' trap an' bait ternight,
An' I 'll ketch de bah all right"

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Den he ups an' goes to see
Mistah Bah an says says he
' Well fren Bah we *aint* been
frens

But ternight had feelin' en <
Ef you ain't too proud to steal,
We kin git a splendid meal
Cose I would n't come to you
But it mus be done by two
Hit s a trap but we kin beat
All dey tricks an git de meat
Cose I s wif you says de bah
Come on weasel show me
whah

Well dey trots erlong ontwell
Dat air meat began to smell
In de trap Den weasel say
Now you put yo paw dis way
While I hol de spring back so
Den you grab de meat an go
Well de bah lie had to grin
Ez he put his big paw in
Den he juked up but — kerbing!
Weasel done let go de spring

Dah now says de weasel dah
I done cotehed you Mistah Bah!
O dat bah did snout and spout
Try n his bestes to git out
But de weasel say Goo byel
Weasel small but weasel sly
Den he tu ned his baek an run
Tol de famer whut he done
So de famer come down dah
Wif a axe and killed de bah

Dah now ain't dat stoy fine?
Run erlong now, nevah min

Want some mo' you rascal you?
No suhl no suhl dat ll do

AT CANDLE-LIGHTIN' TIME

WHEN I come in fom de con fiel
aftah wokin' had all day
It s amazin nice to fin my sup
pah all erpon de way
An it s nice to smell de coffee
bubblin ovah in de pot
An it s fine to see de meat a
sizzlin teasin lak an hot

But when suppah time is ovah an
de tings is cleahed away
Den de happy hours dat foller are
de sweetes of de day
When my concob pipe is strated,
an de smoke is drawin
prime
My ole ooman says 'I reckon
Ile it s candle lightin' time

Den de chillun snuggle up to me
an all commence to call
Oh say daddy now it s time
to mek de shadders on de
wall
So I puts my hans togethah —
evah daddy knows de way —
An de chillun snuggle closer roun'
ez I begin to say —

Fus thung hycah come Mistah
Rabbit don you see him wok
his eahs?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Huh, uh! dis mus' be a donkey,—
look, how innercent he 'pears!
Dah 's de ole black swan a-swim-
min'—ain't she got a' awful
neck?

Who 's dis feller dat 's a-comin'?
Why, dat 's ole dog Tray, I
'spec'!

Dat 's de way I run on, tryin' fu'
to please 'em all I can;

Den I hollahs, "Now be keerful
—dis hyeah las' 's de buga-
man!"

An' dey runs an' hides dey faces,
dey ain't skeered — dey 's let-
tin' on

But de play ain't raaly ovah twell
dat buga-man is gone

So I jes' teks up my banjo, an' I
plays a little chune,

An' you see dem hards come peepin'
out to listen mighty soon

Den my wife says, "Sich a pappy
fu' to give you sich a fright!"

Jes, you go to baid, an' leave him
say yo' prayers an' say good-
night."

WHISTLING SAM

I HAS hyeahd o' people dancin' an'
I 's hyeahd o' people singin'.
An' I 's been 'roun' lots of othahs
dat could keep de banjo
ringin',

But of all de whistlin' da'kies dat
have lived an' died since Ham,
De whistlin'est I evah seed was
ol' Ike Bates's Sam

In de kitchen er de stable, in de
fiel' er mowin' hay,

You could hyeah dat boy a-whis-
tlin' pu'ty nigh a mile er-
way,—

Puck'rin' up his ugly features
'twell you could n't see his
eyes,

Den you 'd hveah a soun' lak dis
un f'om dat awful puckah
rise.



When dey had revival meetin' an'
de Lawd's good grace was
flowin'

On de groun' dat needed wat'rin'
whaih de seeds of good was
growin',

While de othahs was a-singin' an'
a-shoutin' right an' lef',

You could hyeah dat boy a-whis-
tlin' kin' o' sof' beneaf his
bref:



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

At de call fu colo'ed soldiers
Sam enlisted mong de res
Wid de blue o Gawd's great ahmy
wropped about his swellin
breas

An he laffed an whistled loudah
in his youfful joy an glee
Dat de govament would let him
hep to mek his people free

Dah! was lots o ties to bin him
pappy mammy an his
Dinah—

Dinah min you was his sweet
heart an dey was n't nary
finah

But he lef em all I tell you lak
a king he marched away

Try n his level bes to whistle
happy solemn choky gay



To de front he went an' bravely
fought de foe an kep his
sperrit

An his comerds said his whistle
made em strong when dey
could hyeah it

When a saber er a bullet cut some
frien o his n down

An de time u'd come to trench
him an de boys 'u'd gettah
roun

An dey could n't stat a hymn
tune mebbe none o dem
u'd keer

Sam 'u'd whistle Sleep in Jesus
an he knowed de Mastah d
hyeah

In de camp all sad discouraged
he would cheer de hea ts of
all

When above de soun of labour
dey could hyeah his whistle
call



When de cruel wah was ovah an
de boys come machin back

Dey was shouts an cries an
blessins all erlong dey happy
track

An de da kies all was happy souls
an bodies bofe was freed

Why hit seemed lak de Redeemah
mus a been on earf indeed

Dey was gettahed all onc evenin
jes befo de erbin do

When dey hyeahd somebody
whistlin kin o sof an sweet
an low

Dey could n't see de whistlah but
de hymn was cleah and
cim

An dey all stood dah a listenin
ontwell Dinah shouted,
' Sam!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

An' dey seed a little da'ky way off
yandah thoo de trees
Wid his face all in a puckah mekin'
jes' sich soun's ez dese



HOW LUCY BACKSLID

DE times is mighty stirrin' 'mong
de people up ouah way,
Dey 'sputin' an' dey argyin' an'
fussin' night an' day,
An' all dis monst'ous trouble dat
hit meks me tiahed to tell
Is 'bout dat Lucy Jackson dat was
sich a mighty belle.

She was de preachah's favoured,
an' he tol' de chu'ch one
night
Dat she travelled thoo de cloud o'
sin a-bearin' of a light,
But, now, I 'low he t'inkin' dat she
mus' 'a' los' huh lamp,
Case Lucy done backslided an' dey
trouble in de camp

Huh daddy wants to beat huh, but
huh mammy daihs him to,
Fu' she lookin' at de question f'om
a ooman's pint o' view,
An' she say dat now she would n't
have it diff'ent ef she could,
Dat huh darter only acted jes' lak
any othah would.

Cose you know w'en women argy,
dey is mighty easy led
By dey hea'ts an' don't go foolin'
'bout de reasons of de haid
So huh mammy laid de law down
(she an' reckernizin' wrong),
But you got to mek erlowance fu'
de cause dat go along

Now de cause dat made Miss Lucy
fu' to th'ow huh grace away
I's afcard won't baih no 'spection
w'en hit come to jedgement
day,
Do' de same t'ing been a-wo'kin'
evah sence de worl' began,—
De ooman disobeyin' fu' to 'tice
along a man

Ef you 'tended de revivals which
we held de wintah pas',
You kin rickolec' dat convuts was
a-comin' thick an' fas',
But dey an't no use in talkin', dey
was all lef' in de lu'ch
W'en ol' Mis' Jackson's dartah
foun' huh peace an' tuk de
chu'ch.

W'y, she shouted ovah evah inch
of Ebenezah's flo',
Up into de preachah's pulpit an'
f'om dah down to de do',
Den she hugged an' squeezed huh
mammy, an' she hugged an'
kissed huh dad,
An' she struck out at huh sistah,
people said, lak she was mad.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I has tended some revivals dat
was lively in my day

An' I s seed folks git 'uligion in
mos evah kin o way

But I tell you an you bieve me
dat I s speakin' true indeed

Dat gal tuk huh ligion hah dah dan
de ha dest jit I's seed

Well fom dat t was Sistah
Jackson wont you please do
dis er dat?

She mus allus stat de singin
wen dey d pass erroun de
hat

An hit seemed dey was n't nuffin
in dat chu ch dat could go by
Dout sistah Lucy Jackson had a
finger in de pie

But de sayin mighty trufeful dat
hit easiah to sail

Wen de sea is cam an gentle dan
to weathah out a gale

Dat s whut made dis ooman s
trouble, ef de stom had kep
away

She d a had enough uligion fu
to lasted out huh day

Lucy went wid Lishy Davis but
wen she jined chu ch you
know

Dah was lots o little places dat of
cose she could n't go

An she had to gin up dancin' an
huh singin' an' huh play—

Now hit s nachul dat sich goin s
on u d drive a man away

So wen Lucy got so solemn Ike
he stated fu to go

Wid a gal who was a sinnah an
could mek a bettah show

Lucy jes went on to meetin lak
she did n't keer a rap

But my sperunce kep me tinkin
dah was somep'n gwine to
drap

Fu a gal wont let uligion er no
othah so t o t ing

Stop huh wen she tels a notion
dat she wants a weddin ring

You kin promise huh de blessin s
of a happy aftah life

(An hit's nice to be a angel) but
she d ravah be a wife

So wen Chrismus come an mas-
tah gin a frolic on de lawn

Did n't sprise me not de littlest
seem Lucy lookin on

An I seed a wainin lightnin go
a flashin fom huh eye

Jest ez Lishy an his new gal went
a gallivantin by

An dat Tildy umph! she giggled
an she gin huh dress a flirt

Lak de people she was passin was
ez common ez de dirt

An de minit she was dancin' w'y
dat gal put on mo aih s

Dan a cat a tekin' kittens up a
pash o windin stah s

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

She could 'fo'd to show huh
sma'tness, fu' she could n't
he'p but know

Dat wid jes' de present dancahs
she was ownah of de flo',

But I t'ink she'd kin' o' cooled
down ef she happened on de
sly

Fu' to noticed dat 'ere lightnin'
dat I seed in Lucy's eye

An' she would n't been so 'ston-
ished w'en de people gin a
shout,

An' Lucy th'owed huh mantle
back an' come a-glidin' out
Some ahms was dah to tek huh an'
she fluttahed down de flo'

Lak a feddah f'om a bedtick w'en
de win' commence to blow.

Soon ez Tildy see de trouble, she
jes' tu'n an' toss huh haid,

But seem lak she los' huh sperrit,
all huh darin'ness was daid

Did n't cut anothah capah nary
time de blessid night,

But de othah one, hit looked lak
could n't git enough delight

W'en you keeps a colt a-stan'nin'
in de stable all along,

W'en he do git out hit's nachul
he'll be pullin' mighty strong

Ef you will tie up yo' feelin's,
hyeah's de bes' advice to tek,

Look out fu' an awful loosin' w'en
de string dat hol's 'em brek.

Lucy's mammy groaned to see huh,
an' huh pappy sto'med an' to',

But she kep' right on a-hol'in' to
de centah of de flo'

So dey went an' ast de pastoh ef he
could n't mek huh quit,

But de tellin' of de sto'y th'owed
de preachah in a fit.

Tildy Taylor chewed huh hank'-
cher twell she'd chewed it in
a hole,—

All de sinnahs was rejoicin' 'cause
a lamb had lef' de fol',

An' de las' I seed o' Lucy, she an'
'Lish was side an' side

I don't blame de gal fu' dancin',
an' I could n't ef I tried.

Fu' de men dat wants to ma'y
ain't a-growin' 'roun' on
trees,

An' de gal dat wants to git one
sholy has to try to please

Hit's a ha'd t'ing fu' a ooman fu'
to pray an' jes' set down,

An' to sacafice a husban' so's to
try to gain a crown

Now, I don' say she was justified
in follerin' huh plan,

But aldough she los' huh 'ligion,
yit she sholy got de man

Latah on, w'en she is suttain dat
de preachah's made 'em fas'

She kin jes' go back to chu'ch an'
ax fu'giveness fu' de pas'!

LYRICS OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER

TWO LITTLE BOOTS

Two little boots all rough an wo
Two little boots!

Law, I s kissed em times befo
Dese little boots!

Seems de toes a peepin thoo
Dis hyeah hole an sayin Bool
Evah time dey looks at you —
Dese little boots

Membah de time he put em on
Dese little boots

Riz an called fu em by dawn
Dese little boots

Den he tromped de livelong day
Laffin in lus happy way
Evah ting he had to say
My little boots!

Kickin de an de whole day long
Dem little boots

Good de cobblah made em strong,
Dem little boots!

Rocks was fu dat baby s use
Ion had to stan abuse
Wen you tuned dese champeens
loose
De e little boots!

Ust to make de ol cat cry
Dese little boots
Den you walked it mighty high
Proud little boots!
Ahms akimbo, stan in wide

Eyes a sayin 'Dis is pride!
Den de manny baby stride!
You little boots

Somehow you don' seem so gay,
Po little boots
Sence yo ownah went erway
Po little boots!
Yo bright tops don look so red
Dese brass tips is dull an deid
Goo by whut de baby said
Deah little boots!

Ain t you kin o sad yo'se f
You l ttle boots?
Dis is all his mammy s lef
Two little boots
Sence huh baby gone an died
Herv n itse f hit seem to hide
Des a little bit inside
Two little boots

TO THE ROAD

COOL is the wind for the summer
is waning
Who s for the road?
Sun flecked and soft where the
dead leaves are raining
Who s for the road?
Knapsack and alpenstock press
hand and shoulder
Prick of the brier and roll of the
boulder

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

This be your lot till the season
grow older,
Who's for the road?

Up and away in the hush of the
morning,
Who's for the road?
Vagabond he, all conventions a-
scorning,
Who's for the road?
Music of warblers so merrily sing-
ing,
Draughts from the rill from the
roadside up-springing,
Nectar of grapes from the vines
lowly swinging,
These on the road

Now every house is a hut or a
hovel,
Come to the road:
Mankind and moles in the dark
love to grovel,
But to the road
Throw off the loads that are bend-
ing you double,
Love is for life, only labor is
trouble,
Truce to the town, whose best gift
is a bubble.
Come to the road!

A SPRING WOOING

COME on walkin' wid me, Lucy,
't ain't no time to mope
erroun'

W'en de sunshine's shoutin'
glory in de sky,
An' de little Johnny-Jump-Ups's
jes' a-springin' f'om de
groun',
Den a-lookin' roun' to ax each
othah w'y.
Don' you hyeah dem cows a-
mooiin'? Dat's dey howdy
to de spring;
Ain' dey lookin' most oncom-
mon satisfied?
Hit's enough to mek a body want
to spread dey mouf an'
sing
Jes' to see de critters all so
spa'klin'-eyed.

W'y dat squir'l dat jes' run past
us, ef I did n' know his
tricks,
I could swaih he'd got 'uligion
jes' to-day;
An' dem liza'ds slippin' back an'
fofe ermong de stones an'
sticks
Is a-wigglin' 'cause dey feel so
awful gay
Oh, I see yo' eyes a-shinin' dough
you try to mek me b'lieve
Dat you ain' so monst'ous happy
'cause you come,
But I tell you dis hyeah weathah
meks it moughty ha'd to
'ceive
Ef a body's soul ain' blin' an'
deef an' dumb.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Robin whistlin' ovah yandah ez he
buih his little nes

Whut you reckon dat he sayin
to his mate?

He's a sayin dat he love huh in de
woods she know de bes

An she lookin moughty pleased
at whut he state

Now Miss Lucy dat ah robin
sholy got his sheer o sense

An de hen bird got huh
mothah wit fu true,

So I tink ef you ll excuse me fu
I do mean no erfence

Dey s a lesson in dem birds fu
me an' you

I s a buil in o my cabin an I s
vines erbove de do

Fu to kin o gin it sheltah f om
de sun

Gwine to have a little kitchen wid
a reglar wooden flo

An dey ll be a back verandy
wen hit's done

I s a waitin fu you Lucy tek de
zample o de birds

Dat's a lovin' an a matin evah
whaih

I can tell you dat I loves you in
de robin s music wods

But my cabin s talkin fu me
ovah thaih

JOGGIN ERLONG

De da kest hour dey allus say
Is des befo de dawn,

But it s moughty ha d a waitin
Were de night goes frownin
on

An it s moughty ha d a hopin'
W en de clouds is big an black
An all de t ings you s waited fu'
Has failed er gone to wrack —
But des keep on a joggin wid a
little bit o' song

De mo n is allus brightah w en de
night s been long

Dey s lots o knocks you s got to
tek

Befo yo journey s done
An dey s times w en you ll be
wishin

Dat de weary race was run
W en you want to give up tryin
An des float erpon de wave
W en you don t feel no mo sorrer
Ez you tink erbout de grave —
Den des' keep on a joggin wid a
little bit o song

De mo n is allus brightah w en de
night s been long

De whup lash sting a good deal
mo

De back hit's knowed befo
An de burden s allus heavies
Whaih hits weight has made a
so

Dey is times w en tribulation
Seems to git de uppah han
An to whup de weary trav lah
Tw ell he ain t got stren th to
stan —

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a
 little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de
 night's been long

IN MAY

OH to have you in May,
 To talk with you under the
 trees,
Dreaming throughout the day,
 Drinking the wine-like breeze,

Oh it were sweet to think
 That May should be ours again,
Hoping it not, I shrink,
 Out of the sight of men

May brings the flowers to bloom,
 It brings the green leaves to the
 tree,

And the fatally sweet perfume,
 Of what you once were to me

DREAMS

WHAT dreams we have and how
 they fly
Like rosy clouds across the sky,
 Of wealth, of fame, of sure suc-
 cess,

Of love that comes to cheer
 and bless,
And how they wither, how they
 fade,
The waning wealth, the jilting
 jade —

The fame that for a moment
 gleams,
Then flies forever,— dreams, ah
 — dreams!

O burning doubt and long regret,
O tears with which our eyes are
 wet,

Heart-throbs, heart-aches, the
 glut of pain,

The somber cloud, the bitter
 rain,

You were not of those dreams —
 ah! well,

Your full fruition who can tell?
Wealth, fame, and love, ah!
 love that beams

Upon our souls, all dreams —
 ah! dreams.

THE TRYST

DE night creep down erlong de
 lan',

De shadders rise an' shake,

De frog is sta'tin' up his ban',

De cricket is awake,

My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',

To-night I won't be late,

I's hu'yin' thoo my level bes',

Wait fu' me by de gate

De mockin'-bird 'll sen' his glee

A-thrillin' thoo and thoo,

I know dat ol' magnolia-tree

Is smellin' des' fu' you,

De jessamine erside de road

Is bloomin' rich an' white,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

My heart's a thobbin 'cause it
knowed

You'd wait for me to night

Hit's lonesome, ain't it stan in
thaih

Wid no one nigh to talk?

But ain't dey whispahs in de aih

Erlong de gahden walk?

Don't somep'n kin o' call my
name

An say he love you bes?

Hit's true I wants to say de
same

So wait for me Cele

Sing somep'n for to pass de time

Outsing de mockin bird

You got de music an de rhyme

You beat him wid de word

It's comin now my work is done

De hour has come for res

It wants to fly but only run —

Wait for me deah Cele

A PLEA

TREAT me nice Miss Mandy
Jane

Treat me nice

Dough my love has tuned my
brain

Treat me nice

I ain't done a ting to shame

Lovahs all acs jes de same

Don't you know we ain't to blame?

Treat me nice!

Cose I know I's talkin wild

Treat me nice

I can't talk no bettah child,

Treat me nice

Whut a pusson gwine to do

Wen he come a cou tin you

All a trimblin thoo and thoo?

Please be nice

Reckon I mus' go de paf

Othahs do

Lovahs lingah ladies laff

Mebbe you

Do mean all the things you say

An pu haps some latah day

Wen I baig you had you may

Treat me nice!

THE DOVE

OUT of the sunshine and out of
the heat

Out of the dust of the grimy
street

A song fluttered down in the form
of a dove

And it bore me a message the one
word — Love!

Ah I was toiling and oh I was
sad

I had forgotten the way to be glad
Now smiles for my sadness and
for my toil rest

Since the dove fluttered down to
its home in my breast!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

A WARM DAY IN WINTER

"SUNSHINE on de meddeis,
Greenness on de way,
Dat's de blessed reason
I sing all de day"
Look hyeah! Whut you awin'?
Whut meks me so merry?
'Spect to see me sighin'
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary?

'Long de stake an' rider
Seen a robin set,
W'y, hit 'mence a-thawin',
Groun' is monst'ous wet
Den you stan' dah wond'rin',
Lookin' skeert an' stary,
I's a right to caper
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

Missis gone a-drivin',
Mastah gone to shoot,
Ev'ry da'ky lazin'
In de sun to boot
Qua'tah's moughty pleasant,
Hangin' 'roun' my Mary,
Cou'tin' boun' to prospah
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary

Cidah look so pu'ty
Po'in' f'om de jug —
Don' you see it's happy?
Hyeah it laffin'—glug?
Now's de time fu' people
Fu' to try an' bury
All dey grief an' sorrer,
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary

SNOWIN'

Dey is snow upon de meddahs,
dey is snow upon de hill,
An' de little branch's watahs is
all glistenin' an' still;
De win' goes roun' de cabin lak a
sperrit wan'erin' 'roun'.
An' de chillen shakes an' shivahs
as dey listen to de soun'.
Dey is hick'ry in de fiahplace,
whah de blaze is risin' high,
But de heat it meks ain't wa'min'
up de gray clouds in de sky.
Now an' den I des peep outside,
den I hurries to de do',
Lawd a mussy on my body, how I
wish it would n't snow!

I kin stan' de hottes' summah, I
kin stan' de wettes' fall,
I kin stan' de chilly springtime in
de ploughland, but dat's
all,
Fu' de ve'y hottes' fiah nevah tells
my skin a t'ing,
W'en de snow commence a-flyin',
an' de win' begin to sing
Dey is plenty wood erroun' us, an'
I chop an' tote it in,
But de t'oughts dat I's a t'inkin'
while I's wo'kin' is a sin
I kin keep f'om downright swahin'
all de time I's on de go,
But my hea't is full o' cuss-wo'ds
w'en I's trampin' thoo de
snow.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

What you say you Lishy Davis
dat you see 1 possum s tracks?

Look hyeah, boy you stop yo
foolin bring ol Spot an
bring de ax.

Is I col? Go way now Mandy
what you tink I s made of?
—sho

W3 dis win is des ez gentle an
dis ain t no kin o snow

Dis hyeah weathah s des ez healthy
ez de w1rest summah days

All you chillen step up lively pile
on wood an keep a blaze

What s de ue o gittin skeery
ca e dey s snow upon de
groun?

Huh uh I s a reglar snowbird ef
dey s any possum roun

Go on Spot don be so foolish
don you see de signs o feet

What you howlin fu? Keep still
suh cose de col is putty
sweet

But we goin out on business an
hit s business o de kin

Dat mus put a dog an dahky in
a happy frame o min

Yes you s col I know it Spotty
but you des stay close to me

An I ll mek you hot ez cotton
w en we strikes de happy tree

No I don lak wintah weathah
an I'd wush t uz allus
June

Ef it was n t fu de trackin o de
possum an de coon

KEEP A SONG UP ON DE WAY

Oh de clouds is mighty heavy
An de rain is mighty thick

Keep 1 song up on de way
An de waters is a rumblin
On de boulders in de crick

Keep 1 song up on de way
Fu a bird ercross de road
Is 1 singin lak he knowed
Dat we people did n t dath
Fu to try de runy rh

Wid a song up on de way

What s de use o gittin mopy
Case de weather ain de bes¹

Keep a song up on de way
W en de rain is fallin ha des
Dey s de longes times to res

Keep a song up on de way
Dough de plough s 1 stin in still
Dey ll be watrh fu de mill
Run mus come ez well ez sun
Fo de weathah s wok is done

Keep a song up on de way

W3 hit s nice to hyeah de showahs
Fallin down ermong de trees

Keep a song up on de way
Ef de bird don bothrh bout it
Put go singin lak dey please

Keep a song up on de way
You don s pose I s gwine to see
Dem rh fowls do mo dan me?

No suh I ll des chase dis frown
An aldough de run fall down

Keep a song up on de way

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

THE TURNING OF THE BABIES IN THE BED

WOMAN's sho' a cur'ous critter,
an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat.
She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om
huh slippahs to huh hat
Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an'
you fails, des' up an' say
"D' ain't a bit o' use to try to
un'erstan' a woman's way"

I don' mean to be complainin', but
I's jes' a-settin' down
Some o' my own observations,
w'en I cas' my eye eroun'
Ef you ax me fu' to prove it, I
ken do it mighty fine,
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample
den dis ve'y wife o' mine

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en
I's sleepin' good an' soun',
I kin hyeah a so't o' rustlin' an'
somebody movin' 'roun'
An' I say, "Lize, whut you do-
in'?" But she frown an' shek
huh haid,
"Heish yo' mouf, I's only tu'nin'
of de chillun in de bed

"Don' you know a chile gits rest-
less, layin' all de night one
way?
An' you' got to kind o' 'range him
sev'al times befo' de day?
So de little necks won't worry, an'
de little backs won't break;

Don' you t'ink case chillun's chil-
lun dey hain't got no pain an'
ache"

So she shakes 'em, an' she twists
'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun'
erbout,
'Twell I don' see how de chillun
evah keeps f'om hollahin' out
Den she lif's 'em up head down-
'ards, so 's dey won't git livah-
grown,
But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful
ez a liza'd on a stone.

W'en hit's mos' nigh time fu'
wakin' on de dawn o' jedg-
ment day,
Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel
lay his trumpet down an' say,
"Who dat walkin' 'roun' so easy,
down on earf ermong de
dead?"—
'T will be Lizy up a-tu'nin' of de
chillun in de bed

THE DANCE

HEEL and toe, heel and toe,
That is the song we sing;
Turn to your partner and curtsy
low,
Balance and forward and swing
Corners are draughty and meadows
are white,
This is the game for a winter's
night.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Hands around, hands around
Trip it and not too slow
Clear is the fiddle and sweet its
sound

Keep the girls cheeks aglow
I'll let your movements be dainty
and light
This is the game for a winters
night

Back to back, back to back
Turn to your place again
Never let lightness nor nimble
ness lack

Either in maidens or men
Time hasteth ever beware of its
flight
Oh what a game for a winters
night!

Slower now slower now
Softer the music sighs
Look there are beads on your
partners brow
Though there be light in her
eyes
Lead her away and her grace re
quite
So goes the game on a winters
night

SOLILOQUY OF A TURKEY

DEY's a sot o threatenin feelin
in de blowin of de breeze
An I s feelin kin o queamish
in de night

I s a walkin roun a lookin at
de diffunt style o trees
An a measurin dey thickness
an' dey height
Fu dey s somep n mighty spicious
in de looks de dakes give
Ez dey pass me an my fambly
on de groun
So it curs to me dat lakly ef I
cashes to try an live
It concehns me fu' to mence to
look erroun

Dey s a curious kin o shivah
runnin up an down my back
An I feel my feddahs rufflin
all de day
An my laigs commence to trimble
evah blessid step I mek
Wen I sees a ax I tuns my
head away
Folks is gogin me wid goodies
an dey s treatin me wid cah
An I s fat in spite of all dat I
kin do
I s mistrus ful of de kin ness dat s
erroun me evahwhuh
Fu it s jes too good an fre
quent to be true

Snow s a fallin on de medders all
erroun me now is white
But I s still kep on a roostin
on de fence
Isham comes an feels my breas
bone an he hefted me las
night

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

An' he 's gone erroun' a-grinnin'
evah sence.
'T ain't de snow dat meks me
shivah, 't ain't de col' dat
meks me shake,
'T ain't de wintah-time itse'f
dat 's 'fectin' me,
But I t'ink de time is comin',
an' I'd bettah mek a break,
Fu' to set wid Mistah Possum
in his tree
W'en you hyeah de da'kies singin',
an' de quahtahs all is gay,
'T ain't de time fu' birds lak me
to be 'erroun',
W'en de hick'ry chips is flyin', an'
de log's been ca'ied erway,
Den hit 's dang'ous to be roostin'
nigh he groun'.
Grin on, Isham! Sing on, da'k-
ies! But I flop my wings an'
go
Fu' de sheltah of de ve'y high-
est tree,
Fu' dey 's too much close ertention
— an' dey's too much fallin'
snow —
An' it 's too nigh Chris'mus
mo'nin' now fu' me

FISHING

W'EN I git up in de mo'nin' an'
de clouds is big an' black,
Dey 's a kin' o' wa'nin' shivah goes
a-scootin' down my back;

Den I says to my ol' ooman ez I
watches down de lane,
“Don't you so't o' reckon, Lizy,
dat we gwine to have some
rain?”

“Go on, man,” my Lizy answah,
“you cain't fool me, not a
bit,
I don't see no rain a-comin', ef
you 's wishin' fu' it, quit,
Case de mo' you t'ink erbout it, an
de mo' you pray an' wish,
W'y de rain stay 'way de longah,
spechul ef you wants to fish.”

But I see huh pat de skillet, an' I
see huh cas' huh eye
Wid a kin' o' anxious motion to'ds
de da'kness in de sky,
An' I knows whut she 's a-t'inkin',
dough she tries so ha'd to
hide
She 's a-sayin', “Would n't catfish
now tas'e monst'ous bully,
fried?”

Den de clouds git black an' black-
ah, an' de thundah 'mence to
roll,
An' de rain, it 'mence a-fallin'
Oh, I's happy, bless my
soul!

Ez I look at dat ol' skillet, an' I
'magine I kin see
Jes' a slew o' new-ketched catfish
sizzlin' dah fu' huh an' me.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

'T ain t no use to go a ploughin,
fu' de groun ll be too
wet

So I puts out fu' de big house at
a moughty pace you bet

An ol mastah say Well Lishy
ef you tink hit s gwine to
rain

Go on fishin hit s de weathah
an I low we can't com
plain

Talk erbout a dahky walkin wid
his haid up in de ah!

Have to feel mine evah minute to
be sho I got it dah

En de win is cuttin capahs an
a lashin thoo de trees

But de rain keeps on a singin
blessed songs lak Tek yo
ease

Wid my pole erpon my shouldah
an my wom can in my
han

I kin feel de fish a waitin' wen I
strikes de rivah s san

Nevah min you hony scoun els
need n swim erroun an
grin

I'll be grinnin in a minute wen I
mence to haul you in

Wen de fish begin to nibble an
de cok begin to jump

I's erfeshed dat dey ll quit bitin
case dey hyeah my heat go
' thump'

'Twell de cok go way down
undah, an I raise a awful
sbout

Ez a big ol yallah belly comes a
gallivantin out

Need n t wriggle Mistah Catfish
case I got you jes de same,

You been eatin I ll be eatin an
we needah ain t to blame

But you need n t feel so lonesome
fu I s thowin out to see

Ef dey ain t some of yo comrades
fu to keep you company

Spot dis fishin I now you talkin
wy dey ain t no kin to beat

I don keer ef I is soakin laigs
an back an naik an feet

It s de spot I s lookin aftah
Hit s de pleasure an de fun

Dough I knows dat Lizy s waitin
wid de skillet wen I s done

A PLANTATION PORTRAIT

HAIN T you see my Mandy Lou
Is it true?

Whaih you been fom day to day,
Whaih I say?

Dat you say you nevah seen
Dis hyeah queen

Walkin roun fom fiel to street
Smilin sweet?

Slendah ez a saplin tree
Seems to me

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

W'en de win' blow f'om de bay
She jes' sway
Lak de reg'lar saplin' do
Ef hit's grew
Straight an' graceful, 'dout a limb,
Sweet an' slim.

Browner den de frush's wing,
An' she sing
Lak he mek his wa'ble ring
In de spring;
But she sholy beat de frush,
Hycah me, hush:
W'en she sing, huh teef kin show
White ez snow

Eyes ez big an' roun' an' bright
Ez de light
Whut de moon gives in de prime
Harvest time
An' huh hah a woolly skein,
Black an' plain
Hol's you wid a natchul twis'
Close to bliss.

Tendah han's dat mek yo' own
Feel lak stone;
Easy steppin', blessid feet,
Small an' sweet.
Hain't you seen my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?
Look at huh befo' she's gone,
Den pass on!

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BASKET

De win' is hollahin' "Daih you"
to de shuttahs an' de fiah,

De snow's a-sayin' "Got you" to
de groun',

Fu' de wintah weathah's come
widout a-askin' ouah de-
siah,

An' he's laughin' in his sleeve
at whut he foun',

Fu' dey ain't nobody ready wid
dey fuel er dey food,

An' de money bag look timid
lak, fu' sho',

So we want ouah Chrismus
sermon, but we'd lak it ef
you could

Leave a little Chrismus basket
at de do'.

Wha's de use o' tellin' chillen
'bout a Santy er a Nick,
An' de sto'ies dat a body allus
tol'?

When de harf is gray wid ashes
an' you has n't got a stick
Fu' to warm dem when dey
little toes is col'?

Wha's de use o' preachin' 'ligion
to a man dat's sta'ved to
def,

An' a-tellin' him de Mastah
will pu'vide?

Ef you want to tech his feelin's,
save yo' sermons an' yo'
bref,

Tek a little Chrismus basket by
yo' side

'T ain't de time to open Bibles an'
to lock yo' cellah do',

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Tain't de time to talk o' bein'
good to men
Ef you want to preach a sermon
ez you n'vah preached
befo',
Preach dat sermon wid a shoat
er wid er hen,
Bein' good is heap sight bettah den
a dallyin' wid sin
An dey ain't nobody roun' dat
knows it mo'
But I tink dat ligion's sweeter
wen it kind o' mixes in
Wid a little Christmas basket at
de do

THE VALSE

WHEN to sweet music my lady
is dancing
My heart to mild frenzy her
beauty inspires
Into my face are her brown eyes
a glancing
And swift my whole frame
thrills with tremulous fires
Dance lady dance for the mo-
ments are fleeting
Pause not to place yon refractory
curl
Life is for love and the night is
for sweetening
Dreamily joyously, circle and
whirl

Oh how those viols are throbbing
and pleading

A prayer is scarce needed in
sound of their strain
Surely and lightly as round you
are speeding
You turn to confusion my heart
and my brain
Dance, lady dance to the viols
soft calling
Skip it and trip it 's light as the
air
Dance for the moments like rose
leaves are falling
Strikes now the clock from its
place on the stair

Now sinks the melody lower and
lower

The weary musicians scarce
seeming to play
Ah love your steps now are
slower and slower
The smile on your face is more
sad and less gay
Dance lady dance to the brink of
our parting
My heart and your step must not
fail to be light
Dancel Just a turn—tho' the
tear drop be starting
Ah—now it is done—so—
my lady good night!

REPOSE

WHEN Phyllis sighs and from her
eyes
The light dies out my soul re-
plies

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

With misery of deep-drawn breath,
E'en as it were at war with
death.

When Phyllis smiles, her glance
beguiles

My heart through love-lit wood-
land aisles,

And through the silence hush and
clear,

A wooing warbler's song I hear.

But if she frown, de-pair comes
down,

I put me on my sack-cloth gown;
So frown not, Phyllis, lest I die,
But look on me with smile or
sigh

MY SWEET BROWN GAL

W'EN de clouds is hangin' heavy
in de sky,

An' de win's's a-tailin' moughty
vig'rous by,

I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de
way;

I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close
o' day.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps
huh shadders down,

I won' care a smidgeon fu' de
weathah's frown;

Let de rain go splashin', let de
thundah raih,

Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's
goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez
mammy's toas',

'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to
roas';

No onc daih to cross me, got no
talkin' pal,

But I's got de comp'ny o' my
sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to
huh sing,

Lak a blessid angel, how huh
voice do ring!

Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin'
erroun',

W'en he sees de steamin' o' de
new ploughed groun'

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to
my breas'.

Need n't sing, my da'lin', tek you'
hones' res'.

Does I mean Malindy, Mandy,
Lize er Sal?

No, I means my fiddle — dat's
my sweet brown gal!

SPRING FEVER

GRASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',

Evah bird dat whistles

Keepin' noise erroun';

Can't sleep in de mo'nin',

Case befo' it's light

Bluebird an' de robin,

Done begun to fight.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Bluebird sass de robin

Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol him
'Twell his face is black.
Would n min' de quolin'
All de monin long
'Cept it wakes me early
Case hit s done in song

Anybody wo kin

Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks ll low him
An I wish to state
(Co se dis ain t to scattah,
But 'twix me an' you)
I could stan' de bedclothes
Kin o lntah too

'Tain t my natchul feelin',

Dis hyeah mopin spell
I stan s early risin
Mosly moughty well,
But de vey minute
I feel April's heat
Bless yo soul de bedclothes
Nevah seemed so sweet

Maistah he s a scol in'

Case de hans is slow
All de hosses balkin
Jes' cain t mek 'em go
Don know whut s de mattah,
Hit s a funny ting
Less n hit s de fevah
Dat you gits in spring

THE VISITOR

LITTLE lady at de do

Wy you stan dey knockin'?
Nevah seen you ac befo
In er way so shockin
Don you know de sin it is
Fu to git my temper rir
W'en I s got de rheumatiz
An' my jints is lockin ?

No ol Miss rin t sont you down,
Don you tell no story

I been seed you hangin' roun

Dis hyeah te itory

You des come fu me to tell

You a tale an I ain'—
well—

Look hyeah what is dat I
smell?

Steamin victuals? Glory!

Come in Missy how you do?

Come up by de fiah,

I was jokin' chile wid you

Bring dat basket nighah

Huh uh ain't dat lak ol
Miss

Sen in me a feas lak dis?

Rheumatiz cain t stop my
bliss

Case I s feelin spryah

Chicken meat an gravy too

Hot an still a heatin

Good ol sweet pertater stew

Missy b lieves in treatin

Des set down you blessed
chile

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Daddy got to t'ink a while,
Den a story mek you smile
W'en he git thoo eatin'.

Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de
way,
Fu' de music dat dey mekin' can't
be beat.

SONG

WINTAH, summah, snow er
shine,

Hit's all de same to me,
Ef only I kin call you mine,
An' keep you by my knee

Ha'dship, frolic, grief er caih,
Content by night an' day,
Ef only I kin see you whaih
You wait beside de way

Livin', dyin', smiles er teahs,
My soul will still be free,
Ef only thoo de comin' yeahs
You walk de worl' wid me

Bird-song, breeze-wail, chune er
moan,

What puny t'ings dey'll be,
Ef w'en I's seemin' all erlone,
I knows yo' hea't's wid me

THE COLORED BAND

W'EN de colo'ed ban' comes
ma'chin' down de street,

Don't you people stan' dah
starin'; lif' yo' feet!

Ain't dey playin'? Hip, hoo-
ray!

Oh, de major man's a-swingin'
of his stick,

An' de pickaninnies crowdin'
roun' him thick,

In his go'geous uniform,
He's de lightnin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look
mighty slick

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance
w'en de white ban's sere-
nade,

An' dey play dey high-toned
music mighty sweet,
But hit's Sousa played in rag-
time, an' hit's Rastus on
Parade,

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes
ma'chin' down de street.

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'ch-
in' down de street

You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun'
repeat.

"Ain't dey handsome? Ain't
dey gian'?"

Ain't dey splendid? Goodness,
lan'!

W'y dey's pu'fect f'om dey fo'-
heads to dey feet!"

An' sich steppin' to de music down
de line,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

'Tain't de music by itself dat meks
it fine

Hit s de walkin, step by step
An de keepin time wid Hep
Dat it mek a common ditty oun
divine

Oh, de white ban' play hits music
an hit's mighty good to
hyeah

An it sometimes leaves a ticklin
in yo feet

But de hea t goes into bus ness fu
to he p erlong de eah

Wen de colo ed ban goes ma ch
in down de street

Or does some brighter spirit un
forlorn

Send you my little sister of the
wood

To say to some one on a cloudful
morn

' Life lives through death my
brother all is good?

With meditative hearts the others
go

The memory of their dead to
dress anew

But sister mine bide here that I
may know

Life grows through death, as
beautiful as you

TO A VIOLET FOUND ON ALL SAINTS DAY

BELATED wanderer of the ways of
spring

Lost in the chill of grim No-
vember rain

Would I could read the message
that you bring

And find in it the antidote for
pain

Does some sad spirit out beyond
the day

Far looking to the hours forever
dead

Send you a tender offering to lay
Upon the grave of us the liv-
ing dead?

INSPIRATION

At the golden gate of song
Stood I knocking all day long
But the Angel calm and cold
Still refused and bade me, Hold

Then a breath of soft perfume
Then a light within the gloom
Thou Love earnest to my side
And the gates flew open wide

Long I dwelt in this domain
Knew no sorrow grief or pain
Now you bid me forth and free
Will you shut these gates on me?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

MY LADY OF CASTLE GRAND

GRAY is the palace where she
dwells,

Grimly the poplars stand
There by the window where she
sits,

My Lady of Castle Grand

There does she bide the livelong
day,

Grim as the poplars are,
Ever her gaze goes reaching out,
Steady, but vague and far.

Bright burn the fires in the castle
hall,

Brightly the fire-dogs stand,
But cold is the body and cold the
heart

Of my Lady of Castle Grand.

Blue are the veins in her lily-white
hands,

Blue are the veins in her brow;
Thin is the line of her blue drawn
lips,

Who would be haughty now?

Pale is the face at the window-
pane,

Pale as the pearl on her breast,
"Roderick, love, wilt come again?"
Fares he to east or west?"

The shepherd pipes to the shep-
herdess,

The bird to his mate in the
tree,

And ever she sighs as she hears
their song,

"Nobody sings for me"

The scullery maids have swains
enow

Who lead them the way of love,
But lonely and loveless their mis-
tress sits

At her window up above

Loveless and lonely she waits and
waits,

The saddest in all the land,
Ah, cruel and lasting is love-blind
pride,

My Lady of Castle Grand

DRIZZLE

HIT's been drizzlin' an' been
sprinklin',

Kin' o' techy all day long
I ain't wet enough fu' toddy,

I's too damp to raise a song,
An' de case have set me t'inkin',

Dat dey's folk des lak de rain,
Dat goes drizzlin' w'en dey's
talkin',

An' won't speak out flat an'
plain

Ain't you nevah set an' listened
At a body 'splain his min'?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

W'en de toughts dey keep on
drappin

Was n't big enough to fin?
Dem s'whut I call drizzlin
people

Othahs call em mealy mout
But de fust name hits me bettah
Case dey nev'ah tech a drouf

Dey kin talk from hyeah to yandah
An f'om yandah hyeah ergain

An dey don mek no mo' pression
Den dis powd'ry kin' o' rain

En yo' min is dry ez cindahs
Er a piece o' kindlin' wood
T'aint no use a talkin' to em
Fu dey drizzle ain't no good

Gimme folks dat speak out nachul
Whut 'll say des whut dey mean
Whut don't set dey wods so
skimpy

Dat you got to guess between
I want talk des lak de showahs
Whut kin wash de dust erway
Not dat prinklin convusation
Dat des drizzle all de day

DE CRITTERS DANCE

AIN'T nobody nev'ah tol you not a
v o d a tall

Bout de time dat all de critters
gin dey fancy ball?

Some folks tell it in a stoy some
folks sing de rhyme

'Peahs to me you ought to hyeahed
it case hit s'ol ez time

Well de critters all was p'osporous,
now would be de chance

Fu to tease ol P'ason Hedgehog,
givin of a dance,

Case you know de critters
preachah was de stric'est kin

An he nev'ah made no 'low'ance fu
de frisky min

So dey sont dey inbitations Rac
coon writ em all

Die hyeah note is to inbite you
to de Fancy Ball

Come erlong an bring yo' ladies
bring yo' chillun too

Put on all yo' bibs an tuckahs
show whut you kin do

W'en de night come dey all
gath'ahed in a place dey
knowed

Fu enough erway f'om people
nigh enough de road

All de critters had ersponded Hop
Toad up to Bah

An I s' hyeah to tell you P'ason
Hedgehog too was dah

Well dey talked an made dey
bejunce des lak critters
do

An dey walked an pomenaded
roun an thoo an thoo

Jealous ol Mis Fox she whisper
See Mis Wildcat dah

Ain't hit scan'lous huh a comin'
wid huh shouldahs bah?"

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Ol' man T'utle was n't honin' fu'
no dancin' tricks,
So he stayed by ol' Mis' Tu'tle,
talkin' politics;
Den de ban' hit 'mence a-playin'
critters all to place,
Fou' ercross an' fou' stan' side-
ways, smilin' face to face

'Fessah Frog, he play de co'net,
Cricket play de fife,
Slews o' Grasshoppahs a-fiddlin'
lak to save dey life;
Mistah Crow, 'he call de figgers,
settin' in a tree,
Huh, uh! how dose critters sas-
shayed was a sight to see.

Mistah Possom swing Mis' Rab-
bit up an' down de flo',
Ol' man Bah, he ain't so nimble,
an' it mek him blow;
Raccoon dancin' wid Mis' Squ'il
squeeze huh little han',
She say, "Oh, now ain't you aw-
ful, quit it, goodness lan'!"

Pa'son Hedgehog groanin' awful at
his converts' shines,
'Dough he peepin' thoo his fingahs
at dem movin' lines,
'Twell he cain't set still no longah
w'en de fiddles sing,
Up he jump, an' bless you, honey,
cut de pigeon-wing

Well, de critters lak to fainted jes'
wid dey su'prise,

Sistah Fox, she vowed she was n't
gwine to b'lieve huh eyes,
But dey could n't be no 'sputin'
'bout it any mo':

Pa'son Hedgehog was a-cape'in' all
erroun' de flo'

Den dey all jes' capahed scan'lous
case dey did n't doubt,
Dat dey still could go to meetin';
who could tu'n 'em out?
So wid dancin' an' uligion, dey
was in de fol',
Fu' a-dancin' wid de Pa'son could-
n't hu't de soul.

WHEN DEY 'LISTED COL- ORED SOLDIERS

DEY was talkin' in de cabin, dey
was talkin' in de hall,
But I listened kin' o' keerless, not
a-t'inkin' 'bout it all;

An' on Sunday, too, I noticed, dey
was whisp'rin' mighty much,
Stan'in' all erroun' de roadside
w'en dey let us out o'
chu'ch

But I did n't t'ink erbout it 'twell
de middle of de week,

An' my 'Lias come to see me, an'
somehow he could n't speak

Den I seed all in a minute whut
he'd come to see me
for,—

Dey had 'listed colo'ed sojers an'
my 'Lias gwine to wah.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Oh, I hugged him, an I kissed
him an I baiged him not to
go

But he tol me dat his conscience,
hit was callin to him so

An he could n t baih to lingah
w'en he had a chanst to
fight

For de freedom dey had gin him
an de glory of de right

So he kissed me an he lef me
w en I d promised to be true

An dey put a knapsack on him
an a coat all colo ed blue

So I gin him paps ol Bible f om
de bottom of de draw —

W en dey listed colo ed sojers an
my Lias went to wah

But I t ought of all de weary miles
dat he would have to tramp

An I could n t be contented w en
dey tuk him to de camp

W y my heat nigh broke wid
grievin twell I seed him on
de street

Den I felt lak I could go an thow
my body at his feet

For his buttons was a shinin an'
his face was shinin too

An he looked so strong an mighty
in his coat o sojer blue

Dat I hollahed Step up man
ny' dough my th oat was so
an raw —

W en dey listed colo ed sojers an
my Lias went to wah

O! Mis cried w en mastah lef'
huh young Miss moun ed huh
brothah Ned

An I did n t know dey feelin s is
de ve'y wo ds dey said

W en I tol em I was so y Dey
had done gin up dey all

But dey only seemed mo proudah
dat dey men had hyeahed de
call

Bofe my mastahs went in gray
suits an I loved de Yankee
blue

But I t'ought dat I could sorrer
for de losin of em too

But I could n t for I did n t know
de ha f o whut I saw

Twell dey listed colo ed sojers an
my Lias went to wah

Mastah Jack come home all sickly,
he was broke for life dey
said

An dey lef my po young mastah
some rs on de roadside —
dead

W en de women cried an moun ed
em I could feel it thoo an
thoo

For I had a loved un fightin in de
way o dangah too

Den dey tol me dey had laid him
some rs way down souf to
res,

Wid de flag dat he had fit for
shinin daib acrost his
breas

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Well, I cried, but den I reckon
dat's whut Gawd had called
him for,
W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an'
my 'Lias went to wah

LINCOLN

HURT was the nation with a
mighty wound,
And all her ways were filled with
clam'rous sound
Wailed loud the South with unre-
mitting grief,
And wept the North that could
not find relief
Then madness joined its harshest
tone to strife
A minor note swelled in the song
of life
'Till, stirring with the love that
filled his breast,
But still, unflinching at the right's
behest,
Grave Lincoln came, strong
handed, from afar,
The mighty Homer of the lyre of
war
'T was he who bade the raging
tempest cease,
Wrenched from his harp the har-
mony of peace,
Muted the strings, that made the
discord,— Wrong,
And gave his spirit up in thun-
d'rous song.

Oh mighty Master of the mighty
lyre,
Earth heard and trembled at thy
strains of fire.
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n
already knew,
And wrote thee down among her
treasured few.

ENCOURAGEMENT

WHO dat knockin' at de do' ?
Why, Ike Johnson,— yes, fu' sho'
Come in, Ike I's mighty glad
You come down I t'ought you's
mad

At me 'bout de othah night,
An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite
Say, now, was you mad fu' true
W'en I kin' o' laughed at you ?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

'T ain't no use a-lookin' sad,
An' a-mekin' out you's mad,
Ef you's gwine to be so glum,
Wondah why you evah come
I don't lak nobidy 'roun'
Dat jes' shet dey mouf an'
frown,—

Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce!
Cain't you talk? I tol' you once,
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f

Wha'd you come hyeah fu' to-
night?

Body'd t'ink yo' haid an't right
I's done all dat I kin do,—

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Dressed perticler jes fu you,
 Reckon I d a bettah wo
 My ol ragged calico
 Aftah all de pains I s took
 Can't you tell me how I look?
 Speak up Ike an sprress yo se f

Bless my soull I mos fu got
 Tellin you bout Tildy Scott
 Don't you know come Thursday
 night

She gwine may Lucius White?
 Miss Lize say I allus wuh
 Heap sight laklier n huh
 An she ll git me somep n new
 Ef I wants to may too
 Speak up Ike an sprress yo se f

I could may in a week
 Ef de man I wants ud speak
 Tildy s presents ll be fine
 But dey would n't ekal mine
 Him whut gits me fu a wife
 Ll be proud you bet yo life
 I s had offers some aint quit
 But I has n't ma'ied yit!
 Speak up Ike an sprress yo se f

Ike I loves you — yes I does
 You s my choice and allus was
 Laffin at you aint no harm —
 Go way dahky whah s yo arm?
 Hug me closer — dah dat s
 right!
 Was n't you a awful sight
 Havin me to baug you so?
 Now w' whut you want to
 know —

Speak up Ike an sprress yo se f!

THE BOOGAH MAN

WEN de evenin shadders
 Come a glidin down
 Fallin black an heavy
 Ovah hill an town
 Ef you listen keerful,
 Keerful ez you kin
 So s you boun to notice
 Des a drappin pin
 Den you ll hyeah a funny
 Soun ercross de lan
 Lay low dat s de callin
 Of de Boogah Man!

Woo oo woo oo!
Hyeah him ez he go erlong de
way

Woo oo woo oo!
Don you wish de night ud tur
to day?

Woo oo woo oo!
Hide yo little peep rs hind yo
han

Woo oo woo oo!
Callin of de Boogah Man

Wen de win s a shiverin
 Thoo de gloomy lane
 An dey comes de patterin
 Of de evenin rain
 Wen de owl s a hootin
 Out dah in de wood
 Don you wish my honey
 Dat you had been good?
 'Tain't no use to try to
 Snuggle up to Dan
 Bless you dat s de callin
 Of de Boogah Man!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Ef you loves yo' mammy,
An' you min's yo' pap,
Ef you nevah wriggles
Outen Sukey's lap;
Ef you says yo' "Lay me"
Evah single night
'Fo' dey tucks de kivers
An' puts out de light,
Den de rain kin pattah
Win' blow lak a fan,
But you need n' bothah
'Bout de Boogah Man!

THE WRAITH

AH me, it is cold and chill
And the fire sobs low in the
grate,
While the wind rides by on the
hill,
And the logs crack sharp with
hate.

And she, she is cold and sad
As ever the sinful are,
But deep in my heart I am glad
For my wound and the coming
scar

Oh, ever the wind rides by
And ever the raindrops grieve;
But a voice like a woman's sigh
Says, "Do you believe, be-
lieve?"

Ah, you were warm and sweet,
Sweet as the May days be,

Down did I fall at your feet,
Why did you hearken to me?

Oh, the logs they crack and whine,
And the water drops from the
caves,

But it is not rain but brine
Where my dead darling grieves.

And a wraith sits by my side,
A spectre grim and dark,
Are you gazing here open-eyed
Out to the lifeless dark?

But ever the wind rides on,
And we sit close within,
Out of the face of the dawn,
I and my darling,—sin

SILENCE

'Tis better to sit here beside the
sea,
Here on the spray-kissed beach,
In silence, that between such
friends as we
Is full of deepest speech.

WHIP-POOR-WILL AND KATY-DID

SLOW de night's a-fallin',
An' I hyeah de callin,
Out erpon de lonesome hill;
Soun' is moughty dreary,
Solemn-lak an' skeery,
Sayin' fu' to "whip po' Will."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Now hit s moughty tryin
Fu to hyeah dis cryin
Deed hit s mo den I kin stan ,
Sho wid all our slippin
Dey s enough of whippin
Dout a bird a visin any man

In de noons o summah
Dey s anothah hummah
Sings anothah song instid
An his th oat s a swellin
Wid de joy o tellin ,
But he says dat Katy did

Now I feels onsuhtain
Won t you raise de cu tain
Ovah all de tings dat s hid?
Wy dat feathahed pisen
Goes erbout a visin
Whippin Will wen Katy
did?

'LONG TO DS NIGHT

DAIH s a moughty soothin
feelin
Hits a dahky man
Long to ds night
Wen de row is mos nigh ended
Den he stops to fan
Long to ds night
De blue smoke fom his cabin
is a callin to him
Come
He smell de bacon cookin an he
hyeah de fiah hum

An' he mence to sing 'dough
wo kin putty nigh
done made him dumb
'Long to ds night

Wid his hoe erpon his shouldah
Den he goes erlong
Long to ds night
An he keepin time a steppin
Wid a little song
Long to ds night
De restin time s a comin an de
time to drink an eat
A baby s toddlin to ds him on hits
little dusty feet
An' a goin to'ds his cabin an
his suppah s moughty
sweet
Long to ds night

Daih his Ca line min de kettle
Rufus min de chile
Long to ds night
An de sweat roll down his
forred
Mixin wid his smile
Long to ds night
He toss his piccaninny an he hum
a little chune
De wokin' all is ovah an de sup
pah comin soon
De wo kin time s Decembah but
de restin time is
June
Long to ds night

Dey s a kin o doleful feelin
Hits a tendah place
'Long to ds night

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Dey's a moughty glory in him
Shinin' thoo his face,
Long to'ds night.
De cabin's lak de big house, an'
de fiah's lak de sun,
His wife look moughty lakly, an'
de chile de puttiest
one,
W'y, hit's blessid, jes' a-livin'
w'en a body's wo'k is
done
'Long to'ds night.

A GRIEVANCE

W'EN de snow's a-fallin'
An' de win' is col'.
Mammy 'mence a-callin',
Den she 'mence to scol',
"Lucius Lishy Brackett,
Don't you go out do's,
Button up yo' jacket,
Les'n you'll git froze"

I sit at de windah
Lookin' at de groun',
Nuffin nigh to hindah,
Mammy ain' erroun';
Wish 't she would n' mek me
Set down in dis chair,
Pshaw, it would n't tek me
Long to git some ah
So I jump down nimble
Ez a boy kin be,
Dough I's all a-trimble
Feahed some one'll see;
Bet in a half a minute
I fly out de do'

An' I's knee-deep in it,
Dat dah blessed snow.

Den I hyeah a pattah
Come acrost de flo'
Den dey comes a clattah
At de cabin do',
An' my mammy holler
Spoilin' all my joy,
"Come in f'om dat waller,
Don't I see you, boy?"

W'en de snow's a-sievin'
Down ez sof' ez meal,
Whut's de use o' livin'
'Cept you got de feel
Of de stuff dat's fallin'
'Roun' an' white an' damp,
'Dout some one a-callin',
"Come in hyeah, you scamp!"

DINAH KNEADING DOUGH

I HAVE seen full many a sight
Born of day or drawn by night:
Sunlight on a silver stream,
Golden lilies all a-dream,
Lofty mountains, bold and proud,
Veiled beneath the lacelike cloud,
But no lovely sight I know
Equals Dinah kneading dough

Brown arms buried elbow-deep
Their domestic rhythm keep,
As with steady sweep they go
Through the gently yielding
dough.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Maids may vaunt their finer
 charms—

Naught to me like Dinah's arms

Girls may draw or paint or
 sew —

I love Dinah kneading dough

Eyes of jet and teeth of pearl

Hair some say too tight a curl

But the dainty maid I deem

Very near perfection's dream

Swift she works and only flings

Me a glance — the least of things

And I wonder does she know

That my heart is in the dough?

TO A CAPTIOUS CRITIC

DEAR critic who my lightness so
 deplores

Would I might study to be prince
 of bores

Right wisely would I rule that
 dull estate —

But sir I may not till you
 abdicate

DAT OL MARE O MINE

WANT to trade me do you mis-
 tah? Oh well now I
 reckon not

Why you could n't buy my Suke-
 y fu a thousan on de spot
 Dat ol mare o mine?

Yes, huh coat ah long an' shaggy
 an' she ain't no shales to
 see

Dat's a ring bone yes you right
 suh an she got a on'ry
 knee

But dey ain't no use in talkin',
 she de only hoss fu me
 Dat ol mare o mine

Cose I knows dat Suke's con-
 tray an she moughty ap
 to vex

But you got to mek erlowance fu
 de nature of huh sex
 Dat ol mare o mine

Ef you pull her on de lef han
 she plum terminated to go
 right

A cannon could n't skeer huh but
 she boun to tek a fright

At a piece o common paper or
 anyting whut's white
 Dat ol mare o mine

Wen my eyes commence to fail
 me dough I truses to
 huh sight

An she'll tote me safe an hones
 on de vey dales night
 Dat ol' mare o mine

Ef I whup huh she jes switch
 huh tail an settle to a
 walk

Ef I whup huh mo she shek huh
 haid an lak ez not she
 balk

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

But huh sense ain't no ways
lackin', she do evah t'ing
but talk,
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

But she gentle ez a lady w'en she
know huh beau kin see
An' she sholy got mo' gumption
any day den you or me,
Dat ol' mare o' mine
She's a leetle slow a-goin', an' she
moughty ha'd to sta't,
But we's gittin' ol' togathah, an'
she's closah to my hea't,
An' I does n't reckon, mistah, dat
she'd sca'cely keer to pa't;
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

W'y I knows de time dat cidah's
kin' o' muddled up my haid,
Ef it had n't been fu' Sukey
hyeah, I reckon I'd been
daid,
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

But she got me in de middle o'
de road an' tuk me
home,

An' she would n't let me wandah,
ner she would n't let me
roam,

Dat's de kin' o' hoss to tie to
w'en you's seed de cidah's
foam,

Dat ol' mare o' mine

Dey is people, dey is hosses, den
dey's cattle, den dey's—
well—

Dat ol' mare o' mine,
She de beatenes' t'ing dat evah
struck de medders o' de
town,

An' aldough huh haid ain't fittin'
fu' to waih no golden
crown.

D' ain't a blessed way fu' Petah
fu' to tu'n my Sukey down,
Dat ol' mare o' mine

IN THE MORNING

'LIAS! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day's
erbioad?

Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.
T'ink I gwine to let you sleep
W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep?
Dat's a putty howdy-do—
Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias—you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo'
You won' fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin' in
W'ile you sleep—w'y hit's a sin!
Ain't de can'le-light enough
To bu'n out widout a snuff,
But you go de mo'nin' thoo
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

You kin talk erbout yo' heaven,
you kin talk erbout yo' hell,

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I lin hyeah dat mattuss squeak
Don you hyeah me w en I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off
six—

Ca line bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh you down suh, huh, you
down—

Look hyeah, don you dah to
frown

Mach yo'se f an' wash yo' face,
Don you splattah all de place,
I got somep n else to do
Sides jes cleanin aftah you
Tek dat comb an fix yo hard—
Looks jes lak a feddah baid
Look hyeah boy I let you see
You sha n t roll yo' eyes at me

Come hyeah bring me dat ah
strap!

Boy I ll whup you 'twell you
drap

You done felt yo se f too strong
An you sholy got me wrong
Set down at dat table thaih
Jes you whimpah ef you drihl
Evah mo nin on dis place
Seem lak I mus lose my grace

Fol yo hans an bow yo haid—
Wait ontwell de blessin's said,
Lawd have mussy on ouah
souls—

(Don you dah to tech dem
rolls—)

"Bless de food we gwine to
eat—"

(You set still—I see yo' feet,
You jes try dat trick agin!)
Gin us peace an joy Amen!"

THE POET

He sang of life serenely sweet,
With, now and then a deeper
note

From some high peak nigh yet
remote

He voiced the world's absorbing
beat

He sang of love when earth was
young

And Love itself, was in his
lays

But wh the world it turned to
praise

A jingle in a broken tongue

A FLORIDA NIGHT

Win a blowin' gentle so de san'
lay low

San' a little heavy fom de rain
All de pa'ms a wavin an a weav
in slow

Sighin' lak a sinnah soul in
pain

Alligator grinnin by de ol
lagoon

Mockin bird a singin' to be big
full moon,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

'Skeeter go a-skimmin' to his
fightin' chune

(Lizy Ann's a-waitin' in de
lane!).

Moccasin a-sleepin' in de cyprus
swamp,

Need n't wake de gent'man, not
fu' me

Mule, you need n't wake him
w'en you switch an' stomp,

Fightin' off a 'skeeter er a flea
Florida is lovely, she's de fines'
lan'

Evah seed de sunlight f'om de
Mastah's han',

'Ceptin' fu' de varmints an' huh
fleas an' san'

An' de nights w'en Lizy Ann
ain' free

Moon's a-kinder shaddered on de
melon patch,

No one ain't a-watchin' ez I
go

Climbin' of de fence so's not to
click de latch

Meks my gittin' in a little
slow

Watermelon smilin' as it say,
"I's free,"

Alligator boomin', but I let him
be,

Florida, oh, Florida's de lan' fu'
me —

(Lizy Ann a-singin' sweet an'
low)

DIFFERENCES

My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell,

My neighbor must look down on
me,

Must I look up? — ah, well,
My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads, and prays,
And I — I laugh, God wot,
And sing like a bird when the
grass is green

In my small garden plot,
But ah, he reads and prays,
And I — I laugh, God wot

His face is a book of woe,
And mine is a song of glee,
A slave he is to the great "They
say,"

But I — I am bold and free,
No wonder he smacks of woe,
And I have the tang of glee

My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I,
"Why take your books and take
your prayers,

Give me the open sky,"
My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I

LONG AGO

DE ol' time's gone, de new
time's hyeah

Wid all hits fuss an' feddahs,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I done fu got de joy an cheah
We knowed all kins o wed
dahs

I done fu got each ol time hymn
We ust to sing in meetin
I s leahned de prahs so neat an
trim
De preachah keeps us peatin

Hang a vine by de chimney side
An one by de cabin do
An sing a song fu de day dat
died
De day of long ergo

My youf hit s gone yes long
ergo
An yit I ain t a moanin
Hit s fu sometings I ust to
know

I set to night a honin
De pallet on de ol plank flo
De rain barl und de eaves
De live oak fo de cabin do
Whaih de night dove comes an
grieves

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An one by de cabin do
An sing a song fu de day dat
died
De day of long ergo

I d lak a few ol frien s to-night
To come an set wid me
An let me feel dat ol delight
I ust to in dey glee
But hyeah we is my pipe an me,
Wid no one else erbout,

We bofe is choked ez choked kin
be

An bofe ll soon go out

Hang a vine by de chimney side
An one by de cabin do
An sing a song fu de day dat
died
De day of long ergo

A PLANTATION MELODY

De trees is bendin in de sto m
De rain done hid de mountain s
fo m

I s lone an in distress
But listen dah s a voice I hyeah,
A sayin to me loud an cleah
Lay low in de wildaness

De lightnin flash de bough sway
low

My po sick heat is trimblin so
It huts my very breas
But him dat give de lightnin
powah

Jes bids me in de tryin howah
Lay low in de wildaness

O brothah w'en de tempes beat
An w en yo weary head an feet
Can t fin no place to res
Jes membah dat de Mastah s
nigh

An putty soon you ll hyeah de
cry

'Lay low in de wildaness

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

O sistah, w'en de rain come down,
An' all yo' hopes is 'bout to
drown,

Don't trus' de Mastah less
He smilin' w'en you t'ink he
frown,
He ain' gwine let yo' soul sink
down —

Lay low in de wildaness.

A SPIRITUAL

DE 'cession 's stahted on de gospel
way,

De Captin' is a-drawin' nigh:
Bettah stop a-foolin' an' a-try to
pray,

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King
go by!

Oh, sinnah mou'nin' in de dusty
road,

Hyeah 's de minute fu' to dry
yo' eye.

Dey 's a moughty One a-comin'
fu' to baih yo' load,

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King
go by!

Oh, widder weepin' by yo' hus-
ban's grave,

Hit's bettah fu' to sing den
sigh.

Hyeah come de Mastah wid de
powah to save,

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King
go by!

Oh, orphans a-weepin' lak de wid-
der do,

An' I wish you 'd tell me why.
De Mastah is a mammy an' a
pappy too,

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King
go by!

Oh, Moses sot de sarpint in de
wildahness

W'en de chillun had com-
menced to die:

Some 'efused to look, but hit
cuohed de res',

Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King
go by!

Bow down, bow 'way down,

Bow down,

But lif' up yo' haid w'en de King
go by!

THE MEMORY OF MARTHA

OUT in de night a sad bird moans,

An', oh, but hit's moughty
lonely,

Times I kin sing, but mos' I
groans,

Fu' oh, but hit's moughty
lonely!

Is you sleepin' well dis evenin',
Marfy, deah?

W'en I calls you f'om de cabin,
kin you hyeah?

'T ain't de same ol' place to me,
Nuffin' 's lak hit used to be,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

W'en I knowed dat you was allus
some ers near

Down by de road de shadders
grows

An oh but hit s mighty
lonely

Seem lak de vey moonlight
knows

An oh but hit s mighty
lonely!

Does you know I s cryin fu' you
oh my wife?

Does you know dey ain't no joy
no mo in life?

An my only tought is dis
Dat I s honin fu de bliss

Fu to quit dis groun o worri
ment an strife

Dah on de baid my banjo lays

An oh but hit s mighty
lonely

Can't even stat a chune o praise

An, oh but hit s mighty
lonely!

Oh, hit s mighty slow a waitin
hyeah below

Is you watchin fu me Marfy
at de do?

Ef you is in spite o sin

Dey ll be sho to let me in

W'en dey sees yo face a shinin
den dey ll know

WEN I GITS HOME

It s mighty tiahsome layin
roun

'Dis sorrer laden earfly groun

An oftentimes I thinks thinks
I

T would be a sweet ting des to
die

An go long home.

Home whaih de frien s I loved ll
say

We ve waited fu you many a
day

Come hyeah an res yo sef an'
know

You s done wid sorrer an wid
woe

Now you s at home

Wen I gits home some blessid
day

I lows to throw my caih s erway,

An up an down de shinin street

Go singin sof an low an sweet,

Wen I gits home

I wish de day was neah at han,

I s tiahed of dis grievin lan

I s tiahed of de lonely yeahs

I want to des dry up my teahs

An go 'long home

Oh Mastah wont you sen de
call?

My frien's is daih my hope my
aif

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I's waitin' whaih de road is rough,
I want to hyeah you say,
 "Enough,
Ol' man, come home!"

"HOWDY, HONEY,
 HOWDY!"

Do' a-stan'in' on a jar, fiah
 a-shinin' thoo,
Ol' folks drowsin' 'roun' de place,
 wide awake is Lou,
W'en I tap, she answeh, an' I see
 huh 'mence to grin,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't
 you step right in?"

Den I step erpon de log layin' at
 de do',
Bless de Lawd, huh mammy an'
 huh pap's done 'menced -to
 sno',
Now 's de time, ef evah, ef I's
 gwine to try an' win,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't
 you step right in?"

No use playin' on de aidge,
 trimblin' on de brink,
W'en a body love a gal, tell huh
 whut he t'ink;
W'en huh hea't is open fu' de love
 you gwine to grin,
Pull yo'se'f togethah, suh, an' step
 right in

Sweetes' imbitation dat a body
 evah hyeahed

Sweetah den de music of a love-
 sick mockin'-bird,
Comin' f'om de gal you loves bet-
 tah den yo' kin,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't
 you step right in?"

At de gate o' heaven w'en de
 storm o' life is pas',
'Spec' I'll be a-stan'in', 'twell de
 Mastah say at las',
"Hyeah he stan' all weary, but
 he winned his fight wid sin
Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you
 step right in?"

THE UNSUNG HEROES

A SONG for the unsung heroes
 who rose in the country's
 need,
When the life of the land was
 threatened by the slaver's
 cruel greed,
For the men who came from the
 cornfield, who came from the
 plough and the flail,
Who rallied round when they
 heard the sound of the
 mighty man of the rail.

They laid them down in the val-
 leys, they laid them down in
 the wood,
And the world looked on at the
 work they did, and whis-
 pered, "It is good."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

They fought their way on the
hillside they fought their
way in the glen

And God looked down on their
sinews brown and said I
have made them men

They went to the blue lines gladly
and the blue lines took them
in

And the men who saw their
muskets fire thought not of
their dusky skin

The gray lines rose and melted
beneath their scathing show-
ers

And they said, 'T is true they
have force to do these old
slave boys of ours

Ah Wagner saw their glory and
Pillow knew their blood

That poured on a nation's altar
a sacrificial flood

Port Hudson heard their war cry
that smote its smoke filled
air

And the old free fires of their
savage sires again were
kindled there

They laid them down where the
rivers the greening valleys
gem

And the song of the thund'rous
cannon was their sole re-
quiem

And the great smoke wreath that
mingled its hue with the
dusky cloud

Was the flag that furled o'er a
saddened world and the
sheet that made their shroud

Oh Mighty God of the Battles
Who held them in Thy
hand

Who gave them strength through
the whole day's length to
fight for their native land

They are lying dead on the hill
sides they are lying dead on
the plain

And we have not fire to smite the
lyre and sing them one brief
strain

Give Thou some seer the power
to sing them in their might

The men who feared the master's
whip but did not fear the
fight

That he may tell of their virtues
as minstrels did of old

Till the pride of face and the hate
of race grow obsolete and
cold

A song for the unsung heroes who
stood the awful test

When the humblest host that the
land could boast went forth
to meet the best

A song for the unsung heroes who
fell on the bloody sod,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Who fought their way from night
to day and struggled up to
God.

THE POOL

By the pool that I see in my
dreams, dear love,

I have sat with you time and
again,

And listened beneath the dank
leaves, dear love,

To the sibilant sound of the
rain

And the pool, it is silvery bright,
dear love,

And as pure as the heart of a
maid,

As sparkling and dimpling, it
darkles and shines

In the depths of the heart of
the glade.

But, oh, I've a wish in my soul,
dear love,

(The wish of a dreamer, it
seems,)

That I might wash free of my
sins, dear love,

In the pool that I see in my
dreams

POSSESSION

Whose little lady is you, chile,
Whose little gal is you?

What's de use o' kiver'n up yo'
face?

Chile, dat ain't de way to do.
Lemme see yo' little eyes,

Tek yo' little han's down nice,
Lawd, you wuff a million bills,

Huh uh, chile, dat ain't yo'
price.

Honey, de money ain't been made
Dat dey could pay fu' you,
'Tain't no use a-biddin', you too
high

Fu' de riches' Jap er Jew.
Lemme see you smilin' now,
How dem teef o' yo'n do
shine,

An' de t'ing dat meks me laff
Is dat all o' you is mine.

How's I gwine to tell you how I
feel,

How's I gwine to weigh yo'
wuff?

Oh, you sholy is de sweetes' t'ing
Walkin' on dis blessed earf

Possum is de sweetes' meat,
Cidah is the nices' drink,

But my little lady-bird
Is de bes' of all, I t'ink.

Talk erbout 'uligion he'pin' folks
All thoo de way o' life,

Gin de res' 'uligion, des' gin me
You, my little lady-wife

Den de days kin come all ha'd,

Den de nights kin come all
black,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Des' you tek me by de han',
An I ll stumble on de track

Stumble on de way to Gawd my
chile,

Stumble on, an mebbe fall
But I ll keep a trottin while you
lead on

Pickin an a trottin, dat's all
Hol me mighty tight, dough
chile

Fu hit s rough an rocky lan,
Heaben s at de en I know
So I's leanin on yo han

THE OLD FRONT GATE

W'EN dah s chillun in de house

Dey keep on a gittin tall

But de folks don seem to see

Dat dey s growin up at all

'Twell dey fin out some fine day

Dat de gals has menced to
grow

W'en dey notice as dey pass

Dat de front gate s saggin low

W'en de hinges creak an' cry

An de bahs go slantin down

You kin reckon dat hit s time

Fu to cas yo eye erroun

'Cause dah ain t no sputin dis

Hit s de trues sign to show

Dat dah s cou tin goin on

W'en de ol front gate sags low

Oh you grumble an complain

An you prop dat gate up right

But you notice right nex day

Dat hit s in de same ol plight

So you fin dat hit's a rule

An dah ain no use to blow,

W'en de gals is growin up,

Dat de front gate will sag low

Den you tink o' yo young days,

W'en you cou ted Sally Jane,

An you so t o' feel ashamed

Fu to grumble an complain

Cause yo ricerlection says

An you know hits wods is so,

Dat huh pappy had a time

Wid his front gate saggin low

So you jes looks on an smiles

At em leanin on de gate,

Tryin to tink whut he kin say

Fu to keep him dah so late,

But you lets dat gate erlone

Fu yo sperunce goes to show,

'Twell de gals is maied off

It gwine keep on saggin low

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

In the east the morning comes

Hear the rollin of the drums

On the hill

But the heart that beat as they
beat

In the battle s raging day heat

Lieth still

Unto him the night has come

Though they roll the morning
drum

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

What is in the bugle's blast?
It is "Victory at last!
Now for rest"

But, my comrades, come behold
him,

Where our colors now enfold him,
And his breast

Bares no more to meet the blade,
But lies covered in the shade

What a stir there is to-day!
They are laying him away
Where he fell

There the flag goes draped before
him,

Now they pile the grave sod o'er
him

With a knell.

And he answers to his name
In the higher ranks of fame

There's a woman left to mourn
For the child that she has borne
In travail

But her heart beats high and
higher,

With the patriot mother's fire,
At the tale

She has borne and lost a son,
But her work and his are done

Fling the flag out, let it wave;
They're returning from the
grave —

"Double quick!"

And the cymbals now are crash-
ing,

Bright his comrades' eyes are flash-
ing

From the thick

Battle-ranks which knew him
brave,

No tears for a hero's grave

In the east the morning comes,
Hear the rattle of the drums

Far away

Now no time for grief's pursuing,
Other work is for the doing,

Here to-day

He is sleeping, let him rest
With the flag across his breast.

A FROLIC

SWING yo' lady roun' an' roun',
Do de bes' you know,

Mek yo' bow an' p'omenade
Up an' down de flo';

Mek dat banjo hump huhse'f,
Listen at huh talk:

Mastah gone to town to-night;
'T ain't no time to walk

Lif' yo' feet an' flutter thoo,
Run, Miss Lucy, run,

Reckon you'll be cotched an'
kissed

'Fo' de night is done
You don't need to be so proud —

I's a-watchin' you,
An' I's layin' lots o' plans
Fu' to git you, too.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Moonlight on de cotton fiel
Shinin sof in white
Whippo will a tellin tales
Out thair in de night
An' yo cabin s crost de lot
Run Miss Lucy run
Reckon you ll be cotched an
kissed
'Fo de night is done

NODDIN BY DE FIRE

SOME folks tinks lut s right an
popah
Soon ez bedtime come erroun
Fu to scramble to de liver
Lak dey 'd hycahed de trumpet
soun

But dese people dey 'll misses
Whut I mos ly does desiah
Dat s de settin roun an dozin
An a noddin by de fiah

When you s tiahed out a hoe in
Er a followin de plough
Whut s de use of des a fallin
On yo pallet lak a cow ?
Wy de fun is all in waitin
In de face of all de tiah
An a dozin and a drowsin
By a good ol hick ry fiah

Oh you grunts an groans an
mumbles
Case yo bones is full o col',

Dough you feels de joy a tricklin
Roun de corns of yo soul
An you low anothah minute
S sho to git you wam an'
dryah
Wen you set up pas yo' bedtime
Cise you hates to leave de fiah

Whut s de use o downright
sleepin ?

You can t feel it while it las,
An you git up feelin sorry
Wen de time fu it is pas
Seem to me dat time too precious
An de hours too short entiah
Fu to sleep wen you could spen
em
Des a noddin by de fiah

LOVES CASTLE

KEY and bar key and bar
Iron bolt and chain!
And what will you do when the
King comes
To enter his domain?

Turn key and lift bar,
Loose oh bolt and chain!
Open the door and let him in
And then lock up again

But oh heart and woe heart,
Why do you ache so sore?
Never a moment's peace have you
Since Love hath passed the door

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Turn key and lift bai,
And loose bolt and chain,
But Love took in his esquire, Grief,
And there they both remain.

MORNING SONG OF LOVE

DARLING, my darling, my heart is
on the wing,
It flies to thee this morning like
a bird,
Like happy birds in springtime my
spirits soar and sing,
The same sweet song thine ears
have often heard

The sun is in my window, the
shadow on the lea,
The wind is moving in the
branches green,
And all my life, my darling, is
turning unto thee,
And kneeling at thy feet, my
own, my queen

The golden bells are ringing across
the distant hill,
Their merry peals come to me
soft and clear,
But in my heart's deep chapel all
incense-filled and still
A sweeter bell is sounding for
thee, dear.

The bell of love invites thee to
come and seek the shrine

Whose altar is erected unto
thee,
The offerings, the sacrifice, the
prayers, the chants are
thine,
And I, my love, thy humble
priest will be

ON A CLEAN BOOK

TO R N

LIKE sea-washed sand upon the
shore,
So fine and clean the tale,
So clear and bright I almost see,
The flashing of a sail

The tang of salt is in its veins,
The freshness of the spray
God give you love and lore and
strength,
To give us such alway

TO THE EASTERN SHORE

I's feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my
little room to-night,
An' my min's done los' de min-
utes an' de miles,
W'ile it teks me back a-flyin' to
de country of delight,
Whaih de Chesapeake goes
grumblin' er wid smiles
Oh, de ol' plantation's callin'
to me, Come, come back,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Hyeah 's de place fu you to la
bough an to res

'Fu my sandy roads is gleam
in' wile de city ways is
black

Come back honey erse yo
country home is bes

I know de moon is shinin' down
erpon de Eastern sho

An de bay s a sayin How
dy ' to de lan

An de folks is all a settin out
erroun de cabin do

Wid dey feet a restin in de sil
vah san

An de ol' plantation s callin
to me Come oh come

Fom de life dat s des a waih
in you erway

Fom de trouble an de bustle
an de agernizin hum

Dat de city keeps ergoin all de
day

I's tiahed of de city tek me back
to Sandy Side

Whaih de poest ones kin live
an play an eat

Whaih we draws a simple livin
fom de fo est an de tide

An' de days ah faih, an evah
night is sweet

Fu de ol' plantation s callin
to me Come oh come

An' de Chesapeake's a sayin
Dat s de ting'

Wile my little cabin beckons
dough his mouf is closed
an dumb

I's a-comin an my heat be
gins to sing

RELUCTANCE

WILL I have some mo dat pie?
No ma im thank ee dat is—
I—

Bettah quit dahin me
Dat ah pie look sutny good
How d you feel now ef I would?
I don reckon dat I should
Bettah quit dahin me

Look hyerh I gwine tell de truf,
Mine is sholy one sweet toof

Bettah quit dahin' me
Yass m yass m dat s all right,
I s done tried to be perlite
But dat pie s a lakly sight,
Wha s de use o dahin' me?

My yo lps is full an' red
Don't I wish you d tu n yo hand?

Bettah quit dahin me
Dat ain t faih now honey chile
I s gwine lose my sense erwhile
Ef you des set dah an' smile
Bettah quit dahin me

Nuffin don' look haf so fine
Ez dem teef, deah wen dey shine
Bettah quit dahin me
Now look hyeah I tells you dis,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I'll give up all othah bliss
Des to have one little kiss,
Bettah quit daihin' me

Laws, I teks yo' little han',
Ain't it tendah? bless de lan'—
Bettah quit daihin' me
I's so lonesome by myse'f,
'D an't no fun in livin' lef',
Dis hyeah life's ez dull ez def.
Bettah quit daihin' me

Why n't you tek yo' han' erway?
Yass, I'll hol' it: but I say
Bettah quit daihin' me
Holin' han's is sholy fine
Seems lak dat's de weddin' sign.
Wish you'd say dat you'd be
mine;—
Dah you been daihin' me.

BALLADE

By Mystic's banks I held my
dream.

(I held my fishing rod as well,)
The vision was of dace and bream,
A fruitless vision, sooth to tell.
But round about the sylvan dell
Were other sweet Arcadian
shrines,

Gone now, is all the rural spell,
Arcadia has trolley lines

Oh, once loved, sluggish, darkling
stream,

For me no more, thy waters
swell,
Thy music now the engines'
scream,
Thy fragrance now the factory's
smell,
Too near for me the clanging
bell,
A false light in the water shines
While Solitude lists to her
knell,—
Arcadia has trolley lines.

Thy wooded lanes with shade and
gleam
Where bloomed the fragrant as-
phodel,
Now bleak commercially teem
With signs "To Let," "To
Buy," "To Sell"
And Commerce holds them
fierce and fell;
With vulgar sport she now com-
bines
Sweet Nature's piping voice to
quell
Arcadia has trolley lines.

L'ENVOI

Oh, awful Power whose works
repel
The marvel of the earth's de-
signs,—
I'll hie me elsewhere to dwell,
Arcadia has trolley lines

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SPEAKIN AT DE COUT HOUSE

DEY been speakin at de cout
house

An' laws a massy me
'T was de beatness kin o doins
Dat evah I did see
Of cose I had to be dah
In de middle o de crowd,
An I halloed wid de othahs
W en de speakah riz and bowed

I was kind o disappointed
At de smallness of de man
Case I d allus pictered great folks
On a mo expansive plan
But I tought I could respect him
An tek in de wods he said
'U dey sho was somp n knowin
In de bald spot on his haird

But hit did seem so t o funny
Aftah waitin fu a week
Dat de people kep on shoutin
So de man des could n t speak,
De ho ns dey blared a little
Den dey let loose on de
drums—

Some one tol me dey was playin
See de conkerin hero comes

Well, says I you all is white
folks

But you s sutny actin queer
What s de use of heroes comin
Ef dey caint talk wen dey s
here?

Aftah while dey let him open
An dat man he waded in
An' he fit de wahs all ovah
Winnin victories lak sin

W en he come down to de present,
Den he made de feythahs fly
He des waded in on money,
An he played de taiff high
An he said de colah question
Hit was ovah solved an done
Dat de dahky was his brothah,
Evah blessed mothah's son

Well he settled all de trouble
Dat s been pesterin de lan'
Den he set down mid de cheerin
An de playin of de ban
I was feelin moughty happy
Twel I lycahed somebody
speak
Well, dat s bis side of de bus
nes,
But you wait for Jones nex
week'

BLACK SAMSON OF BRANDYWINE

In the fight at Brandywine Black
Samson a giant negro armed with a
scythe sweeps his way through the
red ranks C M SKINNER'S
*Myths and Legends of Our Own
Land*

GRAY are the pages of record
Dim are the volumes of eld
Else had old Delaware told us
More that her history held

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Told us with pride in the story,
Honest and noble and fine,
More of the tale of my hero,
Black Samson of Brandywine

Sing of your chiefs and your nobles,

Saxon and Celt and Gaul,
Breath of mine ever shall join you,
Highly I honor them all.
Give to them all of their glory,
But for this noble of mine,
Lend him a tithe of your tribute,
Black Samson of Brandywine

There in the heat of the battle,
There in the stir of the fight,
Loomed he, an ebony giant,
Black as the pinions of night.
Swinging his scythe like a mower
Over a field of grain,
Needless the care of the gleaners,
Where he had passed amain

Straight through the human harvest,

Cutting a bloody swath,
Woe to you, soldier of Briton!
Death is abroad in his path
Flee from the scythe of the reaper,
Flee while the moment is thine,
None may with safety withstand him,
Black Samson of Brandywine.

Was he a freeman or bondman?
Was he a man or a thing?

What does it matter? His bravery

Renders him royal — a king.
If he was only a chattel,
Honor the ransom may pay
Of the royal, the loyal black giant
Who fought for his country
that day.

Noble and bright is the story,
Worthy the touch of the lyre,
Sculptor or poet should find it
Full of the stuff to inspire
Beat it in brass and in copper,
Tell it in storied line,
So that the world may remember
Black Samson of Brandywine.

THE LOOKING-GLASS

DINAH stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh purty shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow
Smilin' den an' poutin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say. "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,
Hit des see, no mo',
Seems to me, hit ought to be
Drappin' on de flo'.
She go w'en huh time git slack,
Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,
Lawsy, how my lips go smack,
Watchin' at de do'.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Wisht I was huh lookin glass
W en she kissed huh han
Does you tink I d let it pass
Settin' on de stan ?
No I'd des fall down an break,
Kin o' glad 't uz fu huh sake
But de diffunce dat whut make
Lookin glass an man

A MISTY DAY

HEART of my heart, the day is
chill
The mist hangs low o er the
wooded hill
The soft white mist and the heavy
cloud
The sun and the face of heaven
shroud
The birds are thick in the dripping
trees
That drop their pearls to the beg
gar breeze
No songs a e rife where songs are
wont
Each singer crouches in his haunt

Heart of my heart the day is chill
Whene er thy loving voice is still
The cloud and mist hide the sky
from me
Whene er thy face I cannot see
My thoughts fly back from the
chill without
My mind in the storm drops
doubt on doubt,

No songs arise Without thee
love
My soul sinks down like a fright
ened dove

LIL GAL

OH de weathah it is balmy an de
breeze is sighin low
Lil gal
An de mockin bird is singin' in
de locus by de do,
Lil gal
Dere s a hummin an a bummin
in de lan f om eas to wes
I s a sighin fu you honey an I
nevah know no res
Fu dey s lots o trouble brewin
an' a stevin in my breas
Lil gal

Whut s de mattah wid de weathah
whut s de mattah wid de
breeze
Lil gal?
Whut s de mattah wid de locus
dat s a singin in de trees
Lil gal?
W y dey knows dey ladies love 'em
an dey knows dey love em
true
An dey love 'em back I reckon
des lak I s a lovin you
Dat s de reason dey s a weavin
an a sighin thoo an thoo
Li'l gal

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Don't you let no da'ky fool you
'cause de clo'es he waihs is
fine,

Li'l' gal.

Dey's a hones' hea't a-beatin' un-
nerneaf dese rags o' mine,

Li'l' gal.

C'ose dey ain' no use in mockin'
whut de birds an' weathah do,
But I's so'y I can't 'spress it w'en
I knows I loves you true,
Dat's de reason I's a-sighin' an'
a-singin now fu' you,

Li'l' gal.

DOUGLASS

Ah, Douglass, we have fall'n on
evil days,

Such days as thou, not even thou
didst know,

When thee, the eyes of that
harsh long ago

Saw, salient, at the cross of devious
ways,

And all the country heard thee
with amaze

Not ended then, the passionate
ebb and flow,

The awful tide that battled to
and fro;

We ride amid a tempest of dis-
praise

Now, when the waves of swift dis-
sension swarm,

And Honor, the strong pilot,
lieth stark,

Oh, for thy voice high-sounding
o'er the storm,

For thy strong arm to guide the
shivering bark,

The blast-defying power of thy
form,

To give us comfort through the
lonely dark

WHEN SAM'L SINGS

HYEAH dat singin' in de medders

Whaih de folks is mekin' hay?

Wo'k is pretty middlin' heavy

Fu' a man to be so gay.

You kin tell dey's somep'n special

F'om de canter o' de song,

Somep'n sholy pleasin' Sam'l,

W'en he singin' all day long

Hyeahd him wa'blin' 'way dis
mo'nin'

'Fo' 't was light enough to see
Seem lak music in de evenin'

Allus good enough fu' me.

But dat man commenced to hollah

'Fo' he'd even washed his face;

Would you b'lieve, de scan'lous
rascal

Woke de birds erroun' de place?

Sam'l took a tip a-Sad'day,

Dressed hisse'f in all he had,

Tuk a cane an' went a-strollin',

Lookin' mighty pleased an' glad.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Some folks don know whut de
mattah

But I do you bet yo' life
Sam I smilin an a singin

Case he been to ee his wife

She live on de fu plantation

Twenty miles erway er so

But huh man is mighty happy

Wen he git de chanst to go

Walkin allus ain de nices—

Monin fin s him on de way—

But he allus comes back smilin

Lak his pleasure was his pay

Den he do a heap o talkin

Do he mosly kin o still,

But de wods dey gits to runnin

Lak de watah fu a mill

Whut s de use o havin trouble

Whut s de use o havin strife? '

Dat 's de way dis Sam I preaches

Wen he been to see his wife

An I reckon I git jealous

Fu I laff an joke an scon

An I say Oh go on Sam I

Des go on an blow yo hon

But I know dis comin Sad day,

Dey il be brighter days in life

An I il be ez glad ez Sam I

Wen I go to see my wife

BOOKER T WASHINGTON

THE word is writ that he who
runs may read

What is the passing breath of
earthly fame?

But to snatch glory from the hands
of blame—

That is to be to live, to strive in
deed

A poor Virginia cabin gave the
seed

And from its dark and lowly door
there came

A peer of princes in the world's
acclaim

A master spirit for the nation's
need

Strong silent purposeful beyond
his kind

The mark of rugged force on
brow and lip

Straight on he goes nor turns to
look behind

Where hot the hounds come
baying at his hip

With one idea foremost in his
mind

Like the keen prow of some on
forging ship

THE MONK'S WALK

In this sombre garden close

What has come and passed who
knows?

What red passion what white
pain

Haunted this dim walk in vain?

Underneath the ivied wall

Where the silent shadows fall

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Lies the pathway chill and damp
Where the world-quit dreamers
tramp

Just across, where sunlight burns,
Smiling at the mourning ferns,
Stand the roses, side by side,
Nodding in their useless pride.

Ferns and roses, who shall say
What you witness day by day?
Covet smile or dropping eye,
As the monks go pacing by.

Has the novice come to-day
Here beneath the wall to pray?
Has the young monk, lately child-
den,
Sung his lyric, sweet, forbidden?

Tell me, roses, did you note
That pale father's throbbing
throat?
Did you hear him murmur,
"Love!"
As he kissed a faded glove?

Mourning ferns, pray tell me why
Shook you with that passing sigh?
Is it that you chanced to spy
Something in the Abbot's eye?

Here no dream, nor thought of sin,
Where no worlding enters in,
Here no longing, no desire,
Heat nor flame of earthly fire

Branches waving green above,
Whisper naught of life nor love,

Softened winds that seem a breath,
Perfumed, bring no fear of death.

Is it living thus to live?
Has life nothing more to give?
Ah, no more of smile or sigh —
Life, the world, and love, good-
bye

Gray, and passionless, and dim,
Echoing of the solemn hymn,
Lies the walk, 'twixt fern and rose,
Here within the garden close

LOVE-SONG

IF Death should claim me for her
own to-day,
And softly I should falter from
your side,
Oh, tell me, loved one, would my
memory stay,
And would my image in your
heart abide?
Or should I be as some forgotten
dream,
That lives its little space, then
fades entire?
Should Time send o'er you its
relentless stream,
To cool your heart, and quench
for aye love's fire?

I would not for the world, love,
give you pain,
Or ever compass what would
cause you grief,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And, oh how well I know that
tears are vain!

But love is sweet my dear and
life is brief

So if some day before you I should
go

Beyond the sound and sight of
song and sea

'T would give my spirit stronger
wings to know

That you remembered still and
wept for me.

SLOW THROUGH THE DARK

SLOW moves the pageant of a
climbing race

Their footsteps drag far far be
low the height

And, unprevailing by their ut
most might

Seem faltering downward from
each hard won place

No strange swift sprung excep
tion we we trace

A devious way thro dim uncer
tain light —

Our hope through the long
vistaed years a sight

Of that our Captain's soul sees
face to face

Who faithless faltering that
the road is steep

Now raiseth up his drear insistent
cry?

Who stoppeth here to spend a
while in sleep

Or cur eth that the storm obscures
the sky?

Heed not the darkness round
you dull and deep

The clouds grow thickest when
the summit's nigh

THE MURDERED LOVER

SAY a mass for my soul's repose
my brother

Say a mass for my soul's repose
I need it

Lovingly lived we the sons of one
mother

Mine was the sin but I pray
you not heed it

Dark were her eyes as the sloe and
they called me

Called me with voice indepen
dent of breath

God! how my heart beat her
beauty appalled me

Dazed me and drew to the sea
brink of death

Lithe was her form like a willow
She beckoned

What could I do save to follow
and follow

Nothing of right or result could be
reckoned

Life without her was unworthy
and hollow

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Ay, but I wronged thee, my
brother, my brother,

Ah, but I loved her, thy beautiful wife

Shade of our father, and soul of
our mother,

Have I not paid for my love
with my life?

Dark was the night when, revengeful, I met you,

Deep in the heart of a desolate
land

Warm was the life-blood which
angrily wet you

Sharp was the knife that I felt
from your hand

Wept you, oh, wept you, alone by
the river,

When my stark carcass you
secretly sank

Ha, now I see that you tremble
and shiver,

'T was but my spirit that passed
when you shrank!

Weep not, oh, weep not, 't is over,
't is over,

Stir the dark weeds with the
turn of the tide,

Go, thou hast sent me forth, ever
a rover,

Rest and the sweet realm of
heaven denied

Say a mass for my soul's repose,
my brother,

Say a mass for my soul, I need
it

Sin of mine was it, and sin of no
other,

Mine was it all, but I pray you
not heed it

PHILOSOPHY

I BEEN t'inkin' 'bout de preachah;
whut he said de othah
night,

'Bout hit bein' people's dooty,
fu' to keep dey faces bright,
How one ought to live so pleasant
dat ouah tempah never riles,
Meetin' evahbody roun' us wid
ouah very nicest smiles

Dat's all right, I ain't a-sputin'
not a t'ing dat soun's lak
fac',

But you don't ketch folks a-grin-
nin' wid a misery in de
back,

An' you don't fin' dem a-smilin'
w'en dey's hongry ez kin
be,

Leastways, dat's how human
natur' allus seems to 'pear
to me

We is mos' all putty likely fu' to
have our little cares,

An' I think we 'se doin' fus' rate
w'en we jes' go long and
bears,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Widout breakin up ouah faces in
a sickly so't o grin

W en we knows dat in ouah in
nards we is p ntly mad ez
sin

Oh dey 's times fu bein pleasint
an fu goin' smilin roun',
Cause I don t believe in people
allus totin roun a frown,

But it 's easy nough to titter w en
de stew is smokin hot

But hit 's mighty had to giggle
w en dey s nuffin in de
pot

A PREFERENCE

MASTAH drink his ol Made a,

Missy drink huh sherry wine

Ovahseah lak his whiskey

But dat othah drink is mine

Des lasses an watah lasses
an watah

W en you git a steamin hoe-cake

On de table go way man!

'D ain but one ting to go wid it

Sides de gravy in de pan

Dat s lasses an watah lasses
an watah

W en hit s possum dat you eatin'

Simmon beer is moughty sweet

But fu evahday consumin

'D unt no motal way to beat
Des lasses an watah lasses
an watah

W y de bees is allus busy

An ain got no time to was ?

Hit s bec'ise dey knows de honey

Dey 's a makin' gwine to tas

Lak lasses an watah lasses
an watah

Oh hit s moughty mil an'
soothin

An' hit don go to yo hard,

Dat s de reason I s a backin

Up de othah wods I said

Des lasses an watah lasses
an watah

THE DEBT

THIS is the debt I pay
Just for one riotous day
Years of regret and grief,
Sorrow without relief

Pay it I will to the end —
Until the grave my friend
Gives me a true release —
Gives me the clasp of peace

Slight was the thing I bought
Small was the debt I thought
Poor was the loan at best —
God! but the interest!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

ON THE DEDICATION OF DOROTHY HALL

TUSKEGEE, ALA, APRIL 22, 1901

NOT to the midnight of the gloomy
past,

Do we revert to-day, we look
upon

The golden present and the future
vast

Whose vistas show us visions of
the dawn

Nor shall the sorrows of departed
years

The sweetness of our tranquil
souls annoy,

The sunshine of our hopes dispels
the tears,

And clears our eyes to see this
later joy.

Not ever in the years that God
hath given

Have we gone friendless down
the thorny way,

Always the clouds of pregnant
black were riven

By flashes from His own eternal
day.

The women of a race should be its
pride,

We glory in the strength our
mothers had,

We glory that this strength was
not denied

To labor bravely, nobly, and be
glad

God give to these within this tem-
ple here,

Clear vision of the dignity of
toil,

That virtue in them may its blos-
soms rear

Unspotted, fragrant, from the
lowly soil.

God bless the givers for their noble
deed,

Shine on them with the mercy
of Thy face,

Who come with open hearts to
help and speed

The striving women of a strug-
gling race

A ROADWAY

LET those who will stride on their
barren roads

And prick themselves to haste with
self-made goads,

Unheeding, as they struggle day
by day,

If flowers be sweet or skies be blue
or gray:

For me, the lone, cool way by purl-
ing brooks,

The solemn quiet of the woodland
nooks,

A song-bird somewhere trilling
sadly gay,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

A pause to pick a flower beside the
way

BY RUGGED WAYS

By rugged ways and thro' the
night
We struggle blindly toward the
light
And groping stumbling ever pray
For sight of long delaying day
The cruel thorns beside the road
Stretch eager points our steps to
goad
And from the thickets all about
Detaining hands reach threatening
out

Deliver us oh Lord we cry
Our hands uplifted to the sky
No answer save the thunder's peal
And onward onward still we reel
'Oh give us now thy guiding
light
Our sole reply the lightnings
blight
'Vain vain cries one in vain
we call
But faith serene is over all

Beside our way the streams are
dried
And famine mates us side by side
Discouraged and reproachful eyes
Seek once again the frowning skies
Yet shall there come spite storm
and shock
A Moses who shall smite the rock

Call manna from the Giver's hand
And lead us to the promised land!

The way is dark and cold and
steep
And shapes of horror murder sleep
And hard the unrelenting years
But twixt our sighs and moans
and tears,
We still can smile, we still can
sing
Despite the arduous journeying
For faith and hope their courage
lend
And rest and light are at the end

LOVE'S SEASONS

WHEN the bees are humming in
the honeysuckle vine
And the summer days are in
their bloom
Then my love is deepest oh,
dearest heart of mine,
When the bees are humming in the
honeysuckle vine

When the winds are moaning o'er
the meadows chill and gray
And the land is dim with winter
gloom
Then for thee, my darling love
will have its way
When the winds are moaning o'er
the meadows chill and gray

In the vernal dawning with the
starting of the leaf

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

In the merry-chanting time of
spring,
Love steals all my senses, oh, the
happy-hearted thief!
In the vernal morning with the
starting of the leaf.

Always, ever always, even in the
autumn drear,
When the days are sighing out
their grief,
Thou art still my darling, dear-
est of the dear,
Always, ever always, even in the
autumn drear.

TO A DEAD FRIEND

It is as if a silver chord
Were suddenly grown mute,
And life's song with its rhythm
warred
Against a silver lute

It is as if a silence fell
Where bides the garnered sheaf,
And voices murmuring, "It is
well,"
Are stifled by our grief

It is as if the gloom of night
Had hid a summer's day,
And willows, sighing at their
plight,
Bent low beside the way.

For he was part of all the best
That Nature loves and gives,

And ever more on Memory's breast
He lies and laughs and lives

TO THE SOUTH

ON ITS NEW SLAVERY

HEART of the Southland, heed me
pleading now,
Who bearest, unashamed, upon
my brow
The long kiss of the loving tropic
sun,
And yet, whose veins with thy red
current run

Borne on the bitter winds from
every hand,
Strange tales are flying over all the
land,
And Condemnation, with his pin-
ions foul,
Glooms in the place where broods
the midnight owl

What art thou, that the world
should point at thee,
And vaunt and chide the weakness
that they see?
There was a time they were not
wont to chide,
Where is thy old, uncompromis-
ing pride?

Blood-washed, thou shouldst lift
up thine honored head,
White with the sorrow for thy
loyal dead

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Who lie on every plain on every
hill

And whose high spirit walks the
Southland still

Whose infancy our mother's hands
have nursed

Thy manhood gone to battle un-
accursed

Our fathers left to till the re-
luctant field

To rape the soil for what she
would not yield

Wooping for aye the cold unam-
orous sod

Whose growth for them still
meant a master's rod

Tearing her bosom for the wealth
that gave

The strength that made the toiler
still a slave

Too long we hear the deep im-
passioned cry

That echoes vainly to the heedless
sky

Too long too long the Mace-
donian call

Falls fainting far beyond the out-
ward wall

Within whose sweep beneath the
shadowing trees

A slumbering nation takes its
dangerous ease

Too long the rumors of thy hatred
go

For those who loved thee and thy
children so

Thou must arise forthwith, and
strong thou must

Throw off the smirching of this
baser dust

Lay by the practice of this later
creed

And be thine honest self again
indeed

There was a time when even slav-
ery's chain

Held in some joys to alternate
with pain

Some little light to give the night
relief

Some little smiles to take the place
of grief

There was a time when jocund
as the day

The toiler hoed his row and sung
his lay

Found something gleeful in the
very air

And solace for his toiling every
where

Now all is changed within the
rude stockade

A bondsman whom the greed of
men has made

Almost too brutish to deplore his
plight

Tolls hopeless on from joyless
morn till night

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

For him no more the cabin's quiet rest,	Is it for this we all have felt the flame,—
The homely joys that gave to labor zest,	This newer bondage and this deeper shame?
No more for him the merry banjo's sound,	Nay, not for this, a nation's heroes bled,
Nor trip of lightsome dances foot- ing round	And North and South with tears beheld their dead
For him no more the lamp shall glow at eve,	Oh, Mother South, hast thou for- got thy ways,
Nor chubby children pluck him by the sleeve,	Forgot the glory of thine ancient days,
No more for him the master's eyes be bright,—	Forgot the honor that once made thee great,
He has nor freedom's nor a slave's delight	And stooped to this unhallowèd estate?
What, was it all for naught, those awful years	It cannot last, thou wilt come forth in might,
That drenched a groaning land with blood and tears?	A warrior queen full armored for the fight,
Was it to leave this sly convenient hell,	And thou wilt take, e'en with thy spear in rest,
That brother fighting his own brother fell?	Thy dusky children to thy saving breast
When that great struggle held the world in awe,	Till then, no more, no more the gladsome song,
And all the nations blanched at what they saw,	Strike only deeper chords, the notes of wrong,
Did Sanctioned Slavery bow its conquered head	Till then, the sigh, the tear, the oath, the moan,
That this unsanctioned crime might rise instead?	Till thou, oh, South, and thine, come to thine own

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE HAUNTED OAK

PRAY why are you so bare so bare
Oh bough of the old oak tree
And why when I go through the
shade you throw
Runs a shudder over me?

My leaves were green as the best,
I trow,
And sap ran free in my veins
But I saw in the moonlight dim
and weird
A guiltless victim's pains

I bent me down to hear his sigh
I shook with his gurgling moan,
And I trembled sore when they
rode away,
And left him here alone.

They d charged him with the old
old crime,
And set him fast in jail
Oh, why does the dog howl all
night long
And why does the night wind
wail?

He prayed his prayer and he swore
his oath
And he raised his hand to the
sky
But the beat of hoofs smote on his
ear
And the steady tread drew nigh
Who is it rides by night by night
Over the moonlit road?

And what is the spur that keeps
the pace
What is the galling goad?

And now they beat at the prison
door,
"Ho keeper do not stay!
We are friends of him whom you
hold within
And we fain would take him
away

"From those who ride fast on our
heels
With mind to do him wrong
They have no care for his inno-
cence,
And the rope they bear is
long'

They have fooled the jailer with
lying words
They have fooled the man with
lies
The bolts unbar, the locks are
drawn
And the great door open flies

Now they have taken him from
the jail
And hard and fast they ride,
And the leader laughs low down
in his throat
As they halt in trunk beside

Oh, the judge, he wore a mask of
black
And the doctor one of white

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

And the minister, with his oldest
son,
Was curiously bedight.

Oh, foolish man, why weep you
now?

'T is but a little space,
And the time will come when these
shall dread
The mem'ry of your face.

I feel the rope against my bark,
And the weight of him in my
grain,

I feel in the throe of his final woe
The touch of my own last pain

And never more shall leaves come
forth

On a bough that bears the ban,
I am burned with dread, I am
dried and dead,

From the curse of a guiltless
man.

And ever the judge rides by, rides
by,

And goes to hunt the deer,
And ever another rides his soul
In the guise of a mortal fear.

And ever the man he rides me
hard,

And never a night stays he,
For I feel his curse as a haunted
bough,

On the trunk of a haunted tree.

WELTSCHMERTZ

You ask why I am sad to-day,
I have no cares, no griefs, you say?
Ah, yes, 't is true, I have no
grief—

But—is there not the falling
leaf?

The bare tree there is mourning
left

With all of autumn's gray bereft;
It is not what has happened me,
Think of the bare, dismantled tree.

The birds go South along the sky,
I hear their lingering, long good-
bye.

Who goes reluctant from my
breast?

And yet—the lone and wind-
swept nest

The mourning, pale-flowered
hearse goes by,

Why does a tear come to my eye?
Is it the March rain blowing
wild?

I have no dead, I know no child

I am no widow by the bier
Of him I held supremely dear
I have not seen the choicest one
Sink down as sinks the westering
sun

Faith unto faith have I beheld,
For me, few solemn notes have
swelled;

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Love beckoned me out to the dawn
And happily I followed on

And yet my heart goes out to
them

Whose sorrow is their diadem
The falling leaf the crying bird,
The voice to be all lost un
heard —

Not mine not mine and yet too
much

The thrilling power of human
touch

While all the world looks on and
scorns

I wear another's crown of thorns

Count me a priest who under
stands

The glorious pain of nail pierced
hands

Count me a comrade of the thief
Hot driven into late belief

Oh mother's tear oh father's sigh
Oh mourning sweethearts last
good bye

I yet have known no mourning
save

Beside some brother's brother's
grave

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

WHY was it that the thunder
voice of Fate
Should call thee studious from
the classic groves

Where calm-eyed Pallas with
still footstep roves,
And charge thee seek the turmoil
of the state?

What bade thee hear the voice and
rise elate

Leave home and kindred and
thy spicy loves

To lead th unlettered and de
spised droves

To manhood's home and thunder
at the gate?

Far better the slow blaze of Learn
ing's light

The cool and quiet of her dearer
fane,

Than this hot terror of a hopeless
fight

This cold endurance of the final
pain —

Since thou and those who with
thee died for right

Have died the Present teaches
but in vain!

ROSES

OH wind of the spring time oh
free wind of May

When blossoms and bird song
are rife

Oh joy for the season and joy for
the day

That gave me the roses of life,
of life

That gave me the roses of life

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Oh, wind of the summer, sing
 loud in the night,
 When flutters my heart like a
 dove,
One came from thy kingdom, thy
 realm of delight,
 And gave me the roses of love,
 of love,
 And gave me the roses of love.

Oh, wind of the winter, sigh low
 in thy grief,
 I hear thy compassionate breath;
I wither, I fall, like the autumn-
 kissed leaf,
 He gave me the roses of death,
 of death,
 He gave me the roses of death

A LOVE SONG

AH, love, my love is like a cry in
 the night,
A long, loud cry to the empty sky,
The cry of a man alone in the
 desert,
With hands uplifted, with parch-
 ing lips,

Oh, rescue me, rescue me,
Thy form to mine arms,
The dew of thy lips to my mouth,
Dost thou hear me?—my call
 thro' the night?

Darling, I hear thee and answer,
Thy fountain am I,

All of the love of my soul will I
 bring to thee,
All of the pains of my being shall
 wring to thee,
Deep and forever the song of my
 loving shall sing to thee,
Ever and ever thro' day and thro'
 night shall I cling to thee
Hearest thou the answer?
Darling, I come, I come

ITCHING HEELS

FU' de peace o' my eachin' heels,
 set down;
 Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.
Don' you see how dat melody stuhs
 me up
 An' baigs me to tek to de flo'?
You knows I's a Christian, good
 an' strong,
 I wusship f'om June to June,
My pra'ahs dey ah loud an' my
 hymns ah long
 I baig you don' fiddle dat chune
I's a crick in my back an' a mis-
 ery hyeah
 Whaih de j'int's gittin' ol' an'
 stiff,
But hit seems lak you brings me
 de bref o' my youf,
 W'y, I's suttain I noticed a
 w'iff
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo', my
 chile,
 Don' fiddle dat chune no mo',

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I'll git up an' tiah up dis groun
fu a mile
An den I ll be chu ched fu' it,
sho'

Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo, I
say
An fiddle it loud an fas
I s a youngstah ergin in de mist
o my sin
De present s gone back to de
pas
I ll dance to dat chune so des fid
dle erway
I knows how de backslidah
feels
So fiddle it on twell de break o
de day
Fu de sake o my eachin heels

TO AN INGRATE

THIS is to day a golden summer s
day
And yet — and yet
My vengeful soul will not for
get
The past forever now forgot you
say

From that half height where I had
sadly climbed
I stretched my hand
I lone in all that land,
Down there where, helpless, you
were limed

Our fingers clasped, and dragging
me a pace
You struggled up
It is a bitter Cup
That now for naught you turn
away your face

I shall remember this for aye and
aye
Whate er may come
Although my lips are dumb,
My spirit holds you to that yester
day

IN THE TENTS OF ALBAR

IN the tents of Albar
Are dole and grief to day
For the flower of all the Indies
Has gone the silent way

In the tents of Albar
Are emptiness and gloom,
And where the dancers gather,
The silence of the tomb

Across the yellow desert
Across the burning sands
Old Albar wanders madly,
And wrings his fevered hands

And ever makes his moaning
To the unanswering sky,
For Sutna lovely Sutna
Who was so fair to die

For Sutna danced at morning
And Sutna danced at eve

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Her dusky eyes half hidden
Behind her silken sleeve

Her pearly teeth out-glancing
Between her coral lips,
The tremulous rhythm of passion
Marked by her quivering hips.

As lovely as a jewel
Of fire and dewdrop blent,
So danced the maiden Sutna
In gallant Akbar's tent

And one who saw her dancing,
Saw her bosom's fall and rise
Put all his body's yearning
Into his lovelit eyes

Then Akbar came and drove
him —
A jackal — from his door,
And bade him wander far and look
On Sutna's face no more

Some day the sea disgorges,
The wilderness gives back,
Those half-dead who have wandered,
Aimless, across its track

And he returned — the lover,
Haggard of brow and spent;
He found fair Sutna standing
Before her master's tent.

"Not mine, nor Akbar's, Sutna!"
He cried and closely pressed,
And drove his craven dagger
Straight to the maiden's breast.

Oh, weep, oh, weep, for Sutna,
So young, so dear, so fair,
Her face is gray and silent
Beneath her dusky hair

And wail, oh, wail, for Akbar,
Who walks the desert sands,
Crying aloud for Sutna,
Wringing his fevered hands.

In the tents of Akbar
The tears of sorrow run,
But the corpse of Sutna's slayer,
Lies rotting in the sun

THE FOUNT OF TEARS

ALL hot and grimy from the road,
Dust gray from arduous years,
I sat me down and eased my load
Beside the Fount of Tears

The waters sparkled to my eye,
Calm, crystal-like, and cool,
And breathing there a restful sigh,
I bent me to the pool

When, lo! a voice cried "Pilgrim,
rise,
Harsh tho' the sentence be,
And on to other lands and skies —
This fount is not for thee

"Pass on, but calm thy needless
fears,

Some may not love or sin,
An angel guards the Fount of
Tears,

All may not bathe therein."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Then with my burden on my back
I turned to gaze awhile
First at the uninviting track
Then at the water's smile

And so I go upon my way
Thro' out the sultry years
But pause no more, by night by
day
Beside the Fount of Tears.

LIFE'S TRAGEDY

It may be misery not to sing at all
And to go silent through the
brimming day

It may be sorrow never to be
loved

But deeper griefs than these
beset the way

To have come near to sing the
perfect song

And only by a half tone lost
the key

There is the potent sorrow there
the grief,

The pale sad staring of life's
tragedy

To have just missed the perfect
love

Not the hot passion of untem-
pered youth

But that which lays aside its vanity
And gives thee for thy trusting
worship truth —

This this it is to be accursed in
deed,

For if we mortals love, or if we
sing

We count our joys not by the
things we have

But by what kept us from the
perfect thing

DE WAY T'INGS COME

DE way t'ings come hit seems to
me

Is des one monst'ous mystery

De way hit seem to strike a man

Dey ain't no sense dey ain't no
plan

Ef trouble sta'ts a pilin' down

It ain't no use to rage er frown

It ain't no use to strive er pray

Hit s mortal boun' to come dat
way

Now ef you s hongry, an yo plate

Des keep on sayin' to you,
Wut

Don't mek no diffunce how you
feel

T'wont do no good to hunt a
meal

Fu dat th meal des boun' to hide
Ontwell de devil s satisfied,

An twell dey s some p'n by to
c'ave

You s got to ease yo se'f an sta've

But ef dey's co'n meal on de she'f
You need n't bothah roun' yo'se'f,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Somebody's boun' to amble in
An' 'vite you to dey co'n meal bin;
An' ef you's stuffed up to be froat
Wid co'n er middlin', fowl er
shoat,

Des' look out an' you'll sec fu'
sho

A 'possum faint befo' yo' do'

De way t'ings happen, huhuh,
chile,

Dis worl' 's done puzzled me one
w'ile,

I's mighty skeered I'll fall in
doubt,

I des' won't try to reason out

De reason why folks strive an'
plan

A dinnah fu' a full-fed man,
An' shet de do' an' cross de street
F'om one dat raaly needs to eat.

Shet yo' mouf, you rascal,
Wha' 's de use to cry?
You do' see no rain clouds
Up dah in de sky.

Dis hycah sweat 's been po'in'
Down my face sence dawn,
Ain't hit time we's hycahin'
Dat ah dinnah ho'n?

Go on, Ben an' Jaspah,
Lif' yo' feet an' fly,
Hit out fu' de shadder
Fo' I drap an' die

Hongry, lawd a' mussy,
Hongry as a bah,
Seems lak I hycah dinnah
Callin' evahwhaih;
Daih 's de ho'n a blowin'!
Let dat cradle swing,
One mo' sweep, den da'kies,
Beat me to de spring!

NOON

SHADDER in de valley
Sunlight on de hill,
Sut'ny wish dat locus'
Knowed how to be still.
Don't de heat already
Mek a body hum,
'Dout dat insec' sayin'
Hottah days to come?

Fiel' 's a shinn' yaller
Wid de bendin' grain,
Guinea hen a callin',
Now 's de time fu' rain;

AT THE TAVERN

A LILT and a swing,
And a ditty to sing,
Or ever the night grow old,
The wine is within,
And I'm sure 't were a sin
For a soldier to choose to be cold,
my dear,
For a soldier to choose to be cold

We're right for a spell,
But the fever is — well,
No thing to be braved, at least;

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

So bring me the wine
No low fever in mine
For a drink is more kind than a
priest my dear
For a drink is more kind than a
priest

DEATH

STORM and strife and stress
Lost in a wilderness
Groping to find a way
Forth to the haunts of day

Sudden a vista peeps
Out of the tangled deeps
Only a point — the ray
But at the end is day

Dark is the dawn and chill
Daylight is on the hill
Night is the flitting breath
Day rides the hills of death

NIGHT, DIM NIGHT

Night dim night and it rains my
love it rains

(Art thou dreaming of me I
wonder)

The trees are sad and the wind
complains

Outside the rolling of the thun
der

And the beat against the panes

Heart my heart thou art mourn
ful in the rain

(Are thy redolent lips a
quiver?)

My soul seeks thine doth it seek
in vain?

My love goes surging like a
river

Shall its tide bear naught save
pain?

LYRICS OF LOVE AND SORROW

I

Love is the light of the world my
dear

Heigho but the world is
gloomy
The light has failed and the lamp
down hurled
Leaves only darkness to me

Love is the light of the world my
dear

Ah me but the world is dreary
The night is down, and my curtain
furled

But I cannot sleep though
weary

Love is the light of the world my
dear

Alas for a hopeless hoping
When the flame went out in the
breeze that swirled
And a soul went blindly grop-
ing

II

THE light was on the golden
sands

A glimmer on the sea
My soul spoke clearly to thy soul
Thy spirit answered me

Since then the light that gilds the
sands
And glimmers on the sea

But vainly struggles to reflect
The radiant soul of thee

III

THE sea speaks to me of you
All the day long
Still as I sit by its side
You are its song

The sea sings to me of you
Loud on the reef
Always it moans as it sings,
Voicing my grief

IV

My dear love died last night
Shall I clothe her in white?
My passionate love is dead
Shall I robe her in red?
But nay she was all untrue,
She shall not go drest in blue
Still my desolate love was brave
Unrobed let her go to her grave

V

THERE are brilliant heights of
sorrow

That only the few may know
And the lesser woes of the world
like waves

Break noiselessly far below
I hold for my own possessing,
A mount that is lone and still —
The great high place of a hopeless
grief

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And I call it my "Heart-break
Hill "

And once on a winter's midnight
I found its highest crown,
And there in the gloom, my soul
and I,
Weeping, we sat us down

But now when I seek that summit
We are two ghosts that go;

Only two shades of a thing that
died,

Once in the long ago.
So I sit me down in the silence,
And say to my soul, "Be still,"
So the world may not know we
died that night,
From weeping on "Heart-break
Hill."

LYRICS OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

A BOY'S SUMMER SONG

Tis fine to play
In the fragrant hay,
And romp on the golden load,
To ride old Jack
To the barn and back
Or tramp by a shady road
To pause and drink,
At a mossy brink,
Ah, that is the best of joy
And so I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha Ha!

With line and hook
By a babbling brook
The fisherman's sport we ply
And let the song
Of the feathered throng
That flit in the branches ring
At last we stop
For a quiet dip
Ah, that is the best of joy
For this I say
On a summer's day
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha Ha!

THE SAND MAN

I know a man
With face of tan
But who is ever kind

Whom girls and boys
Leaves games and toys
Each eventide to find

When day grows dim,
They watch for him
He comes to place his claim,
He wears the crown
Of Dreaming town,
The sand man is his name

When sparkling eyes
Troop sleepwise
And busy lips grow dumb,
When little heads
Nod toward the beds
We know the sand man's come

JOHNNY SPEAKS

The sand man he's a jolly old
fellow
His face is kind and his voice is
mellow,
But he makes your eyelids as heavy
as lead
And then you got to go off to bed
I don't think I like the sand
man

But I've been playing this live
long day
It does make a fellow so tired to
play!
Oh my I'm yawning right here
before me

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I'm the sleepest fellow that ever
you saw.
I think I do like the sand-man.

WINTER-SONG

OH, who would be sad tho' the
sky be a-graying,
And meadow and woodlands are
empty and bare,
For softly and merrily now there
come playing,
The little white birds thro' the
winter-kissed air.
The squirrel's enjoying the rest
of the thrifty,
He munches his store in the old
hollow tree,
Tho' cold is the blast and the
snow-flakes are drifty
He fears the white flock not a
whit more than we

Chorus

Then heigho for the flying snow!
Over the whitened roads we go,
With pulses that tingle,
And sleigh-bells a-jingle
For winter's white birds here's a
cheery heigho!

A CHRISTMAS FOLKSONG

DE win' is blowin' wahmah,
An hit's blowin' f'om de bay;
Dey's a so't o' mist a-risin'
All erlong de meddah way,

Dey aun't a hunt o' frostin'
On de groun' ner in de sky,
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'
Dat de snow'll 'mence to fly.
It's goin' to be a green Christ-
mas,
An' sad de day fu' me
I wish dis was de las' one
Dat evah I should see.

Dey's dancin' in de cabin,
Dey's spahkin' by de tree,
But dancin' times an' spahkin'
Are all done pas' fur me
Dey's feastin' in de big house,
Wid all de windahs wide —
Is dat de way fu' people
To meet de Christmas-tide?
It's goin' to be a green Christ-
mas,
No mattah what you say
Dey's us dat will remembah
An' grieve de comin' day

Dey's des a bref o' dampness
A-clingin' to my cheek,
De aih's been dahk an' heavy
An' threatenin' fu' a week,
But not wid signs o' wintah,
Dough wintah'd seem so deah —
De wintah's out o' season,
An' Christmas eve is heah
It's goin' to be a green Christ-
mas,
An' oh, how sad de day!
Go ax de hongry chu'chya'd,
An' see what hit will say.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Dey's Allen on de hillside
An Marfy in de plain
Fu Christmas was like springtime
An come wid sun an' rain
Dey's Ca line John an' Susie,
Wid only dis one lef'
An now de curse is comin'
Wid murder in hits bref
It s goin to be a green Christ
mas —
Des hyeah my words an
see
Befo' de summah beckons
Dey's many ll weep wid
me

THE FOREST GREETING

Good hunting! — aye good hunt
ing
Wherever the forests call
But ever a heart beats hot with
fear
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting! — aye good hunt
ing
Wherever the north winds
blow
But what of the stag that calls for
his mate?
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting! — aye, good hunt
ing
And ah! we are bold and strong

But our triumph call through the
forest hall
Is a brother's funeral song

For we are brothers ever
Panther and bird and bear
Man and the weakest that fear his
face
Born to the nest or lair

Yes brothers and who shall judge
us?
Hunters and game are we
But who gave the right for me to
smite?
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting! — aye good hunt
ing
And dim is the forest track
But the sportsman Death comes
striding on
Brothers the way is black

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

SWEETEST of the flowers a bloom
ing
In the fragrant vernal days
Is the Lily of the Valley
With its soft retiring ways

Well, you chose this humble blos
som
As the nurse's emblem flower
Who grows more like her ideal
Every day and every hour

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Like the Lily of the Valley
In her honesty and worth,
Ah, she blooms in truth and virtue
In the quiet nooks of earth

Tho' she stands erect in honor,
When the heart of mankind
bleeds,
Still she hides her own deserving
In the beauty of her deeds

In the silence of the darkness
Where no eye may see and know,
There her footsteps shod with
mercy,
And fleet kindness come and go

Not amid the sounds of plaudits,
Nor before the garish day,
Does she shed her soul's sweet per-
fume,

Does she take her gentle way

But alike her ideal flower,
With its honey-laden breath,
Still her heart blooms forth its
beauty
In the valley shades of death.

ENCOURAGED

BECAUSE you love me I have
much achieved,
Had you despised me then I must
have failed,
But since I knew you trusted
and believed,

I could not disappoint you and so
prevailed.

TO J. Q.

WHAT are the things that make
life bright?

A star gleam in the night
What heart us for the coming
fray?

The down tints of the day,
What helps to speed the weary
mile?

A brother's friendly smile
What turn, o' gold the evening
gray?

A flower beside the way.

DIPLOMACY

TILL your love where the roses
blow,

And the hearts of the lilies
quiver,

Not in the city's gleam and glow,
But down by a half-sunned river
Not in the crowded ball-room's
glare,

That would be fatal, Marie,
Marie,

How can she answer you then and
there?

So come then and stroll with me,
my dear,

Down where the birds call,
Marie, Marie

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SCAMP

Ain't it nice to have a mammy
When you kin o' tiahed out
Wid a playin' in de meddah
An' a runnin' roun' about
Till hit s' made you mighty hongry
An' yo' nose hit gits to know
What de smell means dat s' a
comin'
Fom de open cabin do?
She wash yo' face
An' mek yo' place
You s' hongry as a tramp
Den hit s' eat you suppah right
away
You stavin' little scamp

When you s' full o' braid an' bacon
An' dey ain't no mo' to eat
An' de lasses dat's a stickin'
On yo' face tase kin o' sweet
Don' you tink hit s' kin o' pleasin'
Fu' to have sombody neah
Dat'll wipe yo' han's an' kiss you
Fo' dey lif you fom you cheah?
To smile so sweet
An' wash yo' feet
An' leave em col' an' damp
Den hit s' come let me undress
you now
You lazy little scamp

Don' yo' eyes git awful heavy,
An' yo' lip git awful slack
Ain't dey somp'n kin o' weak
nin
In de backbone of yo' back?

Don' yo' knees feel kin o' trumbly
An' yo' head go bobb'n roun',
When you says yo' Now I lay
me'
An' is sno'in on de "down"?
She kiss yo' nose
She kiss yo' toes
An' den tun out de lamp
Den hit s' creep into yo' trunnel
baid
You sleepy little scamp

WADIN IN DE CRICK

DAYS git w'm an' wamah
School gits mighty dull
Seems lak dese hyeah teachahs
Mus feel mussiful
Hookeys wrong I know it
Ain't no gent man's trick
But de ahs a-callin',
Come on to de crick "

Dah de watahs gu'glin'
Ovah shiny stones
Des hit s' vey singin'
Seems to soothe yo' bones
Wat s' de use o' waitin'
Go on good an' quick
Dain't no fun lak dis hyeah
Wadin' in de crick

Wat dat jay bud sayin' ?
Bettah shet yo' haid
Fus ting dat you fin out
You'll be layin' daid

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Jay-bu'ds sich a tattlah,
Des seem lak his trick
Fu' to tell on folkses
Wadin' in de crick

Willer boughs a-bendin'
Hidin' of de sky,
Wavin' kin' o' frien'ly
Ez de win' go by,
Elum trees a-shunn',
Dahk an' green an' thick,
Seem to say, "I see yo'
Wadin' in de crick "

But de trees don' chittah,
Dey des look an' sigh
Lak hit's kin' o' peaceful
Des a-bein' nigh,
An' yo' t'ank yo' Mastah
Dat dey trunks is thick
W'en yo' mammy fin's you
Wadin' in de crick

Den yo' run behin' dem
Lak yo' scahed to def,
Mammy come a-flyin',
Mos' nigh out o' bref,
But she set down gentle
An' she drap huh stick,—
An' fus' t'ing, dey's mammy
Wadin' in de crick.

THE QUILTING

DOLLY sits a-quilting by her
mother, stich by stich,
Gracious, how my pulses throb,
how my fingers itch,

While I note her dainty waist and
her slender hand,
As she matches this and that, she
stitches strand by strand
And I long to tell her Life's a
quilt and I'm a patch;
Love will do the stitching if she'll
only be my match

PARTED

SHE wrapped her soul in a lace of
lies,
With a prime deceit to pin it;
And I thought I was gaining a
fearsome prize,
So I staked my soul to win it.

We wed and parted on her com-
plaint,
And both were a bit of barter,
Tho' I'll confess that I'm no saint,
I'll swear that she's no martyr.

FOREVER

I HAD not known before
Forever was so long a word
The slow stroke of the clock of
time
I had not heard

'Tis hard to learn so late;
It seems no sad heart really
learns,
But hopes and trusts and doubts
and fears,
And bleeds and burns.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

The night is not all dark
Nor is the day all it seems
But each may bring me this relief —

My dreams and dreams

I had not known before
That Never was so sad a word
So wrap me in forgetfulness —
I have not heard

THE PLANTATION CHILD'S LULLABY

WINTAH time hit comin'
Stealin' thoo de night
Wake up in the mornin'
Evah ting is white
Cabin lookin' lonesome
Stannin' in de snow
Meks you kin' o' nervous
Wen de win hit blow

Trompin' back from feedin'
Col an' wet an' blue
Homespun jacket ragged
Win a blowin' thoo
Cabin lookin' cheerful
Unnerneaf de do
Yet you kin o' keerful
Wen de win hit blow

Hickory log a blazin'
Light a lookin' red
Faith o' eyes o' peepin'
Rom a trundle bed
Little feet a patterin'
Cleak across de flo'

Bettah had be keerful
Wen de win hit blow

Suppah done an' ovah
Evah ting is still
Listen to de snowman
Slippin' down de hill
Ashes on de fiah
Keep it wam but low
What s de use o' keerin'
Ef de win do blow?

Smoke house full o' bacon
Brown an' sweet an' good
Taters in de cellah
Possum roam de wood
Little baby snoozin'
Des ez ef he know
What s de use o' keerin'
Ef de win do blow?

TWILIGHT

'TwiXT a smile and a tear,
'TwiXT a song and a sigh
'TwiXT the day and the dark
When the night draweth nigh

Ah sunshine may fade
From the heavens above
No twilight have we
To the day of our love

CURIOSITY

MAMMYS in de Litchen an' de
do is shet
All de pickaninnies climb an' tug
an' sweat,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Gittin' to de winder, stickin' dah
lak flies,
Evah one ermong us des all nose
an' eyes

"Whut's she cookin', Isaac?"
"Whut's she cookin', Jake?"
"Is it sweet pertaters? Is hit pie
er cake?"

But we couldn't mek out even
whah we stood
Whut was mammy cookin' dat
could smell so good.

Mammy spread de winder, an'
she frown an' frown,
How de pickaninnies come a-tum-
blin' down!

Den she say: "Ef you-all keeps
a-peepin' in,
How I'se gwine to whup you, my!
't 'ill be a sin!"

Need n' come a-sniffin' an' a-nosin'
hyeah,
'Ca'se I knows my business, nevah
feah"

Won't somebody tell us — how I
wish dey would! —
Whut is mammy cookin' dat it
smells so good?

We know she means business, an'
we dassent stay,
Dough it's mighty tryin' fuh to
go erway,
But we goes a-troopin' down de
ol' wood-track

'Twell dat steamin' kitchen brings
us stealin' back,
Climbin' an' a-peepin' so's to see
inside

Whut on earf kin mammy be so
sha'p to hide?
I'd des up an' tell folks w'en I
knowed I could,
Ef I was a-cookin' t'ings dat smelt
so good

Mammy in de oven, an' I see huh
smile,
Moufs mus' be a-wat'rin' roun'
hyeah fuh a mile,
Den we almos' hollah ez we hu'ies
down,

'Ca'se hit's apple dumplin's, big an'
fat an' brown!

W'en de do' is opened, solemn lak
an' slow,
Wisht you see us settin' all dah
in a row

Innercent an' p'opah, des lak chill-
un should

W'en dey mammy's cookin' t'ings
dat smell so good

OPPORTUNITY

GRANNY'S gone a-visitin',
Seen huh git huh shawl
W'en I was a-hidin' down
Hime de gyahden wall
Seen huh put her bonnet on,
Seen huh tie de strings,
An' I'se gone to dreamin' now
'Bout dem cakes an' t'ings.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

On de she f behime de do —

Mussy what a fea s'

Soon ez she gits out o' sight,

I kin eat in peace

I bin watchin fu a week

Des fu dis hyeah chance

Mussy wen I gits in daih

I ll des sholy dance

Lemon pie an gingah cake,

Let me set an tink —

Vinegah an sugah too

Dat ll mek a drunk

Ef deys one ting dat I loves

Mos puticlahly

It is eatin sweet tings an

A drinkin Sangaree

Lawdy won po granny rath

Wen she see de she f

Wen I tink erbout huh face

Is mos shamed myse f

Well she gone an hyeah I is

Back behime de do —

Look hyeah! gran s done spected
me

Dain t no sweets no mo

Evah sweet is hid erway

Job des done up brown

Pusson tink dat someun tought

Dey was t eves erroun

Dat des breaks my heart in two

Oh how bad I feel!

Des to tink my own gramma

B lieved dat I u d steal!

PUTTIN THE BABY AWAY

EIGHT of em hyeah all tol an yet

Dese eyes o' mine is wringin wet,

My haht s a achin had an so

De way hit nevah ached befo

My souls a pleadin, Lawd give
back

Dis little lonesome baby black

Dis one dis las po he pless one

Whose little rice was too soon
run'

Po Little Jim des fo yerhs ol

A layin down so still an col

Somehow hit don seem hadly
faih

To have my baby lyin daih

Wi dout a smile upon his face

Wi dout a look erbout de place

He ust to be so full o' fun

Hit don seem right dat all s done
done

Des eight in all but I don crih

Dey want a single one to spaih

De worl was big so was my haht

An dis hyeah baby owned hit s
paht

De house was po dey clothes was
rough,

But daih was meat an meal
enough

An daih was room fu little Jim

Oh! Lawd what made you call fu
him?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

It do seem monst'ous ha'd to-day,
To lay dis baby boy away,
I'd learned to love his teasin'
smile,
He mought o' des been lef' er-
while,
You wouldn't t'ought wid all de
folks,
Dat's roun' hyciah mixin' teahs an'
jokes,
De Lawd u'd had de time to see
Dis chile an' tek him 'way f'om
me

But let it go, I reckon Jim,
'Ll des go right straight up to
Him
Dat took him f'om his mammy's
nest
An' lef' dis achin' in my breas',
An' lookin' in dat fathah's face
An' 'memberin' dis lone sorrerin'
place,
He'll say, "Good Lawd, you ought
to had
Do sumpin' fu' to comfo't dad!"

THE FISHER CHILD'S LUL- LABY

THE wind is out in its rage to-
night,
And your father is far at sea
The rime on the window is hard
and white
But dear, you are near to me.

Heave ho, weave low,
Waves of the briny deep,
Seethe low and breathe low,
But sleep you, my little one,
sleep, sleep

The little boat rocks in the cove no
more,
But the flying sea-gulls wail;
I peer through the darkness that
wraps the shore,
For sight of a home set sail
Heave ho, weave low,
Waves of the briny deep;
Seethe low and breathe low,
But sleep you, my little one,
sleep, sleep

Ay, lad of mine, thy father may
die
In the gale that rides the sea,
But we'll not believe it, not you
and I,
Who mind us of Galilee
Heave ho, weave low,
Waves of the briny deep,
Seethe low and breathe low,
But sleep you, my little one,
sleep, sleep

FAITH

I's a-gittin' weary of de way dat
people do,
De folks dat's got dey 'ligion in
dey fiah-place an' flue,
Dey's allus somep'n comin' so de
spit'll have to turn,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

An' hit tain t no p oposition fu to
mek de hickory bu n
Ef de sweet pertater fails us an de
gogeous yallah yam
We kin tek a bit o comfo't f om
ouah sto o summah jam
Wen de snow hit git to flyin
dat s de Mastah s own desiah
De Lawd ll run de wintah an yo
mammy ll run de fiah

I ain skeered because de win hit
staht to raih and blow
I ain t bothahed wen he come er
rattlin at de do
Let him taih hisse f an shout let
him blow an bawl

Dat s de time de branches shek an
bresh wood mence to fall
Wen de stom er railin an de
shettahs blowin bout
Dat de time de fiah place crack
hits welcome out
Tain my livin business fu to
trouble ner enquiah
De Lawd ll min de wintah an my
mammy ll min de fiah

Ash-cake allus gits ez brown wen
February s hyeah
Ez it does in bakin any otbah time
o yeah
De bacon smell ez callin like de
little rock an sing
De same way in de wintah dat dey
do it in de spring

Dey ain t no use in mopin round
an lookin mad an glum
Erbout de wintah season fu hit s
des plumb boun to come

An ef it comes to runnin tings
Is willin to retiah
De Lawd ll min de wintah an'
my mammy ll min de fiah

THE FARM CHILDS LULLABY

OH the little bird is rocking in
the cradle of the wind
And it s bye my little wee one
bye

The harvest all is gathered and
the pippins all are binned

Bye my little wee one bye

The little rabbits hiding in the
golden shock of corn

The thrifty squirrels laughing
bunny s idleness to scorn

You are smiling with the angels
in your slumber smile till
morn

So it s bye my little wee one
bye

There ll be plenty in the cellar
there ll be plenty on the
shelf

Bye my little wee one bye

There ll be goodly store of sweet
ings for a dainty little elf

Bye, my little wee one, bye

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

The snow may be a-flying o'er the
 meadow and the hill,
The ice has checked the chatter of
 the little laughing rill,
But in your cosey cradle you are
 warm and happy still,
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White thinks the
 snowflake is a brother to his
 song;

Bye, my little wee one, bye;
And the chimney sings the sweeter
 when the wind is blowing
 strong,

Bye, my little wee one, bye,
The granary's overflowing, full is
 cellar, crib, and bin,
The wood has paid its tribute and
 the ax has ceased its din,
The winter may not harm you
 when you're sheltered safe
 within,

So bye, my little wee one, bye

Oh, many have sought it,
And all would have bought it,
 With the blood we so recklessly
 spend,
But none has uncovered,
The gold, nor discovered
 The spot at the rainbow's end

They have sought it in battle,
And e'en where the rattle
 Of dice with man's blasphemy
 blends,
But howe'er persuasive,
It still proves evasive,
 This place where the rainbow
 ends

I own for my pleasure,
I yearn not for treasure,
 Though gold has a power it
 lends,
And I have a notion,
To find without motion,
 The place where the rainbow
 ends.

THE PLACE WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

THERE'S a fabulous story
Full of splendor and glory,
 That Arabian legends trans-
 cends,
Of the wealth without measure,
The coffers of treasure,
 At the place where the rainbow
 ends

The pot may hold pottage,
The place be a cottage,
 That a humble contentment de-
 fends,
Only joy fills its coffer,
But spite of the scoffer,
 There's the place where the rain-
 bow ends.

Where care shall be quiet,
And love shall run riot,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And I shall find wealth in my
friends
Then truce to the story
Of riches and glory
There's the place where the rain
bow ends

HOPE

De dog go howlin' long de road
De night come shiverin' down
My back is tired of its load
I can't be fu' fom town
No mattah ef de way is long
My halit is swellin' wid a song
No mattah bout de frownin'
skies
I'll soon be home to see my Lize
My shadder staggah on de way
It's monstous col' to night
But I kin hyeah my honey say
Wy bless me if de sight
O you ain't good fu' my so
eyes
(Dat talk's dis lak my lady Lize)
Is soj case de way was long
But Lawd you bring me love
an song
No mattah ef de way is long
An ef I trimbles so
I knows de fiah's burnin' strong
Behime my Lizy's do
An daih my res an joy shell be,
Whaih my ol' wifes awaitin'
me—

Why what I keer fu' stingin'
blis
I see huh windah light at las

APPRECIATION

My muvver's ist the nicest one
At ever lived wif folks
She lets you have ze mostes fun
An laffs at all your jokes
I got a ol' maid auntie, too
The worst you ever saw
Her eyes ist bore you through and
through—
She ain't a bit like ma
She's ist as slim as slim can be
An when you want to slide
Down on ze balusters wif she
Says at she's harrified
She ain't as nice as Uncle Ben
What says at little boys
Won't never grow to be big men
Unless they're fond of noise
But muvver's nicer zan 'em all
She calls you precious lamb
An let's you roll your ten pin ball
An spreads your bread wif jam
An when you're bad she ist looks
sad
You sink she's goin' to cry
An' when she don't you're awful
glad
An den you're good, Oh my!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

At night, she takes ze softest
hand,

An' lays it on your head,
An' says "Be off to Sleepy-Land
By way o' trundle-bed."

So when you fink what muvver
knows

An' aunts an' uncle tan't,
It skeers a feller, ist suppose
His muvver 'd been a aunt.

A SONG

ON a summer's day as I sat by a
stream,

A dainty maid came by,
And she blessed my sight like a
rosy dream,
And left me there to sigh, to
sigh,
And left me there to sigh, to
sigh

On another day as I sat by the
stream,

This maiden paused a while,
Then I made me bold as I told
my dream,
She heard it with a smile, a
smile,
She heard it with a smile, a
smile

Oh, the months have fled and the
autumn's red,

The maid no more goes by,

For my dream came true and the
maid I wed,

And now no more I sigh, I
sigh,

And now no more I sigh.

DAY

THE gray dawn on the mountain
top

Is slow to pass away.
Still lays him by in sluggish
dreams,

The golden God of day

And then a light along the hills,
Your laughter silvery gay,
The Sun God wakes, a bluebird
trills,

You come and it is day

TO DAN

STEP me now a bridal measure,
Work give way to love and leisure,
Hearts be free and hearts be gay —
Doctor Dan doth wed to-day

Diagnosis, cease your squalling —
Check that scalpel's senseless bawling,
ing,

Put that ugly knife away —
Doctor Dan doth wed to-day

'Tis no time for things unsightly,
Life's the day and life goes lightly;
Science lays aside her sway —
Love rules Dr Dan to-day

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Gather gentlemen and ladies
For the nuptial feast now made
is
Swing your garlands chant your
lay
For the pair who wed to-day

Wish them happy days and many,
Troubles few and griefs not any
Lift your brimming cups and say
God bless them who wed to-day

Then a cup to Cupid daring,
Who for conquest ever faring
With his arrows dares assail
E'en a doctor's coat of mail

So with blithe and happy hymning
And with harmless goblets brim
ming
Dance a step — musicians play —
Doctor Dan doth wed to day

WHAT S THE USE

WHAT s the use o' folks a frownin'
When the way s a little rough?
Frowns lay out the road fur smil
in

You'll be wrinkled soon enough
What s the use?

What s the use o' folks a sighin' ?
It s an awful waste o' breath
An a body can't stand wastin'
What he needs so bad in death
What s the use?

What s the use o' even weepin' ?
Might as well go long an smile
Life our longest strongest arrow
Only lasts a little while
What s the use?

A LAZY DAY

THE trees bend down along the
stream

Where anchored swings my tiny
boat.

The day is one to drowse and
dream

And list the thrush's throttling
note

When music from his bosom bleeds
Among the river's rustling reeds

No ripple stirs the placid pool
When my adventurous line is
cast,

A truce to sport while clear and
cool

The mirrored clouds slide softly
past

The sky gives back a blue divine
And all the world's wide wealth
is mine

A pickerel leaps a bow of light
The minnows shine from side to
side

The first faint breeze comes up
the tide —

I pause with half uplifted oar
While night drifts down to claim
the shore

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

ADVICE

W'EN you full o' worry
 'Bout yo' wo'k an' sich,
W'en you kind o' bothered
 Case you can't get rich,
An' yo' neighbor p'ospah
 Past his jest desu'ts,
An' de sneer of comerds
 Stuhes yo' heah't an' hu'ts,
Des don' pet yo' worries,
 Lay 'em on de she'f,
Tek a little trouble
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f

Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'
 'Bout his awful case,
You know you don' grieve him
 Wid a gloomy face,
But you wrassle wid him,
 Try to tek him in,
Dough hit cracks yo' features,
 Law, you smile lak sin,
Ain't you good ez he is?
 Don' you pine to def,
Tek a little trouble
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f

Ef de chillun pestahs,
 An' de baby's bad,
Ef yo' wife gits narvous,
 An' you're gettin' mad,
Des you grab yo' boot-strops,
 Hol' yo' body down,
Stop a-tinkin' cuss-w'rd's,
 Chase away de frown,
Knock de haid o' worry,
 Twell dey ain' none lef';

Tek a little trouble,
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

LIMITATIONS

Er you's only got de powah fe' to
 blow a little whistle,
 Keep ermong de people wid de
 whistles
Ef you don't, you'll fin' out sho'tly
 dat you's th'owed yo' fines'
 feelin'
 In a place dat's all a bed o' this-
 tles.

'Tain't no use a-goin' now, ez
 sho's you bo'n,
A-squeakin' of yo' whistle 'g'inst
 a gread big ho'n

Ef you ain't got but a teenchy bit
 o' victuals on de table,
 Whut' de use a-claimin' hit's a
 feas'?

Fe' de folks is mighty 'spicious,
 an' dey's ap' to come a-
 peerin',

 Lookin' fe' de scraps you lef'
 at leas'.

W'en de meal's a-hidin' f'om de
 meal-bin's top,
You needn't talk to hide it, ef you
 sta'ts, des stop

Ef yo' min' kin only carry half a
 pint o' common idees,
 Don' go roun' a-sayin' hit's a
 bar'l,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

C1 se de people gwine to test you
an dey ll fin out you s
a lyn
Den dey ll twis yo sayin s in a
snarl
Wuss ting in de country dat I
evah hyahed —
A crow dot srt a squawkin Is
a mockin bird

A GOLDEN DAY

I FOUND you and I lost you
All on a gleaming day
The day was filled with sunshine
And the land was full of May
A golden bird was singing
Its melody divine
I found you and I loved you
And all the world was mine
I found you and I lost you
All on a golden day
But when I dream of you dear
It is always brimming May

THE UNLUCKY APPLE

TWAS the apple that in Eden
Caused our father s primal fall
And the Trojan War remem
ber —
Twas an apple caused it all
So for weeks I ve hesitated
You can guess the reason why
For I want to tell my darling
She s the apple of my eye

THE DISCOVERY

THESE are the days of elfs and
fays
Who says that with the dreams of
myth
These imps and elves disport them
selves?
Ah no along the paths of song
Do all the tiny folk belong
Round all our homes
Kobolds and gnomes do daily cling
Then nightly fling their lanterns
out
And shout on shout they join the
rout
And sing and sing within the
sweet enchanted ring
Where gleamed the guile of moon
light s smile
Once paused I listening for a
while
And heard the lay unknown by
day —
The fairies dancing roundelay
Queen Mab was there her shim
mering hair
Each fairy prince s heart s despair
She smiled to see their sparkling
glee
And once I ween she smiled at me
Since when you may by night or
day
Dispute the sway of elf folk gay,
But hear me stay!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

I've learned the way to find Queen
Mab and elf and fay.

Where e'er by streams, the moon-
light gleams,
Or on a meadow softly beams,
There, footing round on dew-lit
ground,
The fairy folk may all be found

MORNING

THE mist has left the greenening
plain,
The dew-drops shine like fairy
rain,
The coquette rose awakes again
Her lovely self adorning
The Wind is hiding in the trees,
A sighing, soothing, laughing
tease,
Until the rose says "Kiss me,
please,"

'Tis morning, 'tis morning

With staff in hand and careless-
free,
The wanderer fares right jauntily,
For towns and houses are, thinks
he,

For scorning, for scorning
My soul is swift upon the wing,
And in its deeps a song I bring,
Come, Love, and we together sing,
" 'Tis morning, 'tis morning "

THE AWAKENING

I DID not know that life could be
so sweet,
I did not know the hours could
speed so fleet,
Till I knew you, and life was sweet
again
The days grew brief with love
and lack of pain —

I was a slave a few short days
ago,
The powers of Kings and Princes
now I know,
I would not be again in bondage,
save
I had your smile, the liberty I
crave

LOVE'S DRAFT

THE draft of love was cool and
sweet
You gave me in the cup,
But, ah, love's fire is keen and
fleet,
And I am burning up

Unless the tears I shed for you
Shall quench this burning flame,
It will consume me through and
through,
And leave but ash—a name

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

A MUSICAL

OUTSIDE the rain upon the street
The sky all grim of hue
Inside the music painful sweet
And yet I heard but you

As is a thrilling violin,
So is your voice to me
And still above the other strains
It sang in ecstasy

TWELL DE NIGHT IS PAS

ALL de night long twell de moon
goes down
Lovin I set at huh feet
Den fu' de long jouney back
fom de town
Had but de dreams mek it
sweet

All de night long twell de break of
de day
Dreamin agin in my sleep
Mandy comes drivin my sorrers
away
Axin me Wha' fu you
weep?

All de day long twell de sun goes
down
Smilin I ben to my hoe
Fu dough de weddah git nasty an
frown
One place I know I kin go

All my life long twell de night has
pas'

Let de wok come ez it will,
So dat I fin you my honey, at las
Somewhaith des ovah de hull

BLUE

STANDIN at de winder,
Feelin kind o glum
Listenin to de raindrops
Play de kettle drum,
Lookin crost de medders
Swimmin lak a sea
Lawd a mussy on us
Whats de good o me?

Can t go out a hoein
Wouldn t ef I could
Groun too wet fu huntin'
Fishin ain t no good
Too much noise fo' sleepin
No one hyciah to chat
Des mus stan an listen
To dat pit a pat

Hills is gittin misty
Valley s gittin dahk
Watch dogs mence a howlin
Rathah have em bak
Dan a moanin solemn
Somewhaith out o sight
Rain crow des a chucklin—
Dis is his delight

Mandy bring my banjo,
Bring de chillen in,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Come in f'om de kitchen,
I feel sick ez sin
Call in Uncle Isaac,
Call Aunt Hannah, too,
Tain't no use in talkin',
Chile, I's sholy blue

DREAMIN' TOWN

COME away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de skies don' nevah frown,
Mandy Lou,
Whaih he streets is paved with
gol',
Whaih de days is nevah col',
An' no sheep strays f'om de fol',
Mandy Lou

Ain't you tiahed of every day,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Tek my han' an' come away,
Mandy Lou,
To the place whaih dreams is
King,
Whaih my heart hol's everything,
An' my soul can allus sing,
Mandy Lou

Come away to dream wid me,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih our hands an' hea'ts are
free,
Mandy Lou,
Whaih de sands is shinin' white,
Whaih de rivahs glistens bright,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dreamland town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de fruit is bendin' down,
Des fu' you
Smooth your brow of lovin' brown,
An' my love will be its crown,
Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou.

AT NIGHT

WHUT time 'd dat clock strike?
Nine? No — eight,
I didn't think hit was so late
Aer chew! I must 'a' got a cough,
I raally b'lieve I did doze off —
Hit's mighty soothin' to de tiah,
A-dozin' dis way by de fiah,
Oo oom — hit feels so good to
stretch
I sutny is one weary wretch!
Look hyeah, dat boy done gone to
sleep!
He des ain't wo'th his boa'd an'
keep,
I des don't b'lieve he'd bat his
eyes
If Gab'el called him fo'm de
skies!
But sleepin's good dey ain't no
doubt —
Dis pipe o' mine is done gone
out
Don't bu'n a minute, bless my soul,
Des please to han' me dat ah
coal

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

You 'Lias git up now, my son
Seems lak my nap is des begun
You sutny mus mak down de day
Wen I treats comp'ny dis away!
Wy, Brother Jones, dat drowse
come on
An laws! I dremp dat you was
gone!
You Lias, whaih yo mannahs
suh
To hyeah me call an' nevah
stuh!

To morrer mo nin wen I call
Dat boy ll be sleepin to beat all
Don t mek no diffunce how I roah
Hell des lay up an sno and
sno
Now boy you done hyeahed whut
I said
You bettah tek yo se f yo baid
Case ef you gits me good an
wrong
I ll mek dat sno a diffunt song

Dis wood fiah is invitin dho
Hit seems to wa m de ve y flo —
An nuffin aint a whit ez sweet
Ez settin toastin of yo feet
Hit mek you drowsy too but La!
Hyeah Lias don t you hyeah
yo ma?

Ef I gits sta ted f om dis cheah
I lay you scamp, I ll mek you
heah!

To-morrer mo nin' I kin bawl
Twel all de neighbohs hyeah
me call,

An you ll be snoozin des ez deep
Ez if de dry was made fu sleep,
Hit s funny when you got a cough
Somehow yo voice seems too fu
off —
Can t wake dat boy fu' all I say
I reckon he ll sleep daih twell
day!

KIDNAPED

I HELD my heart so far from harm,
I let it wander far and free
In mead and mart without alarm,
Assured it must come back to
me

And all went well till on a day
Learned Dr Cupid wandered
by
A search along our sylvan way
For some peculiar butterfly

A flash of wings a hurried dive
A flutter and a short lived flit,
This Scientist as I am alive
Had seen my heart and captured
it

Right tightly now tis held among
The specimens that he has
trapped
And sings (Oh, love is ever
young),
'Tis passing sweet to be kid
naped

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

COMPENSATION

BECAUSE I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His great compassion
Gave me the gift of song

Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering
breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.

WINTER'S APPROACH

DE sun hit shine an' de win' hit
blow,
Ol' Brer Rabbit be a-layin' low,
He know dat de wintah time
a-comin',
De huntah man he walk an' wait,
He walk right by Brer Rabbit's
gate —
He know —

De dog he lick his sliverin' chop,
An' he tongue 'gin' his mouf go
flop, flop —
He —

He rub his nose fu' to clah his
scent
So's to tell w'ich way dat cotton-
tail went,
He —

De huntah's wife she set an' spin
A good wahn coat fu' to wrop him
in
She —

She look at de skillet an' she smile,
oh my!
An' ol' Brer Rabbit got to sholy
fly
Dey know.

ANCHORED

Ir thro' the sea of night which
here surrounds me,
I could swim out beyond the
farthest star,
Break every barrier of circumstance
that bounds me,
And greet the Sun of sweeter
life afar,
Tho' near you there is passion,
grief, and sorrow,
And out there rest and joy and
peace and all,
I should renounce that beckoning
for to-morrow,
I could not choose to go beyond,
your call

THE VETERAN

UNDERNEATH the autumn sky,
Haltingly, the lines go by.
Ah, would steps were blithe and
gay,
As when first they marched away,
Smile on lip and curl on brow,—
Only white-faced gray-beards now,
Standing on life's outer verge,
E'en the marches sound a dirge.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Blow, you bugles, play you fife,
Rattle, drums for dearest life
Let the flags wave freely o
As the marching legions go
Shout hurrah and laugh and jest,
This is memory at its best
(Did you notice at your quip,
That old comrade's quivering lip?)

Ah, I see them as they come,
Stumbling with the rumbling
drum,

But a sight more sad to me
Even than these ranks could be
Was that one with cane upraised
Who stood by and gazed and
gazed,

Trembling solemn, lips com-
pressed,
Longing to be with the rest

Did he dream of old alarms
As he stood 'presented arms'?
Did he think of field and camp
And the unremitting tramp
Mile on mile—the lonely guard
When he kept his midnight ward?
Did he dream of wounds and scars
In that bitter war of wars?

What of that? He stood and
stands

In my memory—trembling hands
Whitened beard and cane and all
As if waiting for the call
Once again To arms, my sons,'

And his ears hear far off guns,
Roll of cannon and the tread
Of the legions of the Dead!

YESTERDAY AND TO MORROW

YESTERDAY I held your hand
Reverently I pressed it
And its gentle yieldingness
From my soul I blessed it

But to day I sit alone
Sad and sore repining
Must our gold forever know
Flames for the refining?

Yesterday I walked with you
Could a day be sweeter?
Life was all a lyric song
Set to tricky meter

Ah to day is like a dirge—
Place my arms around you
Let me feel the same dear joy
As when first I found you

Let me once retrace my steps
From these roads unpleasant
Let my heart and mind and soul
All ignore the present

Yesterday the iron seared
And to day means sorrow
Pause, my soul arise arise
Look where gleams the morrow

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

THE CHANGE

LOVE used to carry a bow, you
know,
But now he carries a taper,
It is either a length of wax aglow,
Or a twist of lighted paper

I pondered a little about the scamp,
And then I decided to follow
His wandering journey to field and
camp,
Up hill, down dale or hollow

I dogged the rollicking, gay, young
blade
In every species of weather,
Till, leading me straight to the
home of a maid
He left us there together

And then I saw it, oh, sweet sur-
prise,
The taper it set a-burning
The love-light brimming my lady's
eyes,
And my heart with the fire of
yearning.

THE CHASE

THE wind told the little leaves to
hurry,
And chased them down the way,
While the mother tree laughed
loud in glee,
For she thought her babes at
play.

The cruel wind and the rain
laughed loudly,
We'll bury them deep, they said,
And the old tree grieves, and the
little leaves
Lie low, all chilled and dead

SUPPOSE

IF 'twere fair to suppose
That your heart were not taken,
That the dew from the rose
Petals still were not shaken,
I should pluck you,
Howe'er you should thorn me
and scorn me,
And wear you for life as the green
of the bower

If 'twere fair to suppose
That that road was for va-
grants,
That the wind and the rose,
Counted all in their fragrance,
Oh, my dear one,
By love, I should take you and
make you,
The green of my life from the
scintillant hour

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN

COVER him over with daisies white
And eke with the poppies red,
Sit with me here by his couch to-
night,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

For the First Born, Love, is
dead

Poor little fellow, he seemed so
fair

As he lay in my jealous arms,
Silent and cold he is lying there
Stripped of his darling charms

Lusty and strong he had grown
forsooth

Sweet with an infinite grace
Proud in the force of his conquer-
ing youth
Laughter alight in his face

Oh but the blast, it was cruel and
keen

And ah but the chill it was rare
The look of the winter-kissed
flow'r you've seen
When meadows and fields were
bare

Can you not wake from this white,
cold sleep

And speak to me once again?
True that your slumber is deep
so deep,
But deeper by far is my pain

Cover him over with daisies white
And eke with the poppies red
Sit with me here by his couch to-
night

For the First Born, Love is
dead

BEIN BACK HOME

HOME agin an' home to stay —

Yes, it's nice to be away
Plenty things to do an see
But the old place seems to me
Jest about the proper thing
Mebbe ts cause the mem'ries
cling

Closer round yore place o birth
'N ary other spot on earth

Wy it's nice jest settin here
Lookin out an seein clear,
Thout no smoke, ner dust ner
haze

In these sweet October days
What s as good as that there lane
Kind o browned from last night s
rain?

Pears like home has got the start
When the goals a feller s heart

What s as good as that there jay
Screechin up ards towards the
gray

Skies? An tell me what s as fine
As that full leafed pumpkin vine?
Tow rin buildin s — yes, they re
good

But in sight o field and wood
Then a feller understand s
Bout the house not made with
hans

Let the others rant an' roam
When they git away from home
Jest gi me my old settee

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

An' my pipe beneath a tree,
Sight o' medders green an' still,
Now and then a gentle hill,
Apple orchards, full o' fruit,
Nigh a cider press to boot —

That's the thing jest done up
brown,

D'want to be too nigh to town,
Want to have the smells an' sights,
An' the dreams o' long still nights,
With the friends you used to know
In the keerless long ago —
Same old cronies, same old folks,
Same old cider, same old jokes.

Say, it's nice a-gittin' back,
When yore pulse is growin' slack,
An' yore breath begins to wheeze
Like a fair-set valley breeze,
Kind o' nice to set aroun'
On the old familiar groun',
Knowin' that when Death does
come,
That he'll find you right at home.

THE OLD CABIN

IN de dead of night I sometimes,
Git to t'inkin' of de pas'
An' de days w'en slavery helt me
In my mis'ry — ha'd an' fas'
Dough de time was mighty tryin',
In dese houahs somehow hit
seem

Dat a brightah light come slippin'
Thoo de kivahs of my dream.

An' my min' fu'gits de whuppins
Drap de feah o' block an' lash
An' flies straight to somep'n' joy-
ful

In a secon's lightnin' flash.
Den hit seems I see a vision
Of a dearah long ago
Of de childern tumblin' roun' me
By my rough ol' cabin do'

Talk about yo' go'geous mansions
An' yo' big house great an'
gran',

Des bring up de fines' palace
Dat you know in all de lan'.
But dey's somep'n' dearah to me,
Somep'n' faihah to my eyes
In dat cabin, less you bring me
To yo' mansion in de skies.

I kin see de light a-shinin'
Thoo de chinks atween de logs,
I kin hyeah de way-off bayin'
Of my mastah's huntin' dogs,
An' de neighin' of de hosses
Stampin' on de ol' bahn flo',
But above dese soun's de laughin'
At my deah ol' cabin do'.

We would gethah dah at evenin',
All my frien's 'ud come erroun'
An' hit wan't no time, twell, bless
you,

You could hyeah de banjo's
soun'.

You could see de dahkies dancin'
Pigeon wing an' heel an' toe —

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Joyous times I tell you people
Roun dat same ol cabin do

But at times my toughts gits sad
dah,

Ez I riccolec de folks
An dey frolickin an' talkin
Wid dey laughin an dey jokes
An hit hu ts me wen I membahs
Dat I ll nevah see no mo
Dem ah faces gethered smilin
Roun dat po ol cabin do

DESPAIR

LET me close the eyes of my soul
That I may not see
What stands between thee and me

Let me shut the ears of my heart
That I may not hear
A voice that drowns yours my
dear

Let me cut the cords of my life,
Of my desolate being
Since cursed is my hearing and see
ing

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

TIM Murphy's gon walkin wid
Maggie O'Neill
O chone!

If I was her muther I'd frown
on sich foolin
O chone!

I m sure it s unmutherlike, darin'
an wrong

To let a gyru! hear tell the sass an
the song

Of every young felly that happens
along
O chone!

An' Murphy the things thats
ben sed of his doin ,
O chone!

'Tis a cud that no dacent folks
wants to be chewin ,
O chone!

If he came to my door wid his
cane on a twirl

Fur to thry to make love to you,
Biddy my girl,

Ah wouldnt I send him away
wid a whirl
O chone!

They say the gossoon is indecent
and dirty,
O chone!

In spite of his dressin so
O chone!

Let him dress up ez foine ez a
king or a queen

Let him put on more wrinkles
than ever was seen,

Youll be sure hes no match for
my little colleen
O chone!

Faith the two is comin' back an
their walk is all over,
O chone!

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

'Twas a pretty short walk fur to
take wid a lover,

O chone!

Why, I believe that Tim Mur-
phy's a kumin' this way,

Ah, Biddy jest look at him steppin'
so gay,

I'd niver belave what the gos-
sipers say,

O chone!

He's turned in the gate an' he's
coming a-caperin',

O chone!

Go, Biddy, go quick an' put on a
clane apern,

O chone!

Be quick as ye kin fur he's right at
the dure;

Come in, master Tim, fur ye're
welcome I'm shure.

We were talkin' o' ye jest a minute
before.

O chone!

TILL THE WIND GETS RIGHT

OH the breeze is blowin' balmy

An the sun is in a haze,

There's a cloud jest givin' coolness
To the laziest of days.

There are crowds upon the lake-
side,

But the fish refuse to bite,

So I'll wait and go a-fishin'

When the wind gets right.

Now my boat tugs at her anchor,

Eager now to kiss the spray,

While the little waves are callin'

Drowsy sailor come away,

There's a harbor for the happy,

And its sheen is just in sight,

But I won't set sail to get there,

Till the wind gets right.

That's my trouble, too, I reckon,

I've been waitin' all too long,

Tho' the days were always

Still the wind is always wrong

An' when Gabriel blows his trum-

pet,

In the day o' in the night,

I will still be found waitin',

Till the wind gets right.

A SUMMER NIGHT

SUMMAH is de lovin' time —

Do' keer what you say.

Night is allus peart an' prime,

Bettah dan de day.

Do de day is sweet an' good,

Birds a-singin' fine,

Pines a-smellin' in de wood,—

But de night is mine.

Rivah whisperin' "howdy do,"

Ez it pass you by —

Moon a-lookin' down at you,

Winkin' on de sly.

Frogs a-croakin' f'om de pon',

Singin' bass dey fill,

An' you listen way beyon'

Ol' man whippo'will.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Hush up honey tek my han'
Mek yo footsteps light
Somep n' kin' o hol's de lan
On a summah night
Somep n dat you nevah sees
An you nevah hyeahs
But you feels it in de breeze,
Somep'n nigh to teahs

Somep n nigh to teahs? dat s so
But hit s nigh to smiles
An you feels it ez you go
Down de shunin' miles
Tek my han my little dove
Hush an' come erway —
Summah is de time fu' love
Night time beats de day!

AT SUNSET TIME

ADOWN the west a golden glow
Sinks burning in the sea
And all the dreams of long ago
Come flooding back to me
The past has writ a story strange
Upon my aching heart
But time has wrought a subtle
change
My wounds have ceased to
smart

No more the quick delight of
youth
No more the sudden pain,
I look no more for trust or truth
Where greed may compass gain

What, was it I who bared my
heart
Through unrelenting years
And knew the sting of misery's
dart
The tang of sorrow's tears?

Tis better now I do not weep,
I do not laugh nor care
My soul and spirit half asleep
Drift aimless everywhere
We float upon a sluggish stream
We ride no rapids mad
While life is all a tempered dream
And every joy half sad

NIGHT

SILENCE and whirling worlds afar
Through all encircling skies
What floods come o'er the spirit's
bar,
What wondrous thoughts arise

The earth, a mantle falls away,
And winged we leave the sod
Where shines in its eternal sway
The majesty of God

AT LOAFING HOLT

SINCE I left the city's heat
For this sylvan cool retreat,
High upon the hill side here
Where the air is clean and clear
I have lost the urban ways

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Mine are calm and tranquil days,
Sloping lawns of green are mine,
Clustered treasures of the vine,
Long forgotten plants I know,
Where the best wild berries grow,
Where the greens and grasses
 sprout,

When the elders blossom out
Now I am grown weather-wise
With the lore of winds and skies
Mine the song whose soft refrain
Is the sigh of summer rain
Seek you where the woods are cool,
Would you know the shady pool
Where, throughout the lazy day,
Speckled beauties drowse or play?
Would you find in rest or peace
Sorrow's permanent release? —
Leave the city, grim and gray,
Come with me, ah, come away
Do you fear the winter chill,
Depths of snow upon the hill?
'Tis a mantle, kind and warm,
Shielding tender shoots from harm
Do you dread the ice-clad
 streams,—

They are mirrors for your dreams
Here's a rouse, when summer's
 past

To the raging winter's blast
Let him roar and let him rout,
We are armored for the bout.
How the logs are glowing, see!
Who sings louder, they or he?
Could the city be more gay?
Burn your bridges! Come away!

WHEN A FELLER'S ITCHIN' TO BE SPANKED

W'EN us fellers stomp around,
 makin' lots o' noise,
Gramma says, "There's certain
 times come to little boys
W'en they need a shingle or the
 soft side of a plank,"
She says "we're a-itchin' for a
 right good spank"

An' she says, "Now thes you
 wait,
It's a-comin'—soon or late,
W'en a feller's itchin' fer a spank"

W'en a feller's out o' school, you
 know how he feels,
Gramma says we wriggle 'roun'
 like a lot o' eels

W'y it's like a man that's thes
 home from out o' jail
What's the use o' scoldin' if we
 pull Tray's tail?

Gramma says, tho', "Thes you
 wait,
It's a-comin'—soon or late,
You'se the boys that's itchin' to
 be spanked"

Cats is funny creatures an' I like
 to make 'em yowl,
Gramma alwus looks at me with
 a awful scowl

An' she says, "Young gentlemen,
 mamma should be thanked
Ef you'd get your knickerbockers
 right well spanked."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

An she says 'Now thes you
wait

It's a comin'—soon or late"

Wen a feller's itchin to be
spanked

Ef you fin the days is gettin
awful hot in school

An you know a swimmin place
where it's nice and cool

Er you know a cat fish hole brim
min full o fish

Whose a goin to set around school
and wish?

Tain't no use to hide your bait

It's a comin—soon or late

Wen a feller's itchin to be
spanked

Ol folks know most ever thing
bout the world I guess

Gramma does we wish she knowed
thes a little less

But I alwus kind o think it ud be
as well

Ef they wouldn't alwus have to
up an tell,

We kids wish at they'd thes
wait

It's a comin—soon or late

Wen a feller's itchin to be
spanked

THE RIVER OF RUIN

ALONG by the river of ruin
They dally—the thoughtless ones,
They dance and they dream

By the side of the stream,
As long as the river runs

It seems all so pleasant and
cheery—

No thought of the morrow is
theirs

And their faces are bright

With the sun of delight

And they dream of no night
brooding cares

The women wear garlanded
tresses

The men have rings on their
hands

And they sing in their glee

For they think they are free—

They that know not the treacher
ous sands

Ah but this be a venturesome jour
ney

Forever those sands are ashift,

And a step to one side

Means a grasp of the tide

And the current is fearful and
swift

For once in the river of ruin

What boots it, to do or to dare,

For down we must go

In the turbulent flow

To the desolate sea of Despair

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

TO HER

YOUR presence like a benison to
me

Wakes my sick soul to dreamful
ecstasy,

I fancy that some old Arabian
night

Saw you my hour and my heart's
delight

And wandering forth beneath the
passionate moon,

Your love-strung zither and my
soul in tune,

We knew the joy, the haunting of
the pain

That like a flame thrills
through me now again.

To-night we sit where sweet the
spice winds blow,

A wind the northland lacks and
ne'er shall know,

With clasped hands and spirits all
aglow

As in Arabia in the long ago.

A LOVE LETTER

OH, I des received a letter f'om de
sweetest little gal;

Oh, my, oh, my

She's my lovely little sweetheart
an' her name is Sal.

Oh, my, oh, my.

She writes me dat she loves me an'
she loves me true,

She wonders ef I'll tell huh dat

I loves huh, too,

An' my heaht's so full o' music dat

I do' know what to do,

Oh, my, oh, my

I got a man to read it an' he read
it fine,

Oh, my; oh, my.

Dey ain' no use denying dat her
love is mine,

Oh, my, oh, my

But hyeah's de t'ing dat's puttin'
me in such a awful plight,

I t'ink of huh at mornin' an' I
dream of huh at night,

But how's I gwine to cou't huh
w'en I do' know how to
write?

Oh, my, oh, my

My heaht is bubblin' ovah wid de
t'ings I want to say,

Oh, my, oh, my.

An' dey's lots of folks to copy
what I tell 'em fu' de pay,

Oh, my, oh, my

But dey's t'ings dat I's a-t'inkin'
dat is only fu' huh ears,

An' I couldn't lu'n to write 'em ef
I took a dozen years,

So to go down dah an' tell huh
is de only way, it 'pears,

Oh, my, oh, my

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

AFTER MANY DAYS

I've always been a faithful man
An tried to live for duty
But the stringent mode of life
Has somewhat lost its beauty

The story of the generous bread
He sent upon the waters
Which after many days returns
To trusting sons and daughters,

Had oft impressed me, so I want
My soul influenced by it
And bought a loaf of bread and
sought
A stream where I could try it

I cast my bread upon the waves
And fancied then to await it
It had not floated far away
When a fish came up and ate it

And if I want both fish and bread
And surely both I'm wanting,
About the only way I see
Is for me to go fishing

LIZA MAY

Little brown face full of smiles
And a baby's guileless wiles
Liza May Liza May

Eyes a peeping thro' the fence
With an interest intense
Liza May

Ah, the gate is just ajar,
And the meadow is not far,
Liza May Liza May

And the road feels very sweet,
To your little toddling feet,
Liza May

Ah, you roguish runaway,
What will toiling mother say
Liza May, Liza May?

What care you who smile to greet
Everyone you chance to meet,
Liza May?

Soft the mill race sings its song
Just a little way along
Liza May, Liza May

But the song is full of guile
Turn ah turn your steps the
while
Liza May

You have caught the gleam and
glow
Where the darkling waters flow
Liza May, Liza May

Flash of ripple bend of bough
Where are all the angels now?
Liza May

Now a mother's eyes intense
Gazing o'er a shabby fence
Liza May Liza May

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Then a mother's anguished face
Peering all around the place,
Liza May.

Hear the agonizing call
For a mother's all in all,
Liza May, Liza May.

Hear a mother's maddened prayer
To the calm unanswering air,
Liza May

What's become of — Liza May?
What has darkened all the day?
Liza May, Liza May.

Ask the waters dark and fleet,
If they know the smiling, sweet
Liza May.

Call her, call her as you will,
On the meadow, on the hill,
Liza May, Liza May.

Through the brush or beaten track
Echo only gives you back,
Liza May

Ah, but you were loving — sweet,
On your little toddling feet,
Liza May, Liza May.

But through all the coming years,
Must a mother breathe with tears,
Liza May.

THE MASTERS

Oh, who is the Lord of the land of
life,

When hotly goes the fray?
When, fierce we smile in the midst
of strife
Then whom shall we obey?

Oh, Love is the Lord of the land
of life

Who holds a monarch's sway,
He wends with wish of maid and
wife,
And him you must obey

Then who is the Lord of the land
of life,

At setting of the sun?
Whose word shall sway when
Peace is rife
And all the fray is done?

Then Death is the Lord of the
land of life,

When your hot race is run
Meet then his scythe and pruning-
knife
When the fray is lost or won.

TROUBLE IN DE KITCHEN

DEY was oncet a awful quail
'twixt de skillet an' de pot,
De pot was des a-bilin' an' de skil-
let sho' was hot
Dey slurred each othah's colah an'
dey called each othah names,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Wile de coal oil can des gu gled,
po in oil erpon de flames

De pot, hit called de skillet des a
flat disfiggered ting
An de skillet plied dat all de pot
could do was set an sing
An he lowed dat dey was lusions
dat he wouldn't stoop to mek
'Case he reckernize his juty, an' he
had too much at steak

Well at dis de pot biled ovah case
his tempah gittin highah,
An' 'de skillet got to sputtern
den de fat was in de fiah
Mistah fiah lay daih smokin an
a tinkin to hisse f
Wile de peppah box us nudgin of
de gingah on de she f

Den dey all des lei hit to 'im,
bout de trouble an de talk
An' howevah he decided w y dey
bofe u d walk de chalk
But de fiah uz so sgusted how dey
quoil an dey shout
Dat he cooled em off I reckon
wen he puffed an' des went
out

CHRISTMAS

STEP wid de banjo an glide wid
de fiddle
Dis ain no time fu to pottah
an piddle

Fu' Christmas is comin', it's right
on de way

An deys houahs to dance 'fo
de break o de day

What if de win' is tairin' an'
whistlin'?

Look at dat fiah how hit s
spittin' an bristlin!

Heat in de ashes an heat in de
cind'rs

Ol' mistah Fros kin des look
thoo de windahs

Heat up de toddy an' pas' de wa m
glasses,

Don stop to shivah at blowin s
an blas es

Keep on de kittle an keep it a
hummin

Eat all an drink all deys lots
mo' a comin

Look hyeah, Maria don't open
dat oven

Want all dese people a pushin
an shovin'?

Res' fom de dance? Yes you
done cotch dat odah,

Mammy done cotch it an law!
hit nigh flo d huh

'Possum is monstous fu mekin
folks fin it!

Come draw yo cheers up I s
sho I do min it

Eat up dem critters you men folks
an wimmens

Possums ain' skace wen deys
lots o pu simmons

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

ROSES AND PEARLS

YOUR spoken words are roses fine
and sweet,
The songs you sing are perfect
pearls of sound
How lavish nature is about your
feet,
To scatter flowers and jewels both
around.

Blushing the stream of petal beauty
flows,
Softly the white strings trickle
down and shine.
Oh! speak to me, my love, I crave
a rose.
Sing me a song, for, I would pearls
were mine.

RAIN-SONGS

THE rain streams down like harp-
strings from the sky,
The wind, that world-old
harpist sitteth by;
And ever as he sings his low re-
frain,
He plays upon the harp-strings
of the rain

A LOST DREAM

AH, I have changed, I do not
know
Why lonely hours affect me so.

In days of yore, this were not wont,
No loneliness my soul could daunt.

For me too serious for my age,
The weighty tome of hoary sage,
Until with puzzled heart astir,
One God-giv'n night, I dreamed
of her.

I loved no woman, hardly knew
More of the sex that strong men
woo
Than cloistered monk within his
cell;
But now the dream is lost, and hell
Holds me her captive tight and
fast
Who prays and struggles for the
past
No living maid has charmed my
eyes,
But now, my soul is wonder-wise

For I have dreamed of her and
seen
Her red-brown tresses' ruddy
sheen,
Have known her sweetness, lip to
lip,
The joy of her companionship

When days were bleak and winds
were rude,
She shared my smiling solitude,
And all the bare hills walked with
me
To hearken winter's melody.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

And when the spring came o'er the
land
We fared together hand in hand
Beneath the linden's leafy screen
That waved above us faintly
green

In summer, by the river-side
Our souls were kindred with the
tide

That floated onward to the sea
As we swept toward Eternity

The bird's call and the water's
drone
Were all for us and us alone
The water fall that sang all night
Was her companion my delight

And even the squirrel, as he sped
Along the branches overhead,
Half kindly and half envious
Would chatter at the joy of us

'Twas but a dream, her face, her
hair,
The spring time sweet, the winter
bare
The summer when the woods we
ranged —
'Twas but a dream, but all is
changed

Yes, all is changed and all has
fled

The dream is broken shattered
dead

And yet sometimes I pray to know
How just a dream could hold me
so

A SONG

THOU art the soul of a summer's
day

Thou art the breath of the rose
But the summer is fled
And the rose is dead

Where are they gone who know
who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart o
hearts

Thou art my soul's repose
But my heart grows numb
And my soul is dumb

Where art thou love, who knows
who knows?

Thou art the hope of my after
years —

Sun for my winter snows
But the years go by

'Neath a clouded sky
Where shall we meet who knows,
who knows?

MISCELLANEOUS

THE CAPTURE

Duck come switchin cross de lot

Hi oh Miss Lady!

Hurry up an hide de pot

Hi oh Miss Lady!

Ducks a mighty spicuous fowl,

Slick as snake an wise as owl,

Hol' dat dog don't let him yowl!

Hi oh Miss Lady!

Thow dat co'n out kind o' slow

Hi oh Miss Lady!

Keep yo'self behin de do

Hi oh Miss Lady!

Lots o' food'll kill his feah

Co'n is cheap but fowls is deah —

"Come good ducky, come on
heah

Hi, oh Miss Lady!

Ain't he fat and ain't he fine

Hi oh Miss Lady!

Des can't wait to make him
mine

Hi oh Miss Lady!

See him waddle when he walk

Sh! keep still and don't you talk!

Got you! Don't you dah to
squawk!

Hi oh, Miss Lady!

WHEN WINTER DARKEN ING ALL AROUND

WHEN winter covering all the
ground

Hides every sign of Spring sir

However you may look around

Pray what will then you sing
sir?

The Spring was here last year I
know

And many bards did flute sir

I shall not fear a little snow

Forbid me from my lute sir

If words grow dull and rhymes
grow rare

I'll sing of Spring's farewell sir

For every season steals in air

Which has a Springtime smell
sir

But if upon the other side

With passionate longing burn
ing

Will seek the half unjeweled tide

And sing of Spring's returning

FROM THE PORCH AT RUNNYMEDE

I STAND above the city's rush and
din

And gaze far down with calm
and undimmed eyes

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

To where the misty smoke wreath
 grey and dim
Above the myriad roofs and
 spires rise,

Still is my heart and vacant is my
 breath —

 This lovely view is breath and
 life to me,

Why I could charm the icy soul
 of death

 With such a sight as this I stand
 and see

I hear no sound of labor's din or
 stir,

 I feel no weight of worldly
 cares or fears,

Sweet song of birds, of wings the
 soothing whirl,

 These sounds alone assail my
 listening ears

Unwhipt of conscience here I
 stand alone,

 The breezes humbly kiss my gar-
 ment's hem,

I am a king — the whole world is
 my throne,

 The blue grey sky my royal
 diadem

EQUIPMENT

WITH what thou gavest me, O
 Master,

 I have wrought

Such chances, such abilities,
 To see the end was not for my
 poor eyes,
Thine was the impulse, thine the
 forming thought.

Ah, I have wrought,
 And these sad hands have right
 to tell their story,

It was no hard up striving after
 glory,

 Catching and losing, gaining
 and failing,

Raging me back at the world's
 raucous railing.

 Simply and humbly from stone
 and from wood,

Wrought I the things that to thee
 might seem good

If they are little, ah God! but the
 cost,

 Who but thou knowest the all
 that is lost!

If they are few, is the workman-
 ship true?

 Try them and weigh me, what-
 e'er be my due!

EVENING

THE moon begins her stately ride
 Across the summer sky;

The happy wavelets lash the
 shore,—

 The tide is rising high.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Beneath some friendly blade of
grass

The lazy beetle covers,
The coffers of the air are filled
With offerings from the flow-
ers.

And slowly buzzing o'er my head
A swallow wings her flight
I hear the weary plowman sing
As falls the restful night

TO PRIMITIVE

(Lines on reading Driftwood)

DRIFTWOOD gathered here and
there

Along the beach of time
Now and then a chip of truth
'Mid boards and boughs of rhyme
Driftwood gathered day by day —
The cypress and the oak —
Twigs that in some former time
From sturdy home trees broke
Did this wood come floating thick
All along down Injin Creek?
Or did kind tides bring it thence
From the past's receding sea
Down the stream of memory?

TO THE MIAMI

Kiss me Miami thou most con-
stant one!
I love thee more for that thou
changest not

When Winter comes with frigid
blast

Or when the blithesome Spring
is past

And Summer's here with sun-
shine hot

Or in sore Autumn thou has
still the power

To charm alike whatever the hour

Kiss me Miami with thy dewy
lips

Throbs fast my heart even as
thine own breast beats

My soul doth rise as rise thy
waves

As each on each the dark shore
laves

And breaks in ripples and re-
treats

There is a poem in thine every
phase

Thou still has sung through all
thy days.

Tell me Miami, how it was with
thee

When years ago Tecumseh in
his prime

His birch boat o'er thy waters
sent

And pitched upon thy banks his
tent

In that long gone poetic time
Did some bronze bard thy flowing

stream sit by

And sing thy praises even as I?

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Did some bronze lover 'neath this
dark old tree
Whisper of love unto his Indian
maid?
And didst thou list his murmurs
deep,
And in thy bosom safely keep
The many raging vows they
said?
Or didst thou tell to fish and frog
and bird
The raptured scenes that there
occurred?
But, O dear stream, what volumes
thou couldst tell
To all who know thy language
as I do,
Of life and love and jealous hate!
But now to tattle were too late,—
Thou who hast ever been so
true
Tell not to every passing idler
here
All those sweet tales that reached
thine ear
But, silent stream, speak out and
tell me this
I say that men and things are
still the same;
Were men as bold to do and dare?
Were women then as true and
fair?
Did poets seek celestial flame,
The hero die to gain a laureled
brow,
And women suffer, then as now?

CHRISTMAS CAROL

RING out, ye bells!
All Nature swells
With gladness at the wondrous
story,—
The world was lorn,
But Christ is born
To change our sadness into glory

Sing, earthlings, sing!
To-night a King
Hath come from heaven's high
throne to bless us
The outstretched hand
O'er all the land
Is raised in pity to caress us

Come at his call,
Be joyful all,
Away with mourning and with
sadness!
The heavenly choir
With holy fire
Their voices raise in songs of glad-
ness

The darkness breaks
And Dawn awakes,
Her cheeks suffused with youthful
blushes.
The rocks and stones
In holy tones
Are singing sweeter than the
thrushes

Then why should we
In silence be,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When Nature lends her voice to
praises

When heaven and earth
Proclaim the truth
Of Him for whom that lone star
blazes?

No be not still
But with a will
Strike all your harps and set them
ringing
On hill and heath
Let every breath
Throw all its power into singing!

A SUMMER PASTORAL

It's hot to day The bees is
buzzin
Kinder don't leer like aroun
An fur off the warm air dances
O'er the parchin roofs in town
In the brook the cows is standin
Childern hidin in the hay
Can't keep none of 'em a workin',
Cause it's hot to day

It's hot to-day The sun is
blazin
Like a great big ball o' fire
Seems as ef instead o' settin
It keeps mountin higher an
higher
I'm as triflin as the children,
Though I blame them lots an'
scold
I keep slippin to the spring house
Where the milk is rich an cold

The very air within its shadder
Smells o' cool an restful things
An a roguish little robin
Sits above the place an sings
I don't mean to be a shurkin
But I linger by the way
Longer, mebbe than is needful,
'Cause it's hot to day

It's hot to-day The horses stum-
ble
Half asleep across the fieds
An a host o' teasin' fancies
O'er my burnin senses steals—
Dreams o' cool rooms curtains
lowered
An' a sofys temptin look
Patter o' composin' raindrops
Or the ripple of a brook

I strike a stump! That wakes
me sudden
Dreams all vanish into air
Lordy! how I chew my whiskers
'Twouldn't do fur me to swear
But I have to be so keerful
Bout my thoughts an' what I
say
Somethin might slip out unheeded
Cause it's hot to day

Git up there Suke! you, Sal, git
over!
Sakes alive! how I do sweat
Every stitch that I've got on me
Bet a cent, is wringin wet
If this keeps up I'll lose my tem-
per

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Gee there, Sal, you lazy brute!
Wonder who on airth this weather
Could 'a' be'n got up to suit?

You, Sam, go bring a tin o' water;
Dash it all, don't be so slow!
'Pears as ef you tuk an hour
'Tween each step to stop an'
blow.

Think I want to stand a meltin'
Out here in this b'ilin' sun,
While you stop to think about it?
Lift them feet o' your'n an' run

It ain't no use, I'm plumb fe-
taggled

Come an' put this team away.
I won't plow another furrer,
It's too mortal hot to-day.
I ain't weak, nor I ain't lazy,
But I'll stand this half day's loss
'Fore I let the devil make me
Lose my patience an' git cross.

IN SUMMER TIME

WHEN summer time has come,
and all

The world is in the magic thrall
Of perfumed airs that lull each
sense

To fits of drowsy indolence,
When skies are deepest blue above,
And flow'rs aflush,—then most I
love

To start, while early dews are
damp,

And wend my way in woodland
tramp

Where forests rustle, tree on tree,
And sing their silent songs to me;
Where pathways meet and path
ways part,—

To walk with Nature heart by
heart,

Till wearied out at last I lie
Where some sweet stream steals
singing by

A mossy bank; where violets vie
In color with the summer sky,—
Or take my rod and line and hook,
And wander to some darkling
brook,

Where all day long the willows
dream,

And idly droop to kiss the stream,
And there to loll from morn till
night —

Unheeding nibble, run, or bite —
Just for the joy of being there
And drinking in the summer air,
The summer sounds, and summer
sights,

That set a restless mind to rights
When grief and pain and raging
doubt

Of men and creeds have worn it
out;

The birds' song and the water's
drone,

The humming bees' low monotone,
The murmur of the passing breeze,
And all the sounds akin to these,
That make a man in summer time

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Feel only fit for rest and rhyme
Joy springs all radiant in my
breast

Though pauper poor, than king
more blest

The tide beats in my soul so strong
That happiness breaks forth in
song

And rings aloud the welkin blue
With all the songs I ever knew
O time of rapture! time of song!
How swiftly glide thy days along
Adown the current of the years
Above the rocks of grief and tears!
'Tis wealth enough of joy for me
In summer time to simply be

A THANKSGIVING POEM

THE sun hath shed its kindly
light

Our harvesting is gladly o'er
Our fields have felt no killing
blight

Our bins are filled with goodly
store

From pestilence fire flood and
sword

We have been spared by thy de-
cree

And now with humble hearts O
Lord

We come to pay our thanks to
thee

We feel that had our merits been
The measure of thy gifts to us

We erring children, born of sin,
Might not now be rejoicing
thus

No deed of ours hath brought us
grace,

When thou wert nigh our sight
was dull,

We hid in trembling from thy
face

But thou O God wert merci-
ful

Thy mighty hand o'er all the land
Hath still been open to bestow
Those blessings which our wants
demand

From heaven whence all bless-
ings flow

Thou hast with ever watchful eye
Looked down on us with holy
care

And from thy storehouse in the
sky

Hast scattered plenty every
where

Then lift we up our songs of
praise

To thee O Father good and
kind

To thee we consecrate our days
Be thine the temple of each
mind

With incense sweet our thanks
ascend,

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Before thy works our powers
 pall,
Though we should strive years
 without end,
We could not thank thee for
 them all.

NUTTING SONG

THE November sun invites me,
And although the chill wind smites
 me,
I will wander to the woodland
 Where the laden trees await,
And with loud and joyful singing
I will set the forest ringing,
As if I were king of Autumn,
 And Dame Nature were my
 mate,—

While the squirrel in his gambols
Fearless round about me ambles,
As if he were bent on showing
 In my kingdom he'd a share,
While my warm blood leaps and
 dashes,
And my eye with freedom flashes,
As my soul drinks deep and deeper
 Of the magic in the air

There's a pleasure found in nut-
 ting,
All life's cares and griefs outshut-
 ting,
That is fuller far and better
 Than what prouder sports im-
 part.

Who could help a carol trilling
As he sees the baskets filling?
Why, the flow of song keeps run-
 ning
O'er the high walls of the heart.

So when I am home returning,
When the sun is lowly burning,
I will once more wake the echoes
 With a happy song of praise,—
For the golden sunlight blessing,
And the breezes' soft caressing,
And the precious boon of living
 In the sweet November days

LOVE'S PICTURES

LIKE the blush upon the rose
 When the wooing south wind
 speaks,

Kissing soft its petals,
 Are thy cheeks

Tender, soft, beseeching, true
 Like the stars that deck the skies
Through the ether sparkling,
 Are thine eyes.

Like the song of happy birds,
 When the woods with spring re-
 joice,
In their blithe awak'ning,
 Is thy voice

Like soft threads of clustered silk
 O'er thy face so pure and fair,
Sweet in its profusion,
 Is thy hair.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Like a fair but fragile vase,
Triumph of the carver's art
Graceful formed and slender—
Thus thou art

Ah thy cheek, thine eyes thy
voice,
And thy hair's delightful wave
Make me I'll confess it,
Thy poor slave!

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

'Tis an old deserted homestead
On the outskirts of the town
Where the roof is all moss covered
And the walls are tumbling
down
But around that little cottage
Do my brightest memories cling
For 'twas there I spent the moments
Of my youth—life's happy
spring

I remember how I used to
Swing upon the old front gate
While the robin in the tree tops
Sung a night song to his mate
And how later in the evening
As the beaux were wont to do
Mr Perkins in the parlor
Sat and sparked my sister Sue

There my mother—heaven bless
her!—

Kissed or spanked as was our
need

And by smile or stroke implanted
In our hearts fair virtues seed
While my father, man of wisdom
Lawyer keen, and farmer stout
Argued long with neighbor Dob
bins

How the corn crops would turn
out

Then the quiltings and the
dances—

How my feet were wont to fly,
While the moon peeped through
the barn chinks

From her stately place on high
Oh those days so sweet so happy
Ever backward o'er me roll
Still the music of that farm life
Rings an echo in my soul

Now the old place is deserted,
And the walls are falling down,
All who made the home life cheer
ful,

Now have died or moved to
town

But about that dear old cottage
Shall my memories ever cling
For 'twas there I spent the mo
ments

Of my youth—life's happy
spring

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

ON THE DEATH OF W. C

THOU arrant robber, Death!
Couldst thou not find
Some lesser one than he
To rob of breath,—
Some poorer mind
Thy prey to be?

His mind was like the sky,—
As pure and free,
His heart was broad and open
As the sea
His soul shone purely through his
face,
And Love made him her dwelling
place

Not less the scholar than the
friend,
Not less a friend than man;
The manly life did shorter end
Because so broad it ran

Weep not for him, unhappy Muse!
His merits found a grander use
Some other-where God wisely
sees

The place that needs his qualities.
Weep not for him, for when Death
lowers

O'er youth's ambrosia-scented bow-
ers

He only plucks the choicest flow-
ers

AN OLD MEMORY

How sweet the music sounded
That summer long ago,
When you were by my side, love,
To list its gentle flow.

I saw your eyes a-shining,
I felt your rippling hair,
I kissed your pearly cheek, love,
And had no thought of care.

And gay or sad the music,
With subtle charm replete,
I found in after years, love
'Twas you that made it sweet.

For standing where we heard it,
I hear again the strain;
It wakes my heart, but thrills it
With sad, mysterious pain

It pulses not so joyous
As when you stood with me,
And hand in hand we listened
To that low melody.

Oh, could the years turn back,
love!

Oh, could events be changed
To what they were that time, love,
Before we were estranged,

Wert thou once more a maiden
Whose smile was gold to me,
Were I once more the lover
Whose word was life to thee,—

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

O God! could all be altered
The pain, the grief the strife
And wert thou — as thou shouldst
be —
My true and loyal wife!

But all my tears are idle
And all my wishes vain
What once you were to me, love,
You may not be again

For I alas! like others
Have missed my dearest aim
I asked for love Oh mockery!
Fate comes to me with fame!

A CAREER

'BREAK me my bounds and let
me fly
To regions vast of boundless sky
Nor I like piteous Daphne be
Root bound Ah no! I would
be free

As yon same bird that in its flight
Outstrips the range of mortal
sight

Free as the mountain streams that
gush

From bubbling springs and down
ward rush

Across the serrate mountain's
side —

The rocks overwhelmed their
banks defied —

And like the passions in the soul
Swell into torrents as they roll

Oh circumscribe me not by rules
That serve to lead the minds of
fools!

But give me pow'r to work my
will,

And at my deeds the world shall
thrill

My words shall rouse the slumber-
ing zest

That hardly stirs in manhood's
breast

And as the sun feeds lesser lights
As planets have their satellites

So round about me will I bind
The men who prize a master
mind!

He lived a silent life alone
And laid him down when it was
done

And at his head was placed a
stone

On which was carved a name un-
known!

ON THE RIVER

THE sun is low
The waters flow,
My boat is dancing to and fro
The eve is still
Yet from the hill
The kildeer echoes loud and shrill

The paddles splash
The wavelets dash
We see the summer lightning flash

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

While now and then,
In marsh and fen
Too muddy for the feet of men,

Where neither bird
Nor beast has stirred,
The spotted bullfrog's croak is
 heard
The wind is high,
The grasses sigh,
The sluggish stream goes sobbing
 by.

And far away
The dying day
Has cast its last effulgent ray;
While on the land
The shadows stand
Proclaiming that the eve's at hand.

POOR WITHERED ROSE

A Song

Poor withered rose, she gave it me,
Half in revenge and half in glee;
Its petals not so pink by half
As are her lips when curled to
 laugh,
As are her cheeks when dimples
 gay
In merry mischief o'er them play.

Chorus

Forgive, forgive, it seems un-
 kind
To cast thy petals to the
 wind,

But it is right, and lest I err
So scatter I all thought of her.

Poor withered rose, so like my
 heart,
That wilts at sorrow's cruel dart.
Who hath not felt the winter's
 blight
When every hope seemed warm
 and bright?
Who doth not know love unre-
 turned,
E'en when the heart most wildly
 burned?

Poor withered rose, thou liest
 dead,
Too soon thy beauty's bloom hath
 fled
'Tis not without a tearful ruth
I watch decay thy blushing routh;
And though thy life goes out in
 dole,
Thy perfume lingers in my soul.

WORN OUT

You bid me hold my peace
And dry my fruitless tears,
Forgetting that I bear
 A pain beyond my years.

You say that I should smile
And drive the gloom away;
I would, but sun and smiles
Have left my life's dark day.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

All time seems cold and void
And naught but tears remain
Life's music beats for me
A melancholy strain

I used at first to hope
But hope is past and gone,
And now without a ray
My cheerless life drags on

Like to an ash stained hearth
When all its fires are spent,
Like to an autumn wood
By storm winds rudely shent —

So sadly goes my heart
Unclothed of hope and peace,
It asks not joy again
But only seeks release

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(From a Westerners Point of View)

No matter what you call it,
Whether genius or art,
He sings the simple songs that
come

The closest to your heart
For trim and skillful phrases,
I do not keep a jot
Taint the words alone, but feel
in

That touch the tender spot
And that's just why I love him,—
Why he's got such human
feeling

And in every song he gives us
You can see it creeping, stealing,

Through the core the tears go
trickling,
But the edge is bright and
smiling,

I never saw a poet
Like that poet Whitcomb Riley

His heart keeps beating time with
our

In measures fast or slow,
He tells us just the same old things
Our souls have learned to know

He paints our joys and sorrows
In a way so strictly true,
That a body can't help knowing
That he has felt them too

If there's a lesson to be taught
He never fears to teach it
And he puts the food so good and
low

That the humblest one can reach
it

Now in our time, when poets
rhyme

For money, fun or fashion
Tis good to hear one voice so clear
That thrills with honest passion
So let the others build their songs
And strive to polish highly —

There's none of them can touch the
heart

Like our own Whitcomb Riley

A MADRIGAL

DREAM days of fond delight and
hours

As rosy hued as dawn are mine

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

Love's drowsy wine,
Brewed from the heart of Passion
 flowers,
Flows softly o'er my lips
And save thee, all the world is
 in eclipse.

There were no light if thou wert
 not,
The sun would be too sad to
 shine,
And all the line
Of hours from dawn would be a
 blot,
And Night would haunt the
 skies,
An unlaid ghost with staring
 dark-ringed eyes

Oh, love, if thou wert not my love,
And I perchance not thine —
 what then?
Could gift of men
Or favor of the God above,
Plant aught in this bare heart
Or teach this tongue the sing-
 er's soulful art?

Ah, no! 'Tis love, and love alone
That spurs my soul so surely on;
Turns night to dawn,
And thorns to roses fairest blown;
And winter drear to spring —
Oh, were it not for love I could
 not sing!

A STARRY NIGHT

A CLOUD fell down from the heav-
 ens,
And broke on the mountain's
 brow,
It scattered the dusky fragments
All over the vale below

The moon and the stars were anx-
 ious
To know what its fate might be;
So they rushed to the azure op'n-
 ing,
And all peered down to see.

A LYRIC

My lady love lives far away,
And oh my heart is sad by day,
And ah my tears fall fast by night,
What may I do in such a plight

Why, miles grow few when love is
 fleet,
And love, you know, hath flying
 feet,
Break off thy sighs and witness
 this,
How poor a thing mere distance is

My love knows not I love her so,
And would she scorn me, did she
 know?

How may the tale I would impart
Attract her ear and storm her
 heart?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Calm thou the tempest in my
breast

Who loves in silence loves the
best

But bide thy time she will awake
No night so dark but morn will
break

But though my heart so strongly
yearn

My lady loves me not in turn
How may I win the blest reply
That my void heart shall satisfy

Love breedeth love be thou but
true

And soon thy love shall love thee
too

If Fate hath meant you heart for
heart,

There's naught may keep you
twain apart

HOW SHALL I WOO THEE

How shall I woo thee to win thee
mine own?

Say in what tongue shall I tell
of my love

I who was fearless so timid have
grown,

All that was eagle has turned
into dove

The path from the meadow that
leads to the bars

Is more to me now than the path
of the stars

How shall I woo thee to win thee
mine own

Thou who art fair and as far as
the moon?

Had I the strength of the torrent's
wild tone

Had I the sweetness of warblers
in June

The strength and the sweetness
might charm and persuade

But neither have I my petition to
aid

How shall I woo thee to win thee
mine own?

How shall I traverse the dis-
tance between

My humble cot and your glorious
throne?

How shall a clown gain the ear
of a queen?

Oh teach me the tongue that shall
please thee the best

For till I have won thee my heart
may not rest

heap of straw, a torch was put to it, and a great blaze shot up, to the delight of the children who frisked round it screaming out some old popular verses about the death of the Carnival. Sometimes the effigy was rolled down the slope of a hill before being burnt. At Saint-Lô the ragged effigy of Shrove Tuesday was followed by his widow, a big burly lout dressed as a woman with a crape veil, who emitted sounds of lamentation and woe in a stentorian voice. After being carried about the streets on a litter attended by a crowd of maskers, the figure was thrown into the River Vire. The final scene has been graphically described by Madame Octave Feuillet as she witnessed it in her childhood some sixty years ago. "My parents invited friends to see, from the top of the tower of Jeanne Couillard, the funeral procession passing. It was there that, quaffing lemonade—the only refreshment allowed because of the fast—we witnessed at nightfall a spectacle of which I shall always preserve a lively recollection. At our feet flowed the Vire under its old stone bridge. On the middle of the bridge lay the figure of Shrove Tuesday on a litter of leaves, surrounded by scores of maskers dancing, singing, and carrying torches. Some of them in their motley costumes ran along the parapet like fiends. The rest, worn out with their revels, sat on the posts and dozed. Soon the dancing stopped, and some of the troop, seizing a torch, set fire to the effigy, after which they flung it into the river with redoubled shouts and clamour. The man of straw, soaked with resin, floated away burning down the stream of the Vire, lighting up with its funeral fires the woods on the bank and the battlements of the old castle in which Louis XI and Francis I had slept. When the last glimmer of the blazing phantom had vanished, like a falling star, at the end of the valley, every one withdrew, crowd and maskers alike, and we quitted the ramparts with our guests."

In the neighbourhood of Tübingen on Shrove Tuesday a straw-man, called the Shrovetide Bear, is made up, he is dressed in a pair of old trousers, and a fresh black-pudding or two squirts filled with blood are inserted in his neck. After a formal condemnation he is beheaded, laid in a coffin, and on Ash Wednesday is buried in the churchyard. This is called "Burying the Carnival." Amongst some of the Saxons of Transylvania the Carnival is hanged. Thus at Braller on Ash Wednesday or Shrove Tuesday two white and two chestnut horses draw a sledge on which is placed a straw-man swathed in a white cloth, beside him is a cart-wheel which is kept turning round. Two lads disguised as old men follow the sledge lamenting. The rest of the village lads, mounted on horseback and decked with ribbons, accompany the procession, which is headed by two girls crowned with evergreen and drawn in a waggon or sledge. A trial is held under a tree, at which lads disguised as soldiers pronounce sentence of death. The two old men try to rescue the straw-man and to fly with him, but to no purpose; he is caught by the two girls and handed over to the executioner, who hangs him on a tree. In vain the old men try to climb up the tree and take him down; they always tumble down,

and at last in despair they throw themselves on the ground and weep and howl for the hanged man. An official then makes a speech in which he declares that the Carnival was condemned to death because he had done them harm, by wearing out their shoes and making them tired and sleepy. At the "Burial of Carnival" in Lechrain, a man dressed as a woman in black clothes is carried on a litter or bier by four men; he is lamented over by men disguised as women in black clothes, then thrown down before the village dung-heap, drenched with water, buried in the dung-heap, and covered with straw. On the evening of Shrove Tuesday the Esthoniains make a straw figure called *metsik* or "wood-spirit"; one year it is dressed with a man's coat and hat, next year with a hood and a petticoat. This figure is stuck on a long pole, carried across the boundary of the village with loud cries of joy, and fastened to the top of a tree in the wood. The ceremony is believed to be a protection against all kinds of misfortune.

Sometimes at these Shrovetide or Lenten ceremonies the resurrection of the pretended dead person is enacted. Thus, in some parts of Swabia on Shrove Tuesday Dr. Iron-Beard professes to bleed a sick man, who thereupon falls as dead to the ground; but the doctor at last restores him to life by blowing air into him through a tube. In the Harz Mountains, when Carnival is over, a man is laid on a baking-trough and carried with dirges to a grave; but in the grave a glass of brandy is buried instead of the man. A speech is delivered and then the people return to the village-green or meeting-place, where they smoke the long clay pipes which are distributed at funerals. On the morning of Shrove Tuesday in the following year the brandy is dug up and the festival begins by every one tasting the spirit which, as the phrase goes, has come to life again.

§ 3. *Carrying out Death* —The ceremony of "Carrying out Death" presents much the same features as "Burying the Carnival", except that the carrying out of Death is generally followed by a ceremony, or at least accompanied by a procession, of bringing in Summer, Spring, or Life. Thus in Middle Franken, a province of Bavaria, on the fourth Sunday in Lent, the village urchins used to make a straw effigy of Death, which they carried about with burlesque pomp through the streets, and afterwards burned with loud cries beyond the bounds. The Frankish custom is thus described by a writer of the sixteenth century: "At Mid-Lent, the season when the church bids us rejoice, the young people of my native country make a straw image of Death, and fastening it to a pole carry it with shouts to the neighbouring villages. By some they are kindly received, and after being refreshed with milk, peas, and dried pears, the usual food of that season, are sent home again. Others, however, treat them with anything but hospitality, for, looking on them as harbingers of misfortune, to wit of death, they drive them from their boundaries with weapons and insults." In the villages near Erlangen, when the fourth Sunday in Lent came round, the peasant girls used to dress themselves in all their finery with flowers in their hair. Thus attired they repaired

to the neighbouring town, carrying puppets which were adorned with leaves and covered with white cloths. These they took from house to house in pairs, stopping at every door where they expected to receive something, and singing a few lines in which they announced that it was Mid-Lent and that they were about to throw Death into the water. When they had collected some trifling gratuities they went to the River Regnitz and flung the puppets representing Death into the stream. This was done to ensure a fruitful and prosperous year, further, it was considered a safeguard against pestilence and sudden death. At Nuremberg girls of seven to eighteen years of age go through the streets bearing a little open coffin, in which is a doll hidden under a shroud. Others carry a beech branch, with an apple fastened to it for a head, in an open box. They sing, "We carry Death into the water, it is well," or "We carry Death into the water, carry him in and out again." In some parts of Bavaria down to 1780 it was believed that a fatal epidemic would ensue if the custom of "Carrying out Death" were not observed.

In some villages of Thuringen, on the fourth Sunday of Lent, the children used to carry a puppet of birchen twigs through the village, and then threw it into a pool, while they sang, "We carry the old Death out behind the herdsman's old house; we have got Summer, and Kroden's (?) power is destroyed." At Debschwitz or Dobschwitz, near Gera, the ceremony of "Driving out Death" is or was annually observed on the first of March. The young people make up a figure of straw or the like materials, dress it in old clothes, which they have begged from houses in the village, and carry it out and throw it into the river. On returning to the village they break the good news to the people, and receive eggs and other victuals as a reward. The ceremony is or was supposed to purify the village and to protect the inhabitants from sickness and plague. In other villages of Thuringen, in which the population was originally Slavonic, the carrying out of the puppet is accompanied with the singing of a song, which begins, "Now we carry Death out of the village and Spring into the village." At the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century the custom was observed in Thuringen as follows. The boys and girls made an effigy of straw or the like materials, but the shape of the figure varied from year to year. In one year it would represent an old man, in the next an old woman, in the third a young man, and in the fourth a maiden, and the dress of the figure varied with the character it personated. There used to be a sharp contest as to where the effigy was to be made, for the people thought that the house from which it was carried forth would not be visited with death that year. Having been made, the puppet was fastened to a pole and carried by a girl if it represented an old man, but by a boy if it represented an old woman. Thus it was borne in procession, the young people holding sticks in their hands and singing that they were driving out Death. When they came to water they threw the effigy into it and ran hastily back, fearing that it might jump on their shoulders and wring their

necks. They also took care not to touch it, lest it should dry them up. On their return they beat the cattle with the sticks, believing that this would make the animals fat or fruitful. Afterwards they visited the house or houses from which they had carried the image of Death, where they received a dole of half-boiled peas. The custom of "Carrying out Death" was practised also in Saxony. At Leipsic the bastards and public women used to make a straw effigy of Death every year at Mid-Lent. This they carried through all the streets with songs and showed it to the young married women. Finally they threw it into the River Parthe. By this ceremony they professed to make the young wives fruitful, to purify the city, and to protect the inhabitants for that year from plague and other epidemics.

Ceremonies of the same sort are observed at Mid-Lent in Silesia. Thus in many places the grown girls with the help of the young men dress up a straw figure with women's clothes and carry it out of the village towards the setting sun. At the boundary they strip it of its clothes, tear it in pieces, and scatter the fragments about the fields. This is called "Burying Death." As they carry the image out, they sing that they are about to bury Death under an oak, that he may depart from the people. Sometimes the song runs that they are bearing Death over hill and dale to return no more. In the Polish neighbourhood of Gross-Strehlitz the puppet is called *Goik*. It is carried on horseback and thrown into the nearest water. The people think that the ceremony protects them from sickness of every sort in the coming year. In the districts of Wohlau and Guhrau the image of Death used to be thrown over the boundary of the next village. But as the neighbours feared to receive the ill-omened figure, they were on the look-out to repel it, and hard knocks were often exchanged between the two parties. In some Polish parts of Upper Silesia the effigy, representing an old woman, goes by the name of *Marzana*, the goddess of death. It is made in the house where the last death occurred, and is carried on a pole to the boundary of the village, where it is thrown into a pond or burnt. At Polkwitz the custom of "Carrying out Death" fell into abeyance, but an outbreak of fatal sickness which followed the intermission of the ceremony induced the people to resume it.

In Bohemia the children go out with a straw-man, representing Death, to the end of the village, where they burn it, singing—

<p><i>" Now carry we Death out of the village, The new Summer into the village,</i></p>	<p><i>Welcome, dear Summer, Green little corn "</i></p>
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At Tabor in Bohemia the figure of Death is carried out of the town and flung from a high rock into the water, while they sing—

<p><i>" Death swims on the water, Summer will soon be here, We carried Death away for you, We brought the Summer</i></p>	<p><i>And do thou, O holy Marketa, Give us a good year For wheat and for rye "</i></p>
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In other parts of Bohemia they carry Death to the end of the village, singing—

*" We carry Death out of the village,
And the New Year into the village.*

*Dear Spring, we bid you welcome,
Green grass, we bid you welcome "*

Behind the village they erect a pyre, on which they burn the straw figure, reviling and scoffing at it the while Then they return, singing—

*" We have carried away Death,
And brought Life back.*

*He has taken up his quarters in the village,
Therefore sing joyous songs "*

In some German villages of Moravia, as in Jassnitz and Seitendorf, the young folk assemble on the third Sunday in Lent and fashion a straw-man, who is generally adorned with a fur cap and a pair of old leathern hose, if such are to be had. The effigy is then hoisted on a pole and carried by the lads and lasses out into the open fields On the way they sing a song, in which it is said that they are carrying Death away and bringing dear Summer into the house, and with Summer the May and the flowers. On reaching an appointed place they dance in a circle round the effigy with loud shouts and screams, then suddenly rush at it and tear it to pieces with their hands Lastly, the pieces are thrown together in a heap, the pole is broken, and fire is set to the whole. While it burns the troop dances merrily round it, rejoicing at the victory won by Spring, and when the fire has nearly died out they go to the householders to beg for a present of eggs wherewith to hold a feast, taking care to give as a reason for the request that they have carried Death out and away.

The preceding evidence shows that the effigy of Death is often regarded with fear and treated with marks of hatred and abhorrence Thus the anxiety of the villagers to transfer the figure from their own to their neighbours' land, and the reluctance of the latter to receive the ominous guest, are proof enough of the dread which it inspires Further, in Lusatia and Silesia the puppet is sometimes made to look in at the window of a house, and it is believed that some one in the house will die within the year unless his life is redeemed by the payment of money Again, after throwing the effigy away, the bearers sometimes run home lest Death should follow them, and if one of them falls in running, it is believed that he will die within the year At Chrudim, in Bohemia, the figure of Death is made out of a cross, with a head and mask stuck at the top, and a shirt stretched out on it. On the fifth Sunday in Lent the boys take this effigy to the nearest brook or pool, and standing in a line throw it into the water Then they all plunge in after it, but as soon as it is caught no one more may enter the water. The boy who did not enter the water or entered it last will die within the year, and he is obliged to carry the Death back to the village The effigy is then burned On the other hand, it is believed that no one will die within the year in the house out of which the figure of Death has been carried, and the village out of which Death has been driven is sometimes supposed to be protected against

sickness and plague. In some villages of Austrian Silesia on the Saturday before Dead Sunday an effigy is made of old clothes, hay, and straw, for the purpose of driving Death out of the village. On Sunday the people, armed with sticks and straps, assemble before the house where the figure is lodged. Four lads then draw the effigy by cords through the village amid exultant shouts, while all the others beat it with their sticks and straps. On reaching a field which belongs to a neighbouring village they lay down the figure, cudgel it soundly, and scatter the fragments over the field. The people believe that the village from which Death has been thus carried out will be safe from any infectious disease for the whole year.

§ 4 *Bringing in Summer*—In the preceding ceremonies the return of Spring, Summer, or Life, as a sequel to the expulsion of Death, is only implied or at most announced. In the following ceremonies it is plainly enacted. Thus in some parts of Bohemia the effigy of Death is drowned by being thrown into the water at sunset, then the girls go out into the wood and cut down a young tree with a green crown, hang a doll dressed as a woman on it, deck the whole with green, red, and white ribbons, and march in procession with their *Lito* (Summer) into the village, collecting gifts and singing—

<i>" Death swims in the water,</i>	<i>With yellow pancakes</i>
<i>Spring comes to visit us,</i>	<i>We carried Death out of the village,</i>
<i>With eggs that are red,</i>	<i>We are carrying Summer into the village "</i>

In many Silesian villages the figure of Death, after being treated with respect, is stript of its clothes and flung with curses into the water, or torn to pieces in a field. Then the young folk repair to a wood, cut down a small fir-tree, peel the trunk, and deck it with festoons of evergreens, paper roses, painted egg-shells, motley bits of cloth, and so forth. The tree thus adorned is called Summer or May. Boys carry it from house to house singing appropriate songs and begging for presents. Among their songs is the following :

<i>" We have carried Death out,</i>	<i>The Summer and the May,</i>
<i>We are bringing the dear Summer back,</i>	<i>And all the flowers gay "</i>

Sometimes they also bring back from the wood a prettily adorned figure, which goes by the name of Summer, May, or the Bride. In the Polish districts it is called *Dziewanna*, the goddess of spring.

At Eisenach on the fourth Sunday in Lent young people used to fasten a straw-man, representing Death, to a wheel, which they trundled to the top of a hill. Then setting fire to the figure they allowed it and the wheel to roll down the slope. Next they cut a tall fir-tree, tricked it out with ribbons, and set it up in the plain. The men then climbed the tree to fetch down the ribbons. In Upper Lusatia the figure of Death, made of straw and rags, is dressed in a veil furnished by the last bride and a shirt provided by the house in which the last death took place. Thus arrayed the figure is stuck on the end of a long pole and carried at full speed by the tallest and strongest girl, while the rest

pelt the effigy with sticks and stones. Whoever hits it will be sure to live through the year. In this way Death is carried out of the village and thrown into the water or over the boundary of the next village. On their way home each one breaks a green branch and carries it gaily with him till he reaches the village, when he throws it away. Sometimes the young people of the next village, upon whose land the figure has been thrown, run after them and hurl it back, not wishing to have Death among them. Hence the two parties occasionally come to blows.

In these cases Death is represented by the puppet which is thrown away, Summer or Life by the branches or trees which are brought back. But sometimes a new potency of life seems to be attributed to the image of Death itself, and by a kind of resurrection it becomes the instrument of the general revival. Thus in some parts of Lusatia women alone are concerned in carrying out Death, and suffer no male to meddle with it. Attired in mourning, which they wear the whole day, they make a puppet of straw, clothe it in a white shirt, and give it a broom in one hand and a scythe in the other. Singing songs and pursued by urchins throwing stones, they carry the puppet to the village boundary, where they tear it in pieces. Then they cut down a fine tree, hang the shirt on it, and carry it home singing. On the Feast of Ascension the Saxons of Braller, a village of Transylvania, not far from Hermannstadt, observe the ceremony of "Carrying out Death" in the following manner. After morning service all the school-girls repair to the house of one of their number, and there dress up the Death. This is done by tying a threshed-out sheaf of corn into a rough semblance of a head and body, while the arms are simulated by a broomstick thrust through it horizontally. The figure is dressed in the holiday attire of a young peasant woman, with a red hood, silver brooches, and a profusion of ribbons at the arms and breast. The girls bustle at their work, for soon the bells will be ringing to vespers, and the Death must be ready in time to be placed at the open window, that all the people may see it on their way to church. When vespers are over, the longed-for moment has come for the first procession with the Death to begin; it is a privilege that belongs to the school-girls alone. Two of the older girls seize the figure by the arms and walk in front, all the rest follow two and two. Boys may take no part in the procession, but they troop after it gazing with open-mouthed admiration at the "beautiful Death." So the procession goes through all the streets of the village, the girls singing the old hymn that begins—

*"Gott mein Vater, deine Liebe
Reicht so weit der Himmel ist,"*

to a tune that differs from the ordinary one. When the procession has wound its way through every street, the girls go to another house, and having shut the door against the eager prying crowd of boys who follow at their heels, they strip the Death and pass the naked truss of straw out of the window to the boys, who pounce on it, run out of the

village with it without singing, and fling the dilapidated effigy into the neighbouring brook. This done, the second scene of the little drama begins. While the boys were carrying away the Death out of the village, the girls remained in the house, and one of them is now dressed in all the finery which had been worn by the effigy. Thus arrayed she is led in procession through all the streets to the singing of the same hymn as before. When the procession is over they all betake themselves to the house of the girl who played the leading part. Here a feast awaits them from which also the boys are excluded. It is a popular belief that the children may safely begin to eat gooseberries and other fruit after the day on which Death has thus been carried out; for Death, which up to that time lurked especially in gooseberries, is now destroyed. Further, they may now bathe with impunity out of doors. Very similar is the ceremony which, down to recent years, was observed in some of the German villages of Moravia. Boys and girls met on the afternoon of the first Sunday after Easter, and together fashioned a puppet of straw to represent Death. Decked with bright-coloured ribbons and cloths, and fastened to the top of a long pole, the effigy was then borne with singing and clamour to the nearest height, where it was stript of its gay attire and thrown or rolled down the slope. One of the girls was next dressed in the gauds taken from the effigy of Death, and with her at its head the procession moved back to the village. In some villages the practice is to bury the effigy in the place that has the most evil reputation of all the country-side. Others throw it into running water.

In the Lusatian ceremony described above, the tree which is brought home after the destruction of the figure of Death is plainly equivalent to the trees or branches which, in the preceding customs, were brought back as representatives of Summer or Life, after Death had been thrown away or destroyed. But the transference of the shirt worn by the effigy of Death to the tree clearly indicates that the tree is a kind of revivification, in a new form, of the destroyed effigy. This comes out also in the Transylvanian and Moravian customs: the dressing of a girl in the clothes worn by the Death, and the leading her about the village to the same song which had been sung when the Death was being carried about, show that she is intended to be a kind of resuscitation of the being whose effigy has just been destroyed. These examples therefore suggest that the Death whose demolition is represented in these ceremonies cannot be regarded as the purely destructive agent which we understand by Death. If the tree which is brought back as an embodiment of the reviving vegetation of spring is clothed in the shirt worn by the Death which has just been destroyed, the object certainly cannot be to check and counteract the revival of vegetation. It can only be to foster and promote it. Therefore the being which has just been destroyed—the so-called Death—must be supposed to be endowed with a vivifying and quickening influence, which it can communicate to the vegetable and even the animal world. This ascription of a life-giving virtue to the figure of Death is put

beyond a doubt by the custom, observed in some places, of taking pieces of the straw effigy of Death and placing them in the fields to make the crops grow, or in the manger to make the cattle thrive. Thus in Spachendorf, a village of Austrian Silesia, the figure of Death, made of straw, brushwood, and rags, is carried with wild songs to an open place outside the village and there burned, and while it is burning a general struggle takes place for the pieces, which are pulled out of the flames with bare hands. Each one who secures a fragment of the effigy ties it to a branch of the largest tree in his garden, or buries it in his field, in the belief that this causes the crops to grow better. In the Troppau district of Austrian Silesia the straw figure which the boys make on the fourth Sunday in Lent is dressed by the girls in woman's clothes and hung with ribbons, necklace, and garlands. Attached to a long pole it is carried out of the village, followed by a troop of young people of both sexes, who alternately frolic, lament, and sing songs. Arrived at its destination—a field outside the village—the figure is stripped of its clothes and ornaments, then the crowd rushes at it and tears it to bits, scuffling for the fragments. Every one tries to get a wisp of the straw of which the effigy was made, because such a wisp, placed in the manger, is believed to make the cattle thrive. Or the straw is put in the hens' nest, it being supposed that this prevents the hens from carrying away their eggs, and makes them brood much better. The same attribution of a fertilising power to the figure of Death appears in the belief that if the bearers of the figure, after throwing it away, beat cattle with their sticks, this will render the beasts fat or prolific. Perhaps the sticks had been previously used to beat the Death, and so had acquired the fertilising power ascribed to the effigy. We have seen, too, that at Leipsic a straw effigy of Death was shown to young wives to make them fruitful.

It seems hardly possible to separate from the May-trees the trees or branches which are brought into the village after the destruction of the Death. The bearers who bring them in profess to be bringing in the Summer, therefore the trees obviously represent the Summer, indeed in Silesia they are commonly called the Summer or the May, and the doll which is sometimes attached to the Summer-tree is a duplicate representative of the Summer, just as the May is sometimes represented at the same time by a May-tree and a May Lady. Further, the Summer-trees are adorned like May-trees with ribbons and so on, like May-trees, when large, they are planted in the ground and climbed up, and like May-trees, when small, they are carried from door to door by boys or girls singing songs and collecting money. And as if to demonstrate the identity of the two sets of customs the bearers of the Summer-tree sometimes announce that they are bringing in the Summer and the May. The customs, therefore, of bringing in the May and bringing in the Summer are essentially the same, and the Summer-tree is merely another form of the May-tree, the only distinction (besides that of name) being in the time at which they are respectively brought in, for while the May-tree is usually fetched in

on the first of May or at Whitsuntide, the Summer-tree is fetched in on the fourth Sunday in Lent. Therefore, if the May-tree is an embodiment of the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation, the Summer-tree must likewise be an embodiment of the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation. But we have seen that the Summer-tree is in some cases a revivification of the effigy of Death. It follows, therefore, that in these cases the effigy called Death must be an embodiment of the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation. This inference is confirmed, first, by the vivifying and fertilising influence which the fragments of the effigy of Death are believed to exercise both on vegetable and on animal life, for this influence, as we saw in an earlier part of this work, is supposed to be a special attribute of the tree-spirit. It is confirmed, secondly, by observing that the effigy of Death is sometimes decked with leaves or made of twigs, branches, hemp, or a threshed-out sheaf of corn, and that sometimes it is hung on a little tree and so carried about by girls collecting money, just as is done with the May-tree and the May Lady, and with the Summer-tree and the doll attached to it. In short, we are driven to regard the expulsion of Death and the bringing in of Summer as, in some cases at least, merely another form of that death and revival of the spirit of vegetation in spring which we saw enacted in the killing and resurrection of the Wild Man. The burial and resurrection of the Carnival is probably another way of expressing the same idea. The interment of the representative of the Carnival under a dung-heap is natural, if he is supposed to possess a quickening and fertilising influence like that ascribed to the effigy of Death. The Esthonians, indeed, who carry the straw figure out of the village in the usual way on Shrove Tuesday, do not call it the Carnival, but the Wood-spirit (*Metsik*), and they clearly indicate the identity of the effigy with the wood-spirit by fixing it to the top of a tree in the wood, where it remains for a year, and is besought almost daily with prayers and offerings to protect the herds; for like a true wood-spirit the *Metsik* is a patron of cattle. Sometimes the *Metsik* is made of sheaves of corn.

Thus we may fairly conjecture that the names Carnival, Death, and Summer are comparatively late and inadequate expressions for the beings personified or embodied in the customs with which we have been dealing. The very abstractness of the names bespeaks a modern origin, for the personification of times and seasons like the Carnival and Summer, or of an abstract notion like death, is not primitive. But the ceremonies themselves bear the stamp of a dateless antiquity; therefore we can hardly help supposing that in their origin the ideas which they embodied were of a more simple and concrete order. The notion of a tree, perhaps of a particular kind of tree (for some savages have no word for tree in general), or even of an individual tree, is sufficiently concrete to supply a basis from which by a gradual process of generalisation the wider idea of a spirit of vegetation might be reached. But this general idea of vegetation would readily be confounded with the season in which it manifests itself, hence the substitution

of Spring, Summer, or May for the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation would be easy and natural. Again, the concrete notion of the dying tree or dying vegetation would by a similar process of generalisation glide into a notion of death in general, so that the practice of carrying out the dying or dead vegetation in spring, as a preliminary to its revival, would in time widen out into an attempt to banish Death in general from the village or district. The view that in these spring ceremonies Death meant originally the dying or dead vegetation of winter has the high support of W. Mannhardt; and he confirms it by the analogy of the name Death as applied to the spirit of the ripe corn. Commonly the spirit of the ripe corn is conceived, not as dead, but as old, and hence it goes by the name of the Old Man or the Old Woman. But in some places the last sheaf cut at harvest, which is generally believed to be the seat of the corn spirit, is called "the Dead One": children are warned against entering the corn-fields because Death sits in the corn, and, in a game played by Saxon children in Transylvania at the maize harvest, Death is represented by a child completely covered with maize leaves.

§ 5 *Battle of Summer and Winter*.— Sometimes in the popular customs of the peasantry the contrast between the dormant powers of vegetation in winter and their awakening vitality in spring takes the form of a dramatic contest between actors who play the parts respectively of Winter and Summer. Thus in the towns of Sweden on May Day two troops of young men on horseback used to meet as if for mortal combat. One of them was led by a representative of Winter clad in furs, who threw snowballs and ice in order to prolong the cold weather. The other troop was commanded by a representative of Summer covered with fresh leaves and flowers. In the sham fight which followed the party of Summer came off victorious, and the ceremony ended with a feast. Again, in the region of the middle Rhine, a representative of Summer clad in ivy combats a representative of Winter clad in straw or moss and finally gains a victory over him. The vanquished foe is thrown to the ground and stripped of his casing of straw, which is torn to pieces and scattered about, while the youthful comrades of the two champions sing a song to commemorate the defeat of Winter by Summer. Afterwards they carry about a summer garland or branch and collect gifts of eggs and bacon from house to house. Sometimes the champion who acts the part of Summer is dressed in leaves and flowers and wears a chaplet of flowers on his head. In the Palatinate this mimic conflict takes place on the fourth Sunday in Lent. All over Bavaria the same drama used to be acted on the same day, and it was still kept up in some places down to the middle of the nineteenth century or later. While Summer appeared clad all in green, decked with fluttering ribbons, and carrying a branch in blossom or a little tree hung with apples and pears, Winter was muffled up in cap and mantle of fur and bore in his hand a snow-shovel or a flail. Accompanied by their respective retinues dressed in corresponding attire, they went through all the streets of the village, halting

before the houses and singing staves of old songs, for which they received presents of bread, eggs, and fruit. Finally, after a short struggle, Winter was beaten by Summer and ducked in the village well or driven out of the village with shouts and laughter into the forest.

At Goepfritz in Lower Austria, two men personating Summer and Winter used to go from house to house on Shrove Tuesday, and were everywhere welcomed by the children with great delight. The representative of Summer was clad in white and bore a sickle; his comrade, who played the part of Winter, had a fur cap on his head, his arms and legs were swathed in straw, and he carried a flail. In every house they sang verses alternately. At Dromling in Brunswick, down to the present time, the contest between Summer and Winter is acted every year at Whitsuntide by a troop of boys and a troop of girls. The boys rush singing, shouting, and ringing bells from house to house to drive Winter away, after them come the girls singing softly and led by a May Bride, all in bright dresses and decked with flowers and garlands to represent the genial advent of spring. Formerly the part of Winter was played by a straw-man which the boys carried with them, now it is acted by a real man in disguise.

Among the central Esquimaux of North America the contest between representatives of summer and winter, which in Europe has long degenerated into a mere dramatic performance, is still kept up as a magical ceremony of which the avowed intention is to influence the weather. In autumn, when storms announce the approach of the dismal Arctic winter, the Esquimaux divide themselves into two parties called respectively the ptarmigans and the ducks, the ptarmigans comprising all persons born in winter, and the ducks all persons born in summer. A long rope of sealskin is then stretched out, and each party laying hold of one end of it seeks by tugging with might and main to drag the other party over to its side. If the ptarmigans get the worst of it, then summer has won the game and fine weather may be expected to prevail through the winter.

§ 6 *Death and Resurrection of Kostrubonko* —In Russia funeral ceremonies like those of "Burying the Carnival" and "Carrying out Death" are celebrated under the names, not of Death or the Carnival, but of certain mythic figures, Kostrubonko, Kostroma, Kupalo, Lada, and Yarilo. These Russian ceremonies are observed both in spring and at midsummer. Thus "in Little Russia it used to be the custom at Eastertide to celebrate the funeral of a being called Kostrubonko, the deity of the spring. A circle was formed of singers who moved slowly around a girl who lay on the ground as if dead, and as they went they sang:

*'Dead, dead is our Kostrubonko!
Dead, dead is our dear one!'*

until the girl suddenly sprang up, on which the chorus joyfully exclaimed.

*'Come to life, come to life has our Kostrubonko!
Come to life, come to life has our dear one!'*

On the Eve of St. John (Midsummer Eve) a figure of Kupalo is made of straw and "is dressed in woman's clothes, with a necklace and a floral crown. Then a tree is felled, and, after being decked with ribbons, is set up on some chosen spot. Near this tree, to which they give the name of Marena [Winter or Death], the straw figure is placed, together with a table, on which stand spirits and viands. Afterwards a bonfire is lit, and the young men and maidens jump over it in couples, carrying the figure with them. On the next day they strip the tree and the figure of their ornaments, and throw them both into a stream." On St. Peter's Day, the twenty-ninth of June, or on the following Sunday, "the Funeral of Kostroma" or of Lada or of Yarilo is celebrated in Russia. In the Governments of Penza and Simbirsk the funeral used to be represented as follows. A bonfire was kindled on the twenty-eighth of June, and on the next day the maidens chose one of their number to play the part of Kostroma. Her companions saluted her with deep obeisances, placed her on a board, and carried her to the bank of a stream. There they bathed her in the water, while the oldest girl made a basket of lime-tree bark and beat it like a drum. Then they returned to the village and ended the day with processions, games, and dances. In the Murom district Kostroma was represented by a straw figure dressed in woman's clothes and flowers. This was laid in a trough and carried with songs to the bank of a lake or river. Here the crowd divided into two sides, of which the one attacked and the other defended the figure. At last the assailants gained the day, stripped the figure of its dress and ornaments, tore it in pieces, trod the straw of which it was made under foot, and flung it into the stream, while the defenders of the figure hid their faces in their hands and pretended to bewail the death of Kostroma. In the district of Kostroma the burial of Yarilo was celebrated on the twenty-ninth or thirtieth of June. The people chose an old man and gave him a small coffin containing a Priapus-like figure representing Yarilo. Thus he carried out of the town, followed by women chanting dirges and expressing by their gestures grief and despair. In the open fields a grave was dug, and into it the figure was lowered amid weeping and wailing, after which games and dances were begun, "calling to mind the funeral games celebrated in old times by the pagan Slavonians." In Little Russia the figure of Yarilo was laid in a coffin and carried through the streets after sunset surrounded by drunken women, who kept repeating mournfully, "He is dead! he is dead!" The men lifted and shook the figure as if they were trying to recall the dead man to life. Then they said to the women, "Women, weep not. I know what is sweeter than honey." But the women continued to lament and chant, as they do at funerals. "Of what was he guilty? He was so good. He will arise no more. O how shall we part from thee? What is life without thee? Arise, if only for a brief hour. But he rises not, he rises not." At last the Yarilo was buried in a grave.

§ 7. *Death and Revival of Vegetation* —These Russian customs are

plainly of the same nature as those which in Austria and Germany are known as "Carrying out Death." Therefore if the interpretation here adopted of the latter is right, the Russian Kostrubonko, Yarilo, and the rest must also have been originally embodiments of the spirit of vegetation, and their death must have been regarded as a necessary preliminary to their revival. The revival as a sequel to the death is enacted in the first of the ceremonies described, the death and resurrection of Kostrubonko. The reason why in some of these Russian ceremonies the death of the spirit of vegetation is celebrated at midsummer may be that the decline of summer is dated from Midsummer Day, after which the days begin to shorten, and the sun sets out on his downward journey.

*"To the darkness hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie"*

Such a turning-point of the year, when vegetation might be thought to share the incipient though still almost imperceptible decay of summer, might very well be chosen by primitive man as a fit moment for resorting to those magic rites by which he hopes to stay the decline, or at least to ensure the revival, of plant life.

But while the death of vegetation appears to have been represented in all, and its revival in some, of these spring and midsummer ceremonies, there are features in some of them which can hardly be explained on this hypothesis alone. The solemn funeral, the lamentations, and the mourning attire, which often characterise these rites, are indeed appropriate at the death of the beneficent spirit of vegetation. But what shall we say of the glee with which the effigy is often carried out, of the sticks and stones with which it is assailed, and the taunts and curses which are hurled at it? What shall we say of the dread of the effigy evinced by the haste with which the bearers scamper home as soon as they have thrown it away, and by the belief that some one must soon die in any house into which it has looked? This dread might perhaps be explained by a belief that there is a certain infectiousness in the dead spirit of vegetation which renders its approach dangerous. But this explanation, besides being rather strained, does not cover the rejoicings which often attend the carrying out of Death. We must therefore recognise two distinct and seemingly opposite features in these ceremonies: on the one hand, sorrow for the death, and affection and respect for the dead; on the other hand, fear and hatred of the dead, and rejoicings at his death. How the former of these features is to be explained I have attempted to show. how the latter came to be so closely associated with the former is a question which I shall try to answer in the sequel.

§ 8 *Analogous Rites in India*—In the Kanagra district of India there is a custom observed by young girls in spring which closely resembles some of the European spring ceremonies just described. It is called the *Rālī Ka melā*, or fair of Rālī, the *Rālī* being a small painted earthen image of Siva or Pârvatī. The custom is in vogue all over the

Kanagra district, and its celebration, which is entirely confined to young girls, lasts through most of Chet (March-April) up to the Sankrânt of Baisâkh (April). On a morning in March all the young girls of the village take small baskets of *dâb* grass and flowers to an appointed place, where they throw them in a heap. Round this heap they stand in a circle and sing. This goes on every day for ten days, till the heap of grass and flowers has reached a fair height. Then they cut in the jungle two branches, each with three prongs at one end, and place them, prongs downwards, over the heap of flowers, so as to make two tripods or pyramids. On the single uppermost points of these branches they get an image-maker to construct two clay images, one to represent Siva, and the other Pârvatî. The girls then divide themselves into two parties, one for Siva and one for Pârvatî, and marry the images in the usual way, leaving out no part of the ceremony. After the marriage they have a feast, the cost of which is defrayed by contributions solicited from their parents. Then at the next Sankrânt (Baisâkh) they all go together to the river-side, throw the images into a deep pool, and weep over the place, as though they were performing funeral obsequies. The boys of the neighbourhood often tease them by diving after the images, bringing them up, and waving them about while the girls are crying over them. The object of the fair is said to be to secure a good husband.

That in this Indian ceremony the deities Siva and Pârvatî are conceived as spirits of vegetation seems to be proved by the placing of their images on branches over a heap of grass and flowers. Here, as often in European folk-custom, the divinities of vegetation are represented in duplicate, by plants and by puppets. The marriage of these Indian deities in spring corresponds to the European ceremonies in which the marriage of the vernal spirits of vegetation is represented by the King and Queen of May, the May Bride, Bridegroom of the May, and so forth. The throwing of the images into the water, and the mourning for them, are the equivalents of the European customs of throwing the dead spirit of vegetation under the name of Death, Yarilo, Kostroma, and the rest, into the water and lamenting over it. Again, in India, as often in Europe, the rite is performed exclusively by females. The notion that the ceremony helps to procure husbands for the girls can be explained by the quickening and fertilising influence which the spirit of vegetation is believed to exert upon the life of man as well as of plants.

§ 9. *The Magic Spring* — The general explanation which we have been led to adopt of these and many similar ceremonies is that they are, or were in their origin, magical rites intended to ensure the revival of nature in spring. The means by which they were supposed to effect this end were imitation and sympathy. Led astray by his ignorance of the true causes of things, primitive man believed that in order to produce the great phenomena of nature on which his life depended he had only to imitate them, and that immediately by a secret sympathy or mystic influence the little drama which he acted in forest glade or

mountain dell, on desert plain or wind-swept shore, would be taken up and repeated by mightier actors on a vaster stage. He fancied that by masquerading in leaves and flowers he helped the bare earth to clothe herself with verdure, and that by playing the death and burial of winter he drove that gloomy season away, and made smooth the path for the footsteps of returning spring. If we find it hard to throw ourselves even in fancy into a mental condition in which such things seem possible, we can more easily picture to ourselves the anxiety which the savage, when he first began to lift his thoughts above the satisfaction of his merely animal wants, and to meditate on the causes of things, may have felt as to the continued operation of what we now call the laws of nature. To us, familiar as we are with the conception of the uniformity and regularity with which the great cosmic phenomena succeed each other, there seems little ground for apprehension that the causes which produce these effects will cease to operate, at least within the near future. But this confidence in the stability of nature is bred only by the experience which comes of wide observation and long tradition; and the savage, with his narrow sphere of observation and his short-lived tradition, lacks the very elements of that experience which alone could set his mind at rest in face of the ever-changing and often menacing aspects of nature. No wonder, therefore, that he is thrown into a panic by an eclipse, and thinks that the sun or the moon would surely perish, if he did not raise a clamour and shoot his puny shafts into the air to defend the luminaries from the monster who threatens to devour them. No wonder he is terrified when in the darkness of night a streak of sky is suddenly illumined by the flash of a meteor, or the whole expanse of the celestial arch glows with the fitful light of the Northern Streamers. Even phenomena which recur at fixed and uniform intervals may be viewed by him with apprehension, before he has come to recognise the orderliness of their recurrence. The speed or slowness of his recognition of such periodic or cyclic changes in nature will depend largely on the length of the particular cycle. The cycle, for example, of day and night is everywhere, except in the polar regions, so short and hence so frequent that men probably soon ceased to discompose themselves seriously as to the chance of its failing to recur, though the ancient Egyptians, as we have seen, daily wrought enchantments to bring back to the east in the morning the fiery orb which had sunk at evening in the crimson west. But it was far otherwise with the annual cycle of the seasons. To any man a year is a considerable period, seeing that the number of our years is but few at the best. To the primitive savage, with his short memory and imperfect means of marking the flight of time, a year may well have been so long that he failed to recognise it as a cycle at all, and watched the changing aspects of earth and heaven with a perpetual wonder, alternately delighted and alarmed, elated and cast down, according as the vicissitudes of light and heat, of plant and animal life, ministered to his comfort or threatened his existence. In autumn when the withered leaves were whirled about the forest by

the nipping blast, and he looked up at the bare boughs, could he feel sure that they would ever be green again? As day by day the sun sank lower and lower in the sky, could he be certain that the luminary would ever retrace his heavenly road? Even the waning moon, whose pale sickle rose thinner and thinner every night over the rim of the eastern horizon, may have excited in his mind a fear lest, when it had wholly vanished, there should be moons no more.

These and a thousand such misgivings may have thronged the fancy and troubled the peace of the man who first began to reflect on the mysteries of the world he lived in, and to take thought for a more distant future than the morrow. It was natural, therefore, that with such thoughts and fears he should have done all that in him lay to bring back the faded blossom to the bough, to swing the low sun of winter up to his old place in the summer sky, and to restore its orb'd fulness to the silver lamp of the waning moon. We may smile at his vain endeavours if we please, but it was only by making a long series of experiments, of which some were almost inevitably doomed to failure, that man learned from experience the futility of some of his attempted methods and the fruitfulness of others. After all, magical ceremonies are nothing but experiments which have failed and which continue to be repeated merely because, for reasons which have already been indicated, the operator is unaware of their failure. With the advance of knowledge these ceremonies either cease to be performed altogether or are kept up from force of habit long after the intention with which they were instituted has been forgotten. Thus fallen from their high estate, no longer regarded as solemn rites on the punctual performance of which the welfare and even the life of the community depend, they sink gradually to the level of simple pageants, mummeries, and pastimes, till in the final stage of degeneration they are wholly abandoned by older people, and, from having once been the most serious occupation of the sage, become at last the idle sport of children. It is in this final stage of decay that most of the old magical rites of our European forefathers linger on at the present day, and even from this their last retreat they are fast being swept away by the rising tide of those multitudinous forces, moral, intellectual, and social, which are bearing mankind onward to a new and unknown goal. We may feel some natural regret at the disappearance of quaint customs and picturesque ceremonies, which have preserved to an age often deemed dull and prosaic something of the flavour and freshness of the olden time, some breath of the springtime of the world, yet our regret will be lessened when we remember that these pretty pageants, these now innocent diversions, had their origin in ignorance and superstition, that if they are a record of human endeavour, they are also a monument of fruitless ingenuity, of wasted labour, and of blighted hopes; and that for all their gay trappings—their flowers, their ribbons, and their music—they partake far more of tragedy than of farce.

The interpretation which, following in the footsteps of W Mann-

hardt, I have attempted to give of these ceremonies has been not a little confirmed by the discovery, made since this book was first written, that the natives of Central Australia regularly practise magical ceremonies for the purpose of awakening the dormant energies of nature at the approach of what may be called the Australian spring. Nowhere apparently are the alternations of the seasons more sudden and the contrasts between them more striking than in the deserts of Central Australia, where at the end of a long period of drought the sandy and stony wilderness, over which the silence and desolation of death appear to brood, is suddenly, after a few days of torrential rain, transformed into a landscape smiling with verdure and peopled with teeming multitudes of insects and lizards, of frogs and birds. The marvellous change which passes over the face of nature at such times has been compared even by European observers to the effect of magic, no wonder, then, that the savage should regard it as such in very deed. Now it is just when there is promise of the approach of a good season that the natives of Central Australia are wont especially to perform those magical ceremonies of which the avowed intention is to multiply the plants and animals they use as food. These ceremonies, therefore, present a close analogy to the spring customs of our European peasantry not only in the time of their celebration, but also in their aim, for we can hardly doubt that in instituting rites designed to assist the revival of plant life in spring our primitive forefathers were moved, not by any sentimental wish to smell at early violets, or pluck the rather primrose, or watch yellow daffodils dancing in the breeze, but by the very practical consideration, certainly not formulated in abstract terms, that the life of man is inextricably bound up with that of plants, and that if they were to perish he could not survive. And as the faith of the Australian savage in the efficacy of his magic rites is confirmed by observing that their performance is invariably followed, sooner or later, by that increase of vegetable and animal life which it is their object to produce, so, we may suppose, it was with European savages in the olden time. The sight of the fresh green in brake and thicket, of vernal flowers blowing on mossy banks, of swallows arriving from the south, and of the sun mounting daily higher in the sky, would be welcomed by them as so many visible signs that their enchantments were indeed taking effect, and would inspire them with a cheerful confidence that all was well with a world which they could thus mould to suit their wishes. Only in autumn days, as summer slowly faded, would their confidence again be dashed by doubts and misgivings at symptoms of decay, which told how vain were all their efforts to stave off for ever the approach of winter and of death.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE MYTH OF ADONIS

THE spectacle of the great changes which annually pass over the face of the earth has powerfully impressed the minds of men in all ages, and stirred them to meditate on the causes of transformations so vast and wonderful. Their curiosity has not been purely disinterested; for even the savage cannot fail to perceive how intimately his own life is bound up with the life of nature, and how the same processes which freeze the stream and strip the earth of vegetation menace him with extinction. At a certain stage of development men seem to have imagined that the means of averting the threatened calamity were in their own hands, and that they could hasten or retard the flight of the seasons by magic art. Accordingly they performed ceremonies and recited spells to make the rain to fall, the sun to shine, animals to multiply, and the fruits of the earth to grow. In course of time the slow advance of knowledge, which has dispelled so many cherished illusions, convinced at least the more thoughtful portion of mankind that the alternations of summer and winter, of spring and autumn, were not merely the result of their own magical rites, but that some deeper cause, some mightier power, was at work behind the shifting scenes of nature. They now pictured to themselves the growth and decay of vegetation, the birth and death of living creatures, as effects of the waxing or waning strength of divine beings, of gods and goddesses, who were born and died, who married and begot children, on the pattern of human life.

Thus the old magical theory of the seasons was displaced, or rather supplemented, by a religious theory. For although men now attributed the annual cycle of change primarily to corresponding changes in their deities, they still thought that by performing certain magical rites they could aid the god, who was the principle of life, in his struggle with the opposing principle of death. They imagined that they could recruit his failing energies and even raise him from the dead. The ceremonies which they observed for this purpose were in substance a dramatic representation of the natural processes which they wished to facilitate, for it is a familiar tenet of magic that you can produce any desired effect by merely imitating it. And as they now explained the fluctuations of growth and decay, of reproduction and dissolution, by the marriage, the death, and the rebirth or revival of the gods, their religious or rather magical dramas turned in great measure on these themes. They set forth the fruitful union of the powers of fertility, the sad death of one at least of the divine partners, and his joyful resurrection. Thus a religious theory was blended with a magical practice. The combination is familiar in history. Indeed, few religions have ever succeeded in wholly extricating themselves from the old trammels of magic. The inconsistency of acting on two

opposite principles, however it may vex the soul of the philosopher, rarely troubles the common man, indeed he is seldom even aware of it. His affair is to act, not to analyse the motives of his action. If mankind had always been logical and wise, history would not be a long chronicle of folly and crime.

Of the changes which the seasons bring with them, the most striking within the temperate zone are those which affect vegetation. The influence of the seasons on animals, though great, is not nearly so manifest. Hence it is natural that in the magical dramas designed to dispel winter and bring back spring the emphasis should be laid on vegetation, and that trees and plants should figure in them more prominently than beasts and birds. Yet the two sides of life, the vegetable and the animal, were not dissociated in the minds of those who observed the ceremonies. Indeed they commonly believed that the tie between the animal and the vegetable world was even closer than it really is, hence they often combined the dramatic representation of reviving plants with a real or a dramatic union of the sexes for the purpose of furthering at the same time and by the same act the multiplication of fruits, of animals, and of men. To them the principle of life and fertility, whether animal or vegetable, was one and indivisible. To live and to cause to live, to eat food and to beget children, these were the primary wants of men in the past, and they will be the primary wants of men in the future so long as the world lasts. Other things may be added to enrich and beautify human life, but unless these wants are first satisfied, humanity itself must cease to exist. These two things, therefore, food and children, were what men chiefly sought to procure by the performance of magical rites for the regulation of the seasons.

Nowhere, apparently, have these rites been more widely and solemnly celebrated than in the lands which border the eastern Mediterranean. Under the names of Osiris, Tammuz, Adonis, and Attis, the peoples of Egypt and Western Asia represented the yearly decay and revival of life, especially of vegetable life, which they personified as a god who annually died and rose again from the dead. In name and detail the rites varied from place to place, in substance they were the same. The supposed death and resurrection of this oriental deity, a god of many names but of essentially one nature, is now to be examined. We begin with Tammuz or Adonis.

The worship of Adonis was practised by the Semitic peoples of Babylonia and Syria, and the Greeks borrowed it from them as early as the seventh century before Christ. The true name of the deity was Tammuz, the appellation of Adonis is merely the Semitic *Adon*, "lord," a title of honour by which his worshippers addressed him. But the Greeks through a misunderstanding converted the title of honour into a proper name. In the religious literature of Babylonia Tammuz appears as the youthful spouse or lover of Ishtar, the great mother goddess, the embodiment of the reproductive energies of nature. The references to their connexion with each other in myth and ritual are

both fragmentary and obscure, but we gather from them that every year Tammuz was believed to die, passing away from the cheerful earth to the gloomy subterranean world, and that every year his divine mistress journeyed in quest of him "to the land from which there is no returning, to the house of darkness, where dust lies on door and bolt" During her absence the passion of love ceased to operate men and beasts alike forgot to reproduce their kinds. all life was threatened with extinction So intimately bound up with the goddess were the sexual functions of the whole animal kingdom that without her presence they could not be discharged A messenger of the great god Ea was accordingly despatched to rescue the goddess on whom so much depended The stern queen of the infernal regions, Allatu or Eresh-Kigal by name, reluctantly allowed Ishtar to be sprinkled with the Water of Life and to depart, in company probably with her lover Tammuz, that the two might return together to the upper world, and that with their return all nature might revive.

Laments for the departed Tammuz are contained in several Babylonian hymns, which liken him to plants that quickly fade. He is

*"A tamarish that in the garden has drunk no water,
Whose crown in the field has brought forth no blossom.
A willow that rejoiced not by the watercourse,
A willow whose roots were torn up
A herb that in the garden had drunk no water"*

His death appears to have been annually mourned, to the shrill music of flutes, by men and women about midsummer in the month named after him, the month of Tammuz The dirges were seemingly chanted over an effigy of the dead god, which was washed with pure water, anointed with oil, and clad in a red robe, while the fumes of incense rose into the air, as if to stir his dormant senses by their pungent fragrance and wake him from the sleep of death In one of these dirges, inscribed *Lament of the Flutes for Tammuz*, we seem still to hear the voices of the singers chanting the sad refrain and to catch, like far-away music, the wailing notes of the flutes:

*"At his vanishing away she lifts up a lament,
'Oh my child!' at his vanishing away she lifts up a lament;
'My Damu!' at his vanishing away she lifts up a lament
'My enchanter and priest!' at his vanishing away she lifts up a lament,
At the shining cedar, rooted in a spacious place,
In Eanna, above and below, she lifts up a lament
Like the lament that a house lifts up for its master, lifts she up a lament,
Like the lament that a city lifts up for its lord, lifts she up a lament.
Her lament is the lament for a herb that grows not in the bed,
Her lament is the lament for the corn that grows not in the ear.
Her chamber is a possession that brings not forth a possession,
A weary woman, a weary child, forspent
Her lament is for a great river, where no willows grow,
Her lament is for a field, where corn and herbs grow not
Her lament is for a pool, where fishes grow not
Her lament is for a thicket of reeds, where no reeds grow.*

Her lament is for woods, where tamarisks grow not

Her lament is for a wilderness where no cypresses (?) grow

Her lament is for the depth of a garden of trees, where honey and wine grow not

Her lament is for meadows, where no plants grow

Her lament is for a palace, where length of life grows not "

The tragical story and the melancholy rites of Adonis are better known to us from the descriptions of Greek writers than from the fragments of Babylonian literature or the brief reference of the prophet Ezekiel, who saw the women of Jerusalem weeping for Tammuz at the north gate of the temple. Mirrored in the glass of Greek mythology, the oriental deity appears as a comely youth beloved by Aphrodite. In his infancy the goddess hid him in a chest, which she gave in charge to Persephone, queen of the nether world. But when Persephone opened the chest and beheld the beauty of the babe, she refused to give him back to Aphrodite, though the goddess of love went down herself to hell to ransom her dear one from the power of the grave. The dispute between the two goddesses of love and death was settled by Zeus, who decreed that Adonis should abide with Persephone in the under world for one part of the year, and with Aphrodite in the upper world for another part. At last the fair youth was killed in hunting by a wild boar, or by the jealous Ares, who turned himself into the likeness of a boar in order to compass the death of his rival. Bitterly did Aphrodite lament her loved and lost Adonis. In this form of the myth, the contest between Aphrodite and Persephone for the possession of Adonis clearly reflects the struggle between Ishtar and Allatu in the land of the dead, while the decision of Zeus that Adonis is to spend one part of the year under ground and another part above ground is merely a Greek version of the annual disappearance and reappearance of Tammuz.

CHAPTER XXX

ADONIS IN SYRIA

THE myth of Adonis was localised and his rites celebrated with much solemnity at two places in Western Asia. One of these was Byblus on the coast of Syria, the other was Paphos in Cyprus. Both were great seats of the worship of Aphrodite, or rather of her Semitic counterpart, Astarte, and of both, if we accept the legends, Cinyras, the father of Adonis, was king. Of the two cities Byblus was the more ancient; indeed it claimed to be the oldest city in Phoenicia, and to have been founded in the early ages of the world by the great god El, whom Greeks and Romans identified with Cronus and Saturn respectively. However that may have been, in historical times it ranked as a holy place, the religious capital of the country, the Mecca or Jerusalem of the Phoenicians. The city stood on a height beside

the sea, and contained a great sanctuary of Astarte, where in the midst of a spacious open court, surrounded by cloisters and approached from below by staircases, rose a tall cone or obelisk, the holy image of the goddess. In this sanctuary the rites of Adonis were celebrated. Indeed the whole city was sacred to him, and the River Nahr Ibrahim, which falls into the sea a little to the south of Byblus, bore in antiquity the name of Adonis. This was the kingdom of Cinyras. From the earliest to the latest times the city appears to have been ruled by kings, assisted perhaps by a senate or council of elders.

The last king of Byblus bore the ancient name of Cinyras, and was beheaded by Pompey the Great for his tyrannous excesses. His legendary namesake Cinyras is said to have founded a sanctuary of Aphrodite, that is, of Astarte, at a place on Mount Lebanon, distant a day's journey from the capital. The spot was probably Aphaca, at the source of the River Adonis, half-way between Byblus and Baalbec; for at Aphaca there was a famous grove and sanctuary of Astarte which Constantine destroyed on account of the flagitious character of the worship. The site of the temple has been discovered by modern travellers near the miserable village which still bears the name of Aska at the head of the wild, romantic, wooded gorge of the Adonis. The hamlet stands among groves of noble walnut-trees on the brink of the lyn. A little way off the river rushes from a cavern at the foot of a mighty amphitheatre of towering cliffs to plunge in a series of cascades into the awful depths of the glen. The deeper it descends, the ranker and denser grows the vegetation, which, sprouting from the crannies and fissures of the rocks, spreads a green veil over the roaring or murmuring stream in the tremendous chasm below. There is something delicious, almost intoxicating, in the freshness of these tumbling waters, in the sweetness and purity of the mountain air, in the vivid green of the vegetation. The temple, of which some massive hewn blocks and a fine column of Syenite granite still mark the site, occupied a terrace facing the source of the river and commanding a magnificent prospect. Across the foam and the roar of the waterfalls you look up to the cavern and away to the top of the sublime precipices above. So lofty is the cliff that the goats which creep along its ledges to browse on the bushes appear like ants to the spectator hundreds of feet below. Seaward the view is especially impressive when the sun floods the profound gorge with golden light, revealing all the fantastic buttresses and rounded towers of its mountain rampart, and falling softly on the varied green of the woods which clothe its depths. It was here that, according to the legend, Adonis met Aphrodite for the first or the last time, and here his mangled body was buried. A fairer scene could hardly be imagined for a story of tragic love and death. Yet, sequestered as the valley is and must always have been, it is not wholly deserted. A convent or a village may be observed here and there standing out against the sky on the top of some beetling crag, or clinging to the face of a nearly perpendicular cliff high above the foam and the din of the river; and at evening the lights that

twinkle through the gloom betray the presence of human habitations on slopes which might seem inaccessible to man. In antiquity the whole of the lovely vale appears to have been dedicated to Adonis, and to this day it is haunted by his memory, for the heights which shut it in are crested at various points by ruined monuments of his worship, some of them overhanging dreadful abysses, down which it turns the head dizzy to look and see the eagles wheeling about their nests far below. One such monument exists at Ghineh. The face of a great rock, above a roughly hewn recess, is here carved with figures of Adonis and Aphrodite. He is portrayed with spear in rest, awaiting the attack of a bear, while she is seated in an attitude of sorrow. Her grief-stricken figure may well be the mourning Aphrodite of the Lebanon described by Macrobius, and the recess in the rock is perhaps her lover's tomb. Every year, in the belief of his worshippers, Adonis was wounded to death on the mountains, and every year the face of nature itself was dyed with his sacred blood. So year by year the Syrian damsels lamented his untimely fate, while the red anemone, his flower, bloomed among the cedars of Lebanon, and the river ran red to the sea, fringing the winding shores of the blue Mediterranean, whenever the wind set inshore, with a sinuous band of crimson.

CHAPTER XXXI

ADONIS IN CYPRUS

The island of Cyprus lies but one day's sail from the coast of Syria. Indeed, on fine summer evenings its mountains may be descried looming low and dark against the red fires of sunset. With its rich mines of copper and its forests of firs and stately cedars, the island naturally attracted a commercial and maritime people like the Phoenicians, while the abundance of its corn, its wine, and its oil must have rendered it in their eyes a Land of Promise by comparison with the niggardly nature of their own rugged coast, hemmed in between the mountains and the sea. Accordingly they settled in Cyprus at a very early date and remained there long after the Greeks had also established themselves on its shores, for we know from inscriptions and coins that Phoenician kings reigned at Citium, the Chittim of the Hebrews, down to the time of Alexander the Great. Naturally the Semitic colonists brought their gods with them from the mother-land. They worshipped Baal of the Lebanon, who may well have been Adonis, and at Amathus on the south coast they instituted the rites of Adonis and Aphrodite, or rather Astarte. Here, as at Byblus, these rites resembled the Egyptian worship of Osiris so closely that some people even identified the Adonis of Amathus with Osiris.

But the great seat of the worship of Aphrodite and Adonis in Cyprus was Paphos on the south-western side of the island. Among

the petty kingdoms into which Cyprus was divided from the earliest times until the end of the fourth century before our era Paphos must have ranked with the best. It is a land of hills and billowy ridges, diversified by fields and vineyards and intersected by rivers, which in the course of ages have carved for themselves beds of such tremendous depth that travelling in the interior is difficult and tedious. The lofty range of Mount Olympus (the modern Troodos), capped with snow the greater part of the year, screens Paphos from the northerly and easterly winds and cuts it off from the rest of the island. On the slopes of the range the last pine-woods of Cyprus linger, sheltering here and there monasteries in scenery not unworthy of the Apennines. The old city of Paphos occupied the summit of a hill about a mile from the sea, the newer city sprang up at the harbour some ten miles off. The sanctuary of Aphrodite at Old Paphos (the modern Kuklia) was one of the most celebrated shrines in the ancient world. According to Herodotus, it was founded by Phœnician colonists from Ascalon, but it is possible that a native goddess of fertility was worshipped on the spot before the arrival of the Phœnicians, and that the newcomers identified her with their own Baalath or Astarte, whom she may have closely resembled. If two deities were thus fused in one, we may suppose that they were both varieties of that great goddess of motherhood and fertility whose worship appears to have been spread all over Western Asia from a very early time. The supposition is confirmed as well by the archaic shape of her image as by the licentious character of her rites, for both that shape and those rites were shared by her with other Asiatic deities. Her image was simply a white cone or pyramid. In like manner, a cone was the emblem of Astarte at Byblus, of the native goddess whom the Greeks called Artemis at Perga in Pamphylia, and of the sun-god Helogabalus at Emesa in Syria. Conical stones, which apparently served as idols, have also been found at Golgi in Cyprus, and in the Phœnician temples of Malta, and cones of sandstone came to light at the shrine of the "Mistress of Turquoise" among the barren hills and frowning precipices of Sinai.

In Cyprus it appears that before marriage all women were formerly obliged by custom to prostitute themselves to strangers at the sanctuary of the goddess, whether she went by the name of Aphrodite, Astarte, or what not. Similar customs prevailed in many parts of Western Asia. Whatever its motive, the practice was clearly regarded, not as an orgy of lust, but as a solemn religious duty performed in the service of that great Mother Goddess of Western Asia whose name varied, while her type remained constant, from place to place. Thus at Babylon every woman, whether rich or poor, had once in her life to submit to the embraces of a stranger at the temple of Mylitta, that is, of Ishtar or Astarte, and to dedicate to the goddess the wages earned by this sanctified harlotry. The sacred precinct was crowded with women waiting to observe the custom. Some of them had to wait there for years. At Heliopolis or Baalbec in Syria, famous for the imposing grandeur of its ruined temples, the custom of the country

required that every maiden should prostitute herself to a stranger at the temple of Astarte, and matrons as well as maids testified their devotion to the goddess in the same manner. The emperor Constantine abolished the custom, destroyed the temple, and built a church in its stead. In Phoenician temples women prostituted themselves for hire in the service of religion, believing that by this conduct they propitiated the goddess and won her favour. "It was a law of the Amorites, that she who was about to marry should sit in fornication seven days by the gate." At Byblus the people shaved their heads in the annual mourning for Adonis. Women who refused to sacrifice their hair had to give themselves up to strangers on a certain day of the festival, and the money which they thus earned was devoted to the goddess. A Greek inscription found at Tralles in Lydia proves that the practice of religious prostitution survived in that country as late as the second century of our era. It records of a certain woman, Aurelia Aemilia by name, not only that she herself served the god in the capacity of a harlot at his express command, but that her mother and other female ancestors had done the same before her, and the publicity of the record, engraved on a marble column which supported a votive offering, shows that no stain attached to such a life and such a parentage. In Armenia the noblest families dedicated their daughters to the service of the goddess Anaitis in her temple at Acilisena, where the damsels acted as prostitutes for a long time before they were given in marriage. Nobody scrupled to take one of these girls to wife when her period of service was over. Again, the goddess Ma was served by a multitude of sacred harlots at Comana in Pontus, and crowds of men and women flocked to her sanctuary from the neighbouring cities and country to attend the biennial festivals or to pay their vows to the goddess.

If we survey the whole of the evidence on this subject, some of which has still to be laid before the reader, we may conclude that a great Mother Goddess, the personification of all the reproductive energies of nature, was worshipped under different names but with a substantial similarity of myth and ritual by many peoples of Western Asia; that associated with her was a lover, or rather series of lovers, divine yet mortal, with whom she mated year by year, their commerce being deemed essential to the propagation of animals and plants, each in their several kind, and further, that the fabulous union of the divine pair was simulated and, as it were, multiplied on earth by the real, though temporary, union of the human sexes at the sanctuary of the goddess for the sake of thereby ensuring the fruitfulness of the ground and the increase of man and beast.

At Paphos the custom of religious prostitution is said to have been instituted by King Cinyras, and to have been practised by his daughters, the sisters of Adonis, who, having incurred the wrath of Aphrodite, mated with strangers and ended their days in Egypt. In this form of the tradition the wrath of Aphrodite is probably a feature added by a later authority, who could only regard conduct which shocked his

own moral sense as a punishment inflicted by the goddess instead of as a sacrifice regularly enjoined by her on all her devotees. At all events the story indicates that the princesses of Paphos had to conform to the custom as well as women of humble birth

Among the stories which were told of Cinyras, the ancestor of the priestly kings of Paphos and the father of Adonis, there are some that deserve our attention. In the first place, he is said to have begotten his son Adonis in incestuous intercourse with his daughter Myrrha at a festival of the corn-goddess, at which women robed in white were wont to offer corn-wreaths as first-fruits of the harvest and to observe strict chastity for nine days. Similar cases of incest with a daughter are reported of many ancient kings. It seems unlikely that such reports are without foundation, and perhaps equally improbable that they refer to mere fortuitous outbursts of unnatural lust. We may suspect that they are based on a practice actually observed for a definite reason in certain special circumstances. Now in countries where the royal blood was traced through women only, and where consequently the king held office merely in virtue of his marriage with an hereditary princess, who was the real sovereign, it appears to have often happened that a prince married his own sister, the princess royal, in order to obtain with her hand the crown which otherwise would have gone to another man, perhaps to a stranger. May not the same rule of descent have furnished a motive for incest with a daughter? For it seems a natural corollary from such a rule that the king was bound to vacate the throne on the death of his wife, the queen, since he occupied it only by virtue of his marriage with her. When that marriage terminated, his right to the throne terminated with it and passed at once to his daughter's husband. Hence if the king desired to reign after his wife's death, the only way in which he could legitimately continue to do so was by marrying his daughter, and thus prolonging through her the title which had formerly been his through her mother.

Cinyras is said to have been famed for his exquisite beauty and to have been wooed by Aphrodite herself. Thus it would appear, as scholars have already observed, that Cinyras was in a sense a duplicate of his handsome son Adonis, to whom the inflammable goddess also lost her heart. Further, these stories of the love of Aphrodite for two members of the royal house of Paphos can hardly be dissociated from the corresponding legend told of Pygmalion, a Phoenician king of Cyprus, who is said to have fallen in love with an image of Aphrodite and taken it to his bed. When we consider that Pygmalion was the father-in-law of Cinyras, that the son of Cinyras was Adonis, and that all three, in successive generations, are said to have been concerned in a love-intrigue with Aphrodite, we can hardly help concluding that the early Phoenician kings of Paphos, or their sons, regularly claimed to be not merely the priests of the goddess but also her lovers, in other words, that in their official capacity they personated Adonis. At all events Adonis is said to have reigned in Cyprus, and it appears to be certain that the title of Adonis was regularly borne by the sons of all

the Phœnician kings of the island. It is true that the title strictly signified no more than "lord", yet the legends which connect these Cyprian princes with the goddess of love make it probable that they claimed the divine nature as well as the human dignity of Adonis. The story of Pygmalion points to a ceremony of a sacred marriage in which the king wedded the image of Aphrodite, or rather of Astarte. If that was so, the tale was in a sense true, not of a single man only, but of a whole series of men, and it would be all the more likely to be told of Pygmalion, if that was a common name of Semitic kings in general, and of Cyprian kings in particular. Pygmalion, at all events, is known as the name of the famous king of Tyre from whom his sister Dido fled, and a king of Citium and Idalium in Cyprus, who reigned in the time of Alexander the Great, was also called Pygmalion, or rather Pumiyathon, the Phœnician name which the Greeks corrupted into Pygmalion. Further, it deserves to be noted that the names Pygmalion and Astarte occur together in a Punic inscription on a gold medallion which was found in a grave at Carthage; the characters of the inscription are of the earliest type. As the custom of religious prostitution at Paphos is said to have been founded by King Cinyras and observed by his daughters, we may surmise that the kings of Paphos played the part of the divine bridegroom in a less innocent rite than the form of marriage with a statue; in fact, that at certain festivals each of them had to mate with one or more of the sacred harlots of the temple, who played Astarte to his Adonis. If that was so, there is more truth than has commonly been supposed in the reproach cast by the Christian fathers that the Aphrodite worshipped by Cinyras was a common whore. The fruit of their union would rank as sons and daughters of the deity, and would in time become the parents of gods and goddesses, like their fathers and mothers before them. In this manner Paphos, and perhaps all sanctuaries of the great Asiatic goddess where sacred prostitution was practised, might be well stocked with human deities, the offspring of the divine king by his wives, concubines, and temple harlots. Any one of these might probably succeed his father on the throne or be sacrificed in his stead whenever stress of war or other grave junctures called, as they sometimes did, for the death of a royal victim. Such a tax, levied occasionally on the king's numerous progeny for the good of the country, would neither extinguish the divine stock nor break the father's heart, who divided his paternal affection among so many. At all events, if, as there seems reason to believe, Semitic kings were often regarded at the same time as hereditary deities, it is easy to understand the frequency of Semitic personal names which imply that the bearers of them were the sons or daughters, the brothers or sisters, the fathers or mothers of a god, and we need not resort to the shifts employed by some scholars to evade the plain sense of the words. This interpretation is confirmed by a parallel Egyptian usage, for in Egypt, where the kings were worshipped as divine, the queen was called "the wife of the god" or "the mother of the god," and

the title "father of the god" was borne not only by the king's real father but also by his father-in-law. Similarly, perhaps, among the Semites any man who sent his daughter to swell the royal harem may have been allowed to call himself "the father of the god."

If we may judge by his name, the Semitic king who bore the name of Cinyras was, like King David, a harper, for the name of Cinyras is clearly connected with the Greek *cinyra*, "a lyre," which in its turn comes from the Semitic *kinmor*, "a lyre," the very word applied to the instrument on which David played before Saul. We shall probably not err in assuming that at Paphos as at Jerusalem the music of the lyre or harp was not a mere pastime designed to while away an idle hour, but formed part of the service of religion, the moving influence of its melodies being perhaps set down, like the effect of wine, to the direct inspiration of a deity. Certainly at Jerusalem the regular clergy of the temple prophesied to the music of harps, of psalteries, and of cymbals, and it appears that the irregular clergy also, as we may call the prophets, depended on some such stimulus for inducing the ecstatic state which they took for immediate converse with the divinity. Thus we read of a band of prophets coming down from a high place with a psaltery, a timbrel, a pipe, and a harp before them, and prophesying as they went. Again, when the united forces of Judah and Ephraim were traversing the wilderness of Moab in pursuit of the enemy, they could find no water for three days, and were like to die of thirst, they and the beasts of burden. In this emergency the prophet Elisha, who was with the army, called for a minstrel and bade him play. Under the influence of the music he ordered the soldiers to dig trenches in the sandy bed of the waterless waddy through which lay the line of march. They did so, and next morning the trenches were full of the water that had drained down into them underground from the desolate, forbidding mountains on either hand. The prophet's success in striking water in the wilderness resembles the reported success of modern dowsers, though his mode of procedure was different. Incidentally he rendered another service to his countrymen. For the skulking Moabites from their lairs among the rocks saw the red sun of the desert reflected in the water, and taking it for the blood, or perhaps rather for an omen of the blood, of their enemies, they plucked up heart to attack the camp and were defeated with great slaughter.

Again, just as the cloud of melancholy which from time to time darkened the moody mind of Saul was viewed as an evil spirit from the Lord vexing him, so on the other hand the solemn strains of the harp, which soothed and composed his troubled thoughts, may well have seemed to the hag-ridden king the very voice of God or of his good angel whispering peace. Even in our own day a great religious writer, himself deeply sensitive to the witchery of music, has said that musical notes, with all their power to fire the blood and melt the heart, cannot be mere empty sounds and nothing more; no, they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are outpourings of eternal

harmony, the voice of angels, the Magnificat of saints. It is thus that the rude imaginings of primitive man are transfigured and his feeble lisplings echoed with a rolling reverberation in the musical prose of Newman. Indeed the influence of music on the development of religion is a subject which would repay a sympathetic study. For we cannot doubt that this, the most intimate and affecting of all the arts, has done much to create as well as to express the religious emotions, thus modifying more or less deeply the fabric of belief to which at first sight it seems only to minister. The musician has done his part as well as the prophet and the thinker in the making of religion. Every faith has its appropriate music, and the difference between the creeds might almost be expressed in musical notation. The interval, for example, which divides the wild revels of Cybele from the stately ritual of the Catholic Church is measured by the gulf which severs the dissonant clash of cymbals and tambourines from the grave harmonies of Palestrina and Handel. A different spirit breathes in the difference of the music.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE RITUAL OF ADONIS

At the festivals of Adonis, which were held in Western Asia and in Greek lands, the death of the god was annually mourned, with a bitter wailing, chiefly by women, images of him, dressed to resemble corpses, were carried out as to burial and then thrown into the sea or into springs; and in some places his revival was celebrated on the following day. But at different places the ceremonies varied somewhat in the manner and apparently also in the season of their celebration. At Alexandria images of Aphrodite and Adonis were displayed on two couches; beside them were set ripe fruits of all kinds, cakes, plants growing in flower-pots, and green bowers twined with anise. The marriage of the lovers was celebrated one day, and on the morrow women attired as mourners, with streaming hair and bared breasts, bore the image of the dead Adonis to the sea-shore and committed it to the waves. Yet they sorrowed not without hope, for they sang that the lost one would come back again. The date at which this Alexandrian ceremony was observed is not expressly stated; but from the mention of the ripe fruits it has been inferred that it took place in late summer. In the great Phœnician sanctuary of Astarte at Byblus the death of Adonis was annually mourned, to the shrill wailing notes of the flute, with weeping, lamentation, and beating of the breast; but next day he was believed to come to life again and ascend up to heaven in the presence of his worshippers. The disconsolate believers, left behind on earth, shaved their heads as the Egyptians did on the death of the divine bull Apis, women who could not bring themselves to sacrifice their beautiful tresses had to

give themselves up to strangers on a certain day of the festival, and to dedicate to Astarte the wages of their shame

This Phœnician festival appears to have been a vernal one, for its date was determined by the discoloration of the River Adonis, and this has been observed by modern travellers to occur in spring. At that season the red earth washed down from the mountains by the rain tinges the water of the river, and even the sea, for a great way with a blood-red hue, and the crimson stain was believed to be the blood of Adonis, annually wounded to death by the boar on Mount Lebanon. Again, the scarlet anemone is said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, or to have been stained by it, and as the anemone blooms in Syria about Easter, this may be thought to show that the festival of Adonis, or at least one of his festivals, was held in spring. The name of the flower is probably derived from Naaman ("darling"), which seems to have been an epithet of Adonis. The Arabs still call the anemone "wounds of the Naaman." The red rose also was said to owe its hue to the same sad occasion; for Aphrodite, hastening to her wounded lover, trod on a bush of white roses; the cruel thorns tore her tender flesh, and her sacred blood dyed the white roses for ever red. It would be idle, perhaps, to lay much weight on evidence drawn from the calendar of flowers, and in particular to press an argument so fragile as the bloom of the rose. Yet so far as it counts at all, the tale which links the damask rose with the death of Adonis points to a summer rather than to a spring celebration of his passion. In Attica, certainly, the festival fell at the height of summer. For the fleet which Athens fitted out against Syracuse, and by the destruction of which her power was permanently crippled, sailed at midsummer, and by an ominous coincidence the sombre rites of Adonis were being celebrated at the very time. As the troops marched down to the harbour to embark, the streets through which they passed were lined with coffins and corpse-like effigies, and the air was rent with the noise of women wailing for the dead Adonis. The circumstance cast a gloom over the sailing of the most splendid armament that Athens ever sent to sea. Many ages afterwards, when the Emperor Julian made his first entry into Antioch, he found in like manner the gay, the luxurious capital of the East plunged in mimic grief for the annual death of Adonis; and if he had any presentiment of coming evil, the voices of lamentation which struck upon his ear must have seemed to sound his knell.

The resemblance of these ceremonies to the Indian and European ceremonies which I have described elsewhere is obvious. In particular, apart from the somewhat doubtful date of its celebration, the Alexandrian ceremony is almost identical with the Indian. In both of them the marriage of two divine beings, whose affinity with vegetation seems indicated by the fresh plants with which they are surrounded, is celebrated in effigy, and the effigies are afterwards mourned over and thrown into the water. From the similarity of these customs to each other and to the spring and midsummer customs

of modern Europe we should naturally expect that they all admit of a common explanation. Hence, if the explanation which I have adopted of the latter is correct, the ceremony of the death and resurrection of Adonis must also have been a dramatic representation of the decay and revival of plant life. The inference thus based on the resemblance of the customs is confirmed by the following features in the legend and ritual of Adonis. His affinity with vegetation comes out at once in the common story of his birth. He was said to have been born from a myrrh-tree, the bark of which bursting, after a ten months' gestation, allowed the lovely infant to come forth. According to some, a boar rent the bark with his tusk and so opened a passage for the babe. A faint rationalistic colour was given to the legend by saying that his mother was a woman named Myrrh, who had been turned into a myrrh-tree soon after she had conceived the child. The use of myrrh as incense at the festival of Adonis may have given rise to the fable. We have seen that incense was burnt at the corresponding Babylonian rites, just as it was burnt by the idolatrous Hebrews in honour of the Queen of Heaven, who was no other than Astarte. Again, the story that Adonis spent half, or according to others a third, of the year in the lower world and the rest of it in the upper world, is explained most simply and naturally by supposing that he represented vegetation, especially the corn, which lies buried in the earth half the year and reappears above ground the other half. Certainly of the annual phenomena of nature there is none which suggests so obviously the idea of death and resurrection as the disappearance and reappearance of vegetation in autumn and spring. Adonis has been taken for the sun, but there is nothing in the sun's annual course within the temperate and tropical zones to suggest that he is dead for half or a third of the year and alive for the other half or two-thirds. He might, indeed, be conceived as weakened in winter, but dead he could not be thought to be, his daily reappearance contradicts the supposition. Within the Arctic Circle, where the sun annually disappears for a continuous period which varies from twenty-four hours to six months according to the latitude, his yearly death and resurrection would certainly be an obvious idea, but no one except the unfortunate astronomer Bailly has maintained that the Adonis worship came from the Arctic regions. On the other hand, the annual death and revival of vegetation is a conception which readily presents itself to men in every stage of savagery and civilisation; and the vastness of the scale on which this ever-recurring decay and regeneration takes place, together with man's intimate dependence on it for subsistence, combine to render it the most impressive annual occurrence in nature, at least within the temperate zones. It is no wonder that a phenomenon so important, so striking, and so universal should, by suggesting similar ideas, have given rise to similar rites in many lands. We may, therefore, accept as probable an explanation of the Adonis worship which accords so well with the facts of nature and with the analogy of similar rites in

other lands. Moreover, the explanation is countenanced by a considerable body of opinion amongst the ancients themselves, who again and again interpreted the dying and reviving god as the reaped and sprouting grain.

The character of Tammuz or Adonis as a corn-spirit comes out plainly in an account of his festival given by an Arabic writer of the tenth century. In describing the rites and sacrifices observed at the different seasons of the year by the heathen Syrians of Harran, he says "Tammuz (July). In the middle of this month is the festival of el-Bûgât, that is, of the weeping women, and this is the Tâ-uz festival, which is celebrated in honour of the god Tâ-uz. The women bewail him, because his lord slew him so cruelly, ground his bones in a mill, and then scattered them to the wind. The women (during this festival) eat nothing which has been ground in a mill, but limit their diet to steeped wheat, sweet vetches, dates, raisins, and the like." Tâ-uz, who is no other than Tammuz, is here like Burns's John Barleycorn.

*"They wasted o'er a scorching flame But a miller us'd him worst of all,
The marrow of his bones, For he crush'd him between two stones"*

This concentration, so to say, of the nature of Adonis upon the cereal crops is characteristic of the stage of culture reached by his worshippers in historical times. They had left the nomadic life of the wandering hunter and herdsman far behind them, for ages they had been settled on the land, and had depended for their subsistence mainly on the products of tillage. The berries and roots of the wilderness, the grass of the pastures, which had been matters of vital importance to their ruder forefathers, were now of little moment to them. more and more their thoughts and energies were engrossed by the staple of their life, the corn, more and more accordingly the propitiation of the deities of fertility in general and of the corn-spirit in particular tended to become the central feature of their religion. The aim they set before themselves in celebrating the rites was thoroughly practical. It was no vague poetical sentiment which prompted them to hail with joy the rebirth of vegetation and to mourn its decline. Hunger, felt or feared, was the mainspring of the worship of Adonis.

It has been suggested by Father Lagrange that the mourning for Adonis was essentially a harvest rite designed to propitiate the corn-god, who was then either perishing under the sickles of the reapers or being trodden to death under the hoofs of the oxen on the threshing-floor. While the men slew him, the women wept crocodile tears at home to appease his natural indignation by a show of grief for his death. The theory fits in well with the dates of the festivals, which fell in spring or summer, for spring and summer, not autumn, are the seasons of the barley and wheat harvests in the lands which worshipped Adonis. Further, the hypothesis is confirmed by the practice of the Egyptian reapers, who lamented, calling upon Isis,

when they cut the first corn, and it is recommended by the analogous customs of many hunting tribes, who testify great respect for the animals which they kill and eat

Thus interpreted the death of Adonis is not the natural decay of vegetation in general under the summer heat or the winter cold, it is the violent destruction of the corn by man, who cuts it down on the field, stamps it to pieces on the threshing-floor, and grinds it to powder in the mill. That this was indeed the principal aspect in which Adonis presented himself in later times to the agricultural peoples of the Levant, may be admitted, but whether from the beginning he had been the corn and nothing but the corn, may be doubted. At an earlier period he may have been to the herdsman, above all, the tender herbage which sprouts after rain, offering rich pasture to the lean and hungry cattle. Earlier still he may have embodied the spirit of the nuts and berries which the autumn woods yield to the savage hunter and his squaw. And just as the husbandman must propitiate the spirit of the corn which he consumes, so the herdsman must appease the spirit of the grass and leaves which his cattle munch, and the hunter must soothe the spirit of the roots which he digs, and of the fruits which he gathers from the bough. In all cases the propitiation of the injured and angry sprite would naturally comprise elaborate excuses and apologies, accompanied by loud lamentations at his decease whenever, through some deplorable accident or necessity, he happened to be murdered as well as robbed. Only we must bear in mind that the savage hunter and herdsman of those early days had probably not yet attained to the abstract idea of vegetation in general, and that accordingly, so far as Adonis existed for them at all, he must have been the *Adon* or lord of each individual tree and plant rather than a personification of vegetable life as a whole. Thus there would be as many Adonises as there were trees and shrubs and each of them might expect to receive satisfaction for any damage done to his person or property. And year by year, when the trees were deciduous, every Adonis would seem to bleed to death with the red leaves of autumn and to come to life again with the fresh green of spring.

There is some reason to think that in early times Adonis was sometimes personated by a living man who died a violent death in the character of the god. Further, there is evidence which goes to show that among the agricultural peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean, the corn-spirit, by whatever name he was known, was often represented, year by year, by human victims slain on the harvest-field. If that was so, it seems likely that the propitiation of the corn-spirit would tend to fuse to some extent with the worship of the dead. For the spirits of these victims might be thought to return to life in the ears which they had fattened with their blood, and to die a second death at the reaping of the corn. Now the ghosts of those who have perished by violence are surly and apt to wreak their vengeance on their slayers whenever an opportunity offers. Hence the attempt

to appease the souls of the slaughtered victims would naturally blend, at least in the popular conception, with the attempt to pacify the slain corn-spirit. And as the dead came back in the sprouting corn, so they might be thought to return in the spring flowers, waked from their long sleep by the soft vernal airs. They had been laid to their rest under the sod. What more natural than to imagine that the violets and the hyacinths, the roses and the anemones, sprang from their dust, were empurpled or incarnadined by their blood, and contained some portion of their spirit?

*" I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head*

*" And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen ? "*

In the summer after the battle of Landen, the most sanguinary battle of the seventeenth century in Europe, the earth, saturated with the blood of twenty thousand slain, broke forth into millions of poppies, and the traveller who passed that vast sheet of scarlet might well fancy that the earth had indeed given up her dead. At Athens the great Commemoration of the Dead fell in spring about the middle of March, when the early flowers are in bloom. Then the dead were believed to rise from their graves and go about the streets, vainly endeavouring to enter the temples and dwellings, which were barred against these perturbed spirits with ropes, buckthorn, and pitch. The name of the festival, according to the most obvious and natural interpretation, means the Festival of Flowers, and the title would fit well with the substance of the ceremonies if at that season the poor ghosts were indeed thought to creep from the narrow house with the opening flowers. There may therefore be a measure of truth in the theory of Renan, who saw in the Adonis worship a dreamy voluptuous cult of death, conceived not as the King of Terrors, but as an insidious enchanter who lures his victims to himself and lulls them into an eternal sleep. The infinite charm of nature in the Lebanon, he thought, lends itself to religious emotions of this sensuous, visionary sort, hovering vaguely between pain and pleasure, between slumber and tears. It would doubtless be a mistake to attribute to Syrian peasants the worship of a conception so purely abstract as that of death in general. Yet it may be true that in their simple minds the thought of the reviving spirit of vegetation was blent with the very concrete notion of the ghosts of the dead, who come to life again in spring days with the early flowers, with the tender green of the corn and the many-tinted blossoms of the trees. Thus their views of the death and resurrection of nature would be coloured by their views of the death and resurrection of man, by their personal sorrows

and hopes and fears In like manner we cannot doubt that Renan's theory of Adonis was itself deeply tinged by passionate memories, memories of the slumber akin to death which sealed his own eyes on the slopes of the Lebanon, memories of the sister who sleeps in the land of Adonis never again to wake with the anemones and the roses.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE GARDENS OF ADONIS

PERHAPS the best proof that Adonis was a deity of vegetation, and especially of the corn, is furnished by the gardens of Adonis, as they were called These were baskets or pots filled with earth, in which wheat, barley, lettuces, fennel, and various kinds of flowers were sown and tended for eight days, chiefly or exclusively by women Fostered by the sun's heat, the plants shot up rapidly, but having no root they withered as rapidly away, and at the end of eight days were carried out with the images of the dead Adonis, and flung with them into the sea or into springs

These gardens of Adonis are most naturally interpreted as representatives of Adonis or manifestations of his power, they represented him, true to his original nature, in vegetable form, while the images of him, with which they were carried out and cast into the water, portrayed him in his later human shape All these Adonis ceremonies, if I am right, were originally intended as charms to promote the growth or revival of vegetation; and the principle by which they were supposed to produce this effect was homoeopathic or imitative magic. For ignorant people suppose that by mimicking the effect which they desire to produce they actually help to produce it; thus by sprinkling water they make rain, by lighting a fire they make sunshine, and so on Similarly, by mimicking the growth of crops they hope to ensure a good harvest The rapid growth of the wheat and barley in the gardens of Adonis was intended to make the corn shoot up, and the throwing of the gardens and of the images into the water was a charm to secure a due supply of fertilising rain The same, I take it, was the object of throwing the effigies of Death and the Carnival into water in the corresponding ceremonies of modern Europe Certainly the custom of drenching with water a leaf-clad person, who undoubtedly personifies vegetation, is still resorted to in Europe for the express purpose of producing rain Similarly the custom of throwing water on the last corn cut at harvest, or on the person who brings it home (a custom observed in Germany and France, and till lately in England and Scotland), is in some places practised with the avowed intent to procure rain for the next year's crops. Thus in Wallachia and amongst the Roumanians in Transylvania, when a girl is bringing home a crown made of the last ears of corn cut at harvest, all who meet

her hasten to throw water on her, and two farm-servants are placed at the door for the purpose, for they believe that if this were not done, the crops next year would perish from drought. At the spring ploughing in Prussia, when the ploughmen and sowers returned in the evening from their work in the fields, the farmer's wife and the servants used to splash water over them. The ploughmen and sowers retorted by seizing every one, throwing them into the pond, and ducking them under the water. The farmer's wife might claim exemption on payment of a forfeit, but every one else had to be ducked. By observing this custom they hoped to ensure a due supply of rain for the seed.

The opinion that the gardens of Adonis are essentially charms to promote the growth of vegetation, especially of the crops, and that they belong to the same class of customs as those spring and midsummer folk-customs of modern Europe which I have described elsewhere, does not rest for its evidence merely on the intrinsic probability of the case. Fortunately we are able to show that gardens of Adonis (if we may use the expression in a general sense) are still planted, first, by a primitive race at their sowing season, and, second, by European peasants at midsummer. Amongst the Oraons and Mundas of Bengal, when the time comes for planting out the rice which has been grown in seed-beds, a party of young people of both sexes go to the forest and cut a young Karma-tree, or the branch of one. Bearing it in triumph they return dancing, singing, and beating drums, and plant it in the middle of the village dancing-ground. A sacrifice is offered to the tree, and next morning the youth of both sexes, linked arm-in-arm, dance in a great circle round the Karma-tree, which is decked with strips of coloured cloth and sham bracelets and necklets of plaited straw. As a preparation for the festival, the daughters of the headman of the village cultivate blades of barley in a peculiar way. The seed is sown in moist, sandy soil, mixed with turmeric, and the blades sprout and unfold of a pale-yellow or primrose colour. On the day of the festival the girls take up these blades and carry them in baskets to the dancing ground, where, prostrating themselves reverentially, they place some of the plants before the Karma-tree. Finally, the Karma-tree is taken away and thrown into a stream or tank. The meaning of planting these barley blades and then presenting them to the Karma-tree is hardly open to question. Trees are supposed to exercise a quickening influence upon the growth of crops, and amongst the very people in question—the Mundas or Mundaris—"the grove deities are held responsible for the crops." Therefore, when at the season for planting out the rice the Mundas bring in a tree and treat it with so much respect, their object can only be to foster thereby the growth of the rice which is about to be planted out, and the custom of causing barley blades to sprout rapidly and then presenting them to the tree must be intended to subserve the same purpose, perhaps by reminding the tree-spirit of his duty towards the crops, and stimulating his activity by this visible example of rapid vegetable growth. The throwing of the Karma-tree into the water is to be interpreted as

a rain-charm. Whether the barley blades are also thrown into the water is not said, but if my interpretation of the custom is right, probably they are so. A distinction between this Bengal custom and the Greek rites of Adonis is that in the former the tree-spirit appears in his original form as a tree, whereas in the Adonis worship he appears in human form, represented as a dead man, though his vegetable nature is indicated by the gardens of Adonis, which are, so to say, a secondary manifestation of his original power as a tree-spirit.

Gardens of Adonis are cultivated also by the Hindoos, with the intention apparently of ensuring the fertility both of the earth and of mankind. Thus at Oodeypoor in Rajputana a festival is held in honour of Gouri, or Isani, the goddess of abundance. The rites begin when the sun enters the sign of the Ram, the opening of the Hindoo year. An image of the goddess Gouri is made of earth, and a smaller one of her husband Iswara, and the two are placed together. A small trench is next dug, barley is sown in it, and the ground watered and heated artificially till the grain sprouts, when the women dance round it hand in hand, invoking the blessing of Gouri on their husbands. After that the young corn is taken up and distributed by the women to the men, who wear it in their turbans. In these rites the distribution of the barley shoots to the men, and the invocation of a blessing on their husbands by the wives, point clearly to the desire of offspring as one motive for observing the custom. The same motive probably explains the use of gardens of Adonis at the marriage of Brahmans in the Madras Presidency. Seeds of five or nine sorts are mixed and sown in earthen pots, which are made specially for the purpose and are filled with earth. Bride and bridegroom water the seeds both morning and evening for four days, and on the fifth day the seedlings are thrown, like the real gardens of Adonis, into a tank or river.

In Sardinia the gardens of Adonis are still planted in connexion with the great Midsummer festival which bears the name of St. John. At the end of March or on the first of April a young man of the village presents himself to a girl, and asks her to be his *comare* (gossip or sweetheart), offering to be her *compare*. The invitation is considered as an honour by the girl's family, and is gladly accepted. At the end of May the girl makes a pot of the bark of the cork-tree, fills it with earth, and sows a handful of wheat and barley in it. The pot being placed in the sun and often watered, the corn sprouts rapidly and has a good head by Midsummer Eve (St. John's Eve, the twenty-third of June). The pot is then called *Erme* or *Nenneri*. On St. John's Day the young man and the girl, dressed in their best, accompanied by a long retinue and preceded by children gambolling and frolicking, move in procession to a church outside the village. Here they break the pot by throwing it against the door of the church. Then they sit down in a ring on the grass and eat eggs and herbs to the music of flutes. Wine is mixed in a cup and passed round, each one drinking as it passes. Then they join hands and sing "Sweethearts of St. John" (*Compare e comare di San Giovanni*) over and over again, the

flutes playing the while When they tire of singing they stand up and dance gaily in a ring till evening This is the general Sardinian custom As practised at Ozieri it has some special features. In May the pots are made of cork-bark and planted with corn, as already described Then on the Eve of St John the window-sills are draped with rich cloths, on which the pots are placed, adorned with crimson and blue silk and ribbons of various colours On each of the pots they used formerly to place a statuette or cloth doll dressed as a woman, or a Priapus-like figure made of paste, but this custom, rigorously forbidden by the Church, has fallen into disuse The village swains go about in a troop to look at the pots and their decorations and to wait for the girls, who assemble on the public square to celebrate the festival Here a great bonfire is kindled, round which they dance and make merry Those who wish to be "Sweethearts of St John" act as follows. The young man stands on one side of the bonfire and the girl on the other, and they, in a manner, join hands by each grasping one end of a long stick, which they pass three times backwards and forwards across the fire, thus thrusting their hands thrice rapidly into the flames. This seals their relationship to each other Dancing and music go on till late at night. The correspondence of these Sardinian pots of grain to the gardens of Adonis seems complete, and the images formerly placed in them answer to the images of Adonis which accompanied his gardens

Customs of the same sort are observed at the same season in Sicily Pairs of boys and girls become gossips of St John on St John's Day by drawing each a hair from his or her head and performing various ceremonies over them. Thus they tie the hairs together and throw them up in the air, or exchange them over a potsherd, which they afterwards break in two, preserving each a fragment with pious care. The tie formed in the latter way is supposed to last for life In some parts of Sicily the gossips of St John present each other with plates of sprouting corn, lentils, and canary seed, which have been planted forty days before the festival The one who receives the plate pulls a stalk of the young plants, binds it with a ribbon, and preserves it among his or her greatest treasures, restoring the platter to the giver At Catania the gossips exchange pots of basil and great cucumbers, the girls tend the basil, and the thicker it grows the more it is prized

In these midsummer customs of Sardinia and Sicily it is possible that, as Mr R Wunsch supposes, St John has replaced Adonis. We have seen that the rites of Tammuz or Adonis were commonly celebrated about midsummer, according to Jerome, their date was June

In Sicily gardens of Adonis are still sown in spring as well as in summer, from which we may perhaps infer that Sicily as well as Syria celebrated of old a vernal festival of the dead and risen god At the approach of Easter, Sicilian women sow wheat, lentils, and canary-seed in plates, which they keep in the dark and water every two days. The plants soon shoot up, the stalks are tied together with red ribbons, and the plates containing them are placed on the sepulchres which,

with the effigies of the dead Christ, are made up in Catholic and Greek churches on Good Friday, just as the gardens of Adonis were placed on the grave of the dead Adonis. The practice is not confined to Sicily, for it is observed also at Cosenza in Calabria, and perhaps in other places. The whole custom—sepulchres as well as plates of sprouting grain—may be nothing but a continuation, under a different name, of the worship of Adonis.

Nor are these Sicilian and Calabrian customs the only Easter ceremonies which resemble the rites of Adonis. "During the whole of Good Friday a waxen effigy of the dead Christ is exposed to view in the middle of the Greek churches and is covered with fervent kisses by the thronging crowd, while the whole church rings with melancholy, monotonous dirges. Late in the evening, when it has grown quite dark, this waxen image is carried by the priests into the street on a bier adorned with lemons, roses, jessamine, and other flowers, and there begins a grand procession of the multitude, who move in serried ranks, with slow and solemn step, through the whole town. Every man carries his taper and breaks out into doleful lamentation. At all the houses which the procession passes there are seated women with censers to fumigate the marching host. Thus the community solemnly buries its Christ as if he had just died. At last the waxen image is again deposited in the church, and the same lugubrious chants echo anew. These lamentations, accompanied by a strict fast, continue till midnight on Saturday. As the clock strikes twelve, the bishop appears and announces the glad tidings that 'Christ is risen,' to which the crowd replies, 'He is risen indeed,' and at once the whole city bursts into an uproar of joy, which finds vent in shrieks and shouts, in the endless discharge of carronades and muskets, and the explosion of fire-works of every sort. In the very same hour people plunge from the extremity of the fast into the enjoyment of the Easter lamb and neat wine."

In like manner the Catholic Church has been accustomed to bring before its followers in a visible form the death and resurrection of the Redeemer. Such sacred dramas are well fitted to impress the lively imagination and to stir the warm feelings of a susceptible southern race, to whom the pomp and pageantry of Catholicism are more congenial than to the colder temperament of the Teutonic peoples.

When we reflect how often the Church has skilfully contrived to plant the seeds of the new faith on the old stock of paganism, we may surmise that the Easter celebration of the dead and risen Christ was grafted upon a similar celebration of the dead and risen Adonis, which, as we have seen reason to believe, was celebrated in Syria at the same season. The type, created by Greek artists, of the sorrowful goddess with her dying lover in her arms, resembles and may have been the model of the *Pietà* of Christian art, the Virgin with the dead body of her divine Son in her lap, of which the most celebrated example is the one by Michael Angelo in St. Peter's. That noble group, in which the living sorrow of the mother contrasts so wonderfully with the languor

of death in the son, is one of the finest compositions in marble. Ancient Greek art has bequeathed to us few works so beautiful, and none so pathetic.

In this connexion a well-known statement of Jerome may not be without significance. He tells us that Bethlehem, the traditionary birthplace of the Lord, was shaded by a grove of that still older Syrian Lord, Adonis, and that where the infant Jesus had wept, the lover of Venus was bewailed. Though he does not expressly say so, Jerome seems to have thought that the grove of Adonis had been planted by the heathen after the birth of Christ for the purpose of defiling the sacred spot. In this he may have been mistaken. If Adonis was indeed, as I have argued, the spirit of the corn, a more suitable name for his dwelling-place could hardly be found than Bethlehem, "the House of Bread," and he may well have been worshipped there at his House of Bread long ages before the birth of Him who said, "I am the bread of life." Even on the hypothesis that Adonis followed rather than preceded Christ at Bethlehem, the choice of his sad figure to divert the allegiance of Christians from their Lord cannot but strike us as eminently appropriate when we remember the similarity of the rites which commemorated the death and resurrection of the two. One of the earliest seats of the worship of the new god was Antioch, and at Antioch, as we have seen, the death of the old god was annually celebrated with great solemnity. A circumstance which attended the entrance of Julian into the city at the time of the Adonis festival may perhaps throw some light on the date of its celebration. When the emperor drew near to the city he was received with public prayers as if he had been a god, and he marvelled at the voices of a great multitude who cried that the Star of Salvation had dawned upon them in the East. This may doubtless have been no more than a fulsome compliment paid by an obsequious Oriental crowd to the Roman emperor. But it is also possible that the rising of a bright star regularly gave the signal for the festival, and that as chance would have it the star emerged above the rim of the eastern horizon at the very moment of the emperor's approach. The coincidence, if it happened, could hardly fail to strike the imagination of a superstitious and excited multitude, who might thereupon hail the great man as the deity whose coming was announced by the sign in the heavens. Or the emperor may have mistaken for a greeting to himself the shouts which were addressed to the star. Now Astarte, the divine mistress of Adonis, was identified with the planet Venus, and her changes from a morning to an evening star were carefully noted by the Babylonian astronomers, who drew omens from her alternate appearance and disappearance. Hence we may conjecture that the festival of Adonis was regularly timed to coincide with the appearance of Venus as the Morning or Evening Star. But the star which the people of Antioch saluted at the festival was seen in the East; therefore, if it was indeed Venus, it can only have been the Morning Star. At Aphaca in Syria, where there was a famous temple of Astarte, the signal for the celebration

of the rites was apparently given by the flashing of a meteor, which on a certain day fell like a star from the top of Mount Lebanon into the river Adonis. The meteor was thought to be Astarte herself, and its flight through the air might naturally be interpreted as the descent of the amorous goddess to the arms of her lover. At Antioch and elsewhere the appearance of the Morning Star on the day of the festival may in like manner have been hailed as the coming of the goddess of love to wake her dead leman from his earthy bed. If that were so, we may surmise that it was the Morning Star which guided the wise men of the East to Bethlehem, the hallowed spot which heard, in the language of Jerome, the weeping of the infant Christ and the lament for Adonis.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE MYTH AND RITUAL OF ATTIS

ANOTHER of those gods whose supposed death and resurrection struck such deep roots into the faith and ritual of Western Asia is Attis. He was to Phrygia what Adonis was to Syria. Like Adonis, he appears to have been a god of vegetation, and his death and resurrection were annually mourned and rejoiced over at a festival in spring. The legends and rites of the two gods were so much alike that the ancients themselves sometimes identified them. Attis was said to have been a fair young shepherd or herdsman beloved by Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, a great Asiatic goddess of fertility, who had her chief home in Phrygia. Some held that Attis was her son. His birth, like that of many other heroes, is said to have been miraculous. His mother, Nana, was a virgin, who conceived by putting a ripe almond or a pomegranate in her bosom. Indeed in the Phrygian cosmogony an almond figured as the father of all things, perhaps because its delicate lilac blossom is one of the first heralds of the spring, appearing on the bare boughs before the leaves have opened. Such tales of virgin mothers are relics of an age of childish ignorance when men had not yet recognized the intercourse of the sexes as the true cause of offspring. Two different accounts of the death of Attis were current. According to the one he was killed by a boar, like Adonis. According to the other he unmanned himself under a pine-tree, and bled to death on the spot. The latter is said to have been the local story told by the people of Pessinus, a great seat of the worship of Cybele, and the whole legend of which the story forms a part is stamped with a character of rudeness and savagery that speaks strongly for its antiquity. Both tales might claim the support of custom, or rather both were probably invented to explain certain customs observed by the worshippers. The story of the self-mutilation of Attis is clearly an attempt to account for the self-mutilation of his priests, who regularly castrated themselves on entering the service of the goddess. The story of his death

by the boar may have been told to explain why his worshippers, especially the people of Pessinus, abstained from eating swine. In like manner the worshippers of Adonis abstained from pork, because a boar had killed their god. After his death Attis is said to have been changed into a pine-tree.

The worship of the Phrygian Mother of the Gods was adopted by the Romans in 204 B.C. towards the close of their long struggle with Hannibal. For their drooping spirits had been opportunely cheered by a prophecy, alleged to be drawn from that convenient farrago of nonsense, the Sibylline Books, that the foreign invader would be driven from Italy if the great Oriental goddess were brought to Rome. Accordingly ambassadors were despatched to her sacred city Pessinus in Phrygia. The small black stone which embodied the mighty divinity was entrusted to them and conveyed to Rome, where it was received with great respect and installed in the temple of Victory on the Palatine Hill. It was the middle of April when the goddess arrived, and she went to work at once. For the harvest that year was such as had not been seen for many a long day, and in the very next year Hannibal and his veterans embarked for Africa. As he looked his last on the coast of Italy, fading behind him in the distance, he could not foresee that Europe, which had repelled the arms, would yet yield to the gods, of the Orient. The vanguard of the conquerors had already encamped in the heart of Italy before the rearguard of the beaten army fell sullenly back from its shores.

We may conjecture, though we are not told, that the Mother of the Gods brought with her the worship of her youthful lover or son to her new home in the West. Certainly the Romans were familiar with the Galli, the emasculated priests of Attis, before the close of the Republic. These unsexed beings, in their Oriental costume, with little images suspended on their breasts, appear to have been a familiar sight in the streets of Rome, which they traversed in procession, carrying the image of the goddess and chanting their hymns to the music of cymbals and tambourines, flutes and horns, while the people, impressed by the fantastic show and moved by the wild strains, flung alms to them in abundance, and buried the image and its bearers under showers of roses. A further step was taken by the Emperor Claudius when he incorporated the Phrygian worship of the sacred tree, and with it probably the orgiastic rites of Attis, in the established religion of Rome. The great spring festival of Cybele and Attis is best known to us in the form in which it was celebrated at Rome, but as we are informed that the Roman ceremonies were also Phrygian, we may assume that they differed hardly, if at all, from their Asiatic original. The order of the festival seems to have been as follows.

On the twenty-second day of March, a pine-tree was cut in the woods and brought into the sanctuary of Cybele, where it was treated as a great divinity. The duty of carrying the sacred tree was entrusted to a guild of Tree-bearers. The trunk was swathed like a corpse with woollen bands and decked with wreaths of violets, for violets were said

to have sprung from the blood of Attis, as roses and anemones from the blood of Adonis; and the effigy of a young man, doubtless Attis himself, was tied to the middle of the stem. On the second day of the festival, the twenty-third of March, the chief ceremony seems to have been a blowing of trumpets. The third day, the twenty-fourth of March, was known as the Day of Blood. the Archigallus or high-priest drew blood from his arms and presented it as an offering. Nor was he alone in making this bloody sacrifice. Stirred by the wild barbaric music of clashing cymbals, rumbling drums, droning horns, and screaming flutes, the inferior clergy whirled about in the dance with wagging heads and streaming hair, until, rapt into a frenzy of excitement and insensible to pain, they gashed their bodies with potsherds or slashed them with knives in order to bespatter the altar and the sacred tree with their flowing blood. The ghastly rite probably formed part of the mourning for Attis and may have been intended to strengthen him for the resurrection. The Australian aborigines cut themselves in like manner over the graves of their friends for the purpose, perhaps, of enabling them to be born again. Further, we may conjecture, though we are not expressly told, that it was on the same Day of Blood and for the same purpose that the novices sacrificed their virility. Wrought up to the highest pitch of religious excitement they dashed the severed portions of themselves against the image of the cruel goddess. These broken instruments of fertility were afterwards reverently wrapt up and buried in the earth or in subterranean chambers sacred to Cybele, where, like the offering of blood, they may have been deemed instrumental in recalling Attis to life and hastening the general resurrection of nature, which was then bursting into leaf and blossom in the vernal sunshine. Some confirmation of this conjecture is furnished by the savage story that the mother of Attis conceived by putting in her bosom a pomegranate sprung from the severed genitals of a man-monster named Agdestis, a sort of double of Attis.

If there is any truth in this conjectural explanation of the custom, we can readily understand why other Asiatic goddesses of fertility were served in like manner by eunuch priests. These feminine deities required to receive from their male ministers, who personated the divine lovers, the means of discharging their beneficent functions: they had themselves to be impregnated by the life-giving energy before they could transmit it to the world. Goddesses thus ministered to by eunuch priests were the great Artemis of Ephesus and the great Syrian Astarte of Hierapolis, whose sanctuary, frequented by swarms of pilgrims and enriched by the offerings of Assyria and Babylonia, of Arabia and Phoenicia, was perhaps in the days of its glory the most popular in the East. Now the unsexed priests of this Syrian goddess resembled those of Cybele so closely that some people took them to be the same. And the mode in which they dedicated themselves to the religious life was similar. The greatest festival of the year at Hierapolis fell at the beginning of spring, when multitudes thronged

to the sanctuary from Syria and the regions round about. While the flutes played, the drums beat, and the eunuch priests slashed themselves with knives, the religious excitement gradually spread like a wave among the crowd of onlookers, and many a one did that which he little thought to do when he came as a holiday spectator to the festival. For man after man, his veins throbbing with the music, his eyes fascinated by the sight of the streaming blood, flung his garments from him, leaped forth with a shout, and seizing one of the swords which stood ready for the purpose, castrated himself on the spot. Then he ran through the city, holding the bloody pieces in his hand, till he threw them into one of the houses which he passed in his mad career. The household thus honoured had to furnish him with a suit of female attire and female ornaments, which he wore for the rest of his life. When the tumult of emotion had subsided, and the man had come to himself again, the irrevocable sacrifice must often have been followed by passionate sorrow and lifelong regret. This revulsion of natural human feeling after the frenzies of a fanatical religion is powerfully depicted by Catullus in a celebrated poem.

The parallel of these Syrian devotees confirms the view that in the similar worship of Cybele the sacrifice of virility took place on the Day of Blood at the vernal rites of the goddess, when the violets, supposed to spring from the red drops of her wounded lover, were in bloom among the pines. Indeed the story that Attis unmanned himself under a pine-tree was clearly devised to explain why his priests did the same beside the sacred violet-wreathed tree at his festival. At all events, we can hardly doubt that the Day of Blood witnessed the mourning for Attis over an effigy of him which was afterwards buried. The image thus laid in the sepulchre was probably the same which had hung upon the tree. Throughout the period of mourning the worshippers fasted from bread, nominally because Cybele had done so in her grief for the death of Attis, but really perhaps for the same reason which induced the women of Harran to abstain from eating anything ground in a mill while they wept for Tammuz. To partake of bread or flour at such a season might have been deemed a wanton profanation of the bruised and broken body of the god. Or the fast may possibly have been a preparation for a sacramental meal.

But when night had fallen, the sorrow of the worshippers was turned to joy. For suddenly a light shone in the darkness. the tomb was opened. the god had risen from the dead, and as the priest touched the lips of the weeping mourners with balm, he softly whispered in their ears the glad tidings of salvation. The resurrection of the god was hailed by his disciples as a promise that they too would issue triumphant from the corruption of the grave. On the morrow, the twenty-fifth day of March, which was reckoned the vernal equinox, the divine resurrection was celebrated with a wild outburst of glee. At Rome, and probably elsewhere, the celebration took the form of a carnival. It was the Festival of Joy (*Hilaria*). A universal licence prevailed. Every man might say and do what he pleased. People

went about the streets in disguise. No dignity was too high or too sacred for the humblest citizen to assume with impunity. In the reign of Commodus a band of conspirators thought to take advantage of the masquerade by dressing in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, and so, mingling with the crowd of merry-makers, to get within stabbing distance of the emperor. But the plot miscarried. Even the stern Alexander Severus used to relax so far on the joyous day as to admit a pheasant to his frugal board. The next day, the twenty-sixth of March, was given to repose, which must have been much needed after the varied excitements and fatigues of the preceding days. Finally, the Roman festival closed on the twenty-seventh of March with a procession to the brook *Almo*. The silver image of the goddess, with its face of jagged black stone, sat in a waggon drawn by oxen. Preceded by the nobles walking barefoot, it moved slowly, to the loud music of pipes and tambourines, out by the *Porta Capena*, and so down to the banks of the *Almo*, which flows into the *Tiber* just below the walls of Rome. There the high-priest, robed in purple, washed the waggon, the image, and the other sacred objects in the water of the stream. On returning from their bath, the wain and the oxen were strewn with fresh spring flowers. All was mirth and gaiety. No one thought of the blood that had flowed so lately. Even the eunuch priests forgot their wounds.

Such, then, appears to have been the annual solemnisation of the death and resurrection of Attis in spring. But besides these public rites, his worship is known to have comprised certain secret or mystic ceremonies, which probably aimed at bringing the worshipper, and especially the novice, into closer communication with his god. Our information as to the nature of these mysteries and the date of their celebration is unfortunately very scanty, but they seem to have included a sacramental meal and a baptism of blood. In the sacrament the novice became a partaker of the mysteries by eating out of a drum and drinking out of a cymbal, two instruments of music which figured prominently in the thrilling orchestra of Attis. The fast which accompanied the mourning for the dead god may perhaps have been designed to prepare the body of the communicant for the reception of the blessed sacrament by purging it of all that could defile by contact the sacred elements. In the baptism the devotee, crowned with gold and wreathed with fillets, descended into a pit, the mouth of which was covered with a wooden grating. A bull, adorned with garlands of flowers, its forehead glittering with gold leaf, was then driven on to the grating and there stabbed to death with a consecrated spear. Its hot reeking blood poured in torrents through the apertures, and was received with devout eagerness by the worshipper on every part of his person and garments, till he emerged from the pit, drenched, dripping, and scarlet from head to foot, to receive the homage, nay the adoration, of his fellows as one who had been born again to eternal life and had washed away his sins in the blood of the bull. For some time afterwards the fiction of a new birth was kept up by dieting him

on milk like a new-born babe. The regeneration of the worshipper took place at the same time as the regeneration of his god, namely at the vernal equinox. At Rome the new birth and the remission of sins by the shedding of bull's blood appear to have been carried out above all at the sanctuary of the Phrygian goddess on the Vatican Hill, at or near the spot where the great basilica of St Peter's now stands, for many inscriptions relating to the rites were found when the church was being enlarged in 1608 or 1609. From the Vatican as a centre this barbarous system of superstition seems to have spread to other parts of the Roman empire. Inscriptions found in Gaul and Germany prove that provincial sanctuaries modelled their ritual on that of the Vatican. From the same source we learn that the testicles as well as the blood of the bull played an important part in the ceremonies. Probably they were regarded as a powerful charm to promote fertility and hasten the new birth.

CHAPTER XXXV

ATTIS AS A GOD OF VEGETATION

THE original character of Attis as a tree-spirit is brought out plainly by the part which the pine-tree plays in his legend, his ritual, and his monuments. The story that he was a human being transformed into a pine-tree is only one of those transparent attempts at rationalising old beliefs which meet us so frequently in mythology. The bringing in of the pine-tree from the woods, decked with violets and woollen bands, is like bringing in the May-tree or Summer-tree in modern folk-custom, and the effigy which was attached to the pine-tree was only a duplicate representative of the tree-spirit Attis. After being fastened to the tree, the effigy was kept for a year and then burned. The same thing appears to have been sometimes done with the Maypole, and in like manner the effigy of the corn-spirit, made at harvest, is often preserved till it is replaced by a new effigy at next year's harvest. The original intention of such customs was no doubt to maintain the spirit of vegetation in life throughout the year. Why the Phrygians should have worshipped the pine above other trees we can only guess. Perhaps the sight of its changeless, though sombre, green cresting the ridges of the high hills above the fading splendour of the autumn woods in the valleys may have seemed to their eyes to mark it out as the seat of a diviner life, of something exempt from the sad vicissitudes of the seasons, constant and eternal as the sky which stooped to meet it. For the same reason, perhaps, ivy was sacred to Attis; at all events, we read that his eunuch priests were tattooed with a pattern of ivy leaves. Another reason for the sanctity of the pine may have been its usefulness. The cones of the stone-pine contain edible nut-like seeds, which have been used as food since

antiquity, and are still eaten, for example, by the poorer classes in Rome. Moreover, a wine was brewed from these seeds, and this may partly account for the orgiastic nature of the rites of Cybele, which the ancients compared to those of Dionysus. Further, pine-cones were regarded as symbols or rather instruments of fertility. Hence at the festival of the Thesmophoria they were thrown, along with pigs and other agents or emblems of fecundity, into the sacred vaults of Demeter for the purpose of quickening the ground and the wombs of women.

Like tree-spirits in general, Attis was apparently thought to wield power over the fruits of the earth or even to be identical with the corn. One of his epithets was "very fruitful" he was addressed as the "reaped green (or yellow) ear of corn", and the story of his sufferings, death, and resurrection was interpreted as the ripe grain wounded by the reaper, buried in the granary, and coming to life again when it is sown in the ground. A statue of him in the Lateran Museum at Rome clearly indicates his relation to the fruits of the earth, and particularly to the corn; for it represents him with a bunch of ears of corn and fruit in his hand, and a wreath of pine-cones, pomegranates, and other fruits on his head, while from the top of his Phrygian cap ears of corn are sprouting. On a stone urn, which contained the ashes of an Archigallus or high-priest of Attis, the same idea is expressed in a slightly different way. The top of the urn is adorned with ears of corn carved in relief, and it is surmounted by the figure of a cock, whose tail consists of ears of corn. Cybele in like manner was conceived as a goddess of fertility who could make or mar the fruits of the earth; for the people of Augustodunum (Autun) in Gaul used to cart her image about in a waggon for the good of the fields and vineyards, while they danced and sang before it, and we have seen that in Italy an unusually fine harvest was attributed to the recent arrival of the Great Mother. The bathing of the image of the goddess in a river may well have been a rain-charm to ensure an abundant supply of moisture for the crops.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HUMAN REPRESENTATIVES OF ATTIS

FROM inscriptions it appears that both at Pessinus and Rome the high-priest of Cybele regularly bore the name of Attis. It is therefore a reasonable conjecture that he played the part of his namesake, the legendary Attis, at the annual festival. We have seen that on the Day of Blood he drew blood from his arms, and this may have been an imitation of the self-inflicted death of Attis under the pine-tree. It is not inconsistent with this supposition that Attis was also represented at these ceremonies by an effigy, for instances can be shown in which the divine being is first represented by a living person and

afterwards by an effigy, which is then burned or otherwise destroyed. Perhaps we may go a step farther and conjecture that this mimic killing of the priest, accompanied by a real effusion of his blood, was in Phrygia, as it has been elsewhere, a substitute for a human sacrifice which in earlier times was actually offered

A reminiscence of the manner in which these old representatives of the deity were put to death is perhaps preserved in the famous story of Marsyas. He was said to be a Phrygian satyr or Silenus, according to others a shepherd or herdsman, who played sweetly on the flute. A friend of Cybele, he roamed the country with the disconsolate goddess to soothe her grief for the death of Attis. The composition of the Mother's Air, a tune played on the flute in honour of the Great Mother Goddess, was attributed to him by the people of Celaenae in Phrygia. Vain of his skill, he challenged Apollo to a musical contest, he to play on the flute and Apollo on the lyre. Being vanquished, Marsyas was tied up to a pine-tree and flayed or cut limb from limb either by the victorious Apollo or by a Scythian slave. His skin was shown at Celaenae in historical times. It hung at the foot of the citadel in a cave from which the river Marsyas rushed with an impetuous and noisy tide to join the Maeander. So the Adonis bursts full-born from the precipices of the Lebanon; so the blue river of Ibreez leaps in a crystal jet from the red rocks of the Taurus, so the stream, which now rumbles deep underground, used to gleam for a moment on its passage from darkness to darkness in the dim light of the Corycian cave. In all these copious fountains, with their glad promise of fertility and life, men of old saw the hand of God and worshipped him beside the rushing river with the music of its tumbling waters in their ears. At Celaenae, if we can trust tradition, the piper Marsyas, hanging in his cave, had a soul for harmony even in death, for it is said that at the sound of his native Phrygian melodies the skin of the dead satyr used to thrill, but that if the musician struck up an air in praise of Apollo it remained deaf and motionless.

In this Phrygian satyr, shepherd, or herdsman who enjoyed the friendship of Cybele, practised the music so characteristic of her rites, and died a violent death on her sacred tree, the pine, may we not detect a close resemblance to Attis, the favourite shepherd or herdsman of the goddess, who is himself described as a piper, is said to have perished under a pine-tree, and was annually represented by an effigy hung, like Marsyas, upon a pine? We may conjecture that in old days the priest who bore the name and played the part of Attis at the spring festival of Cybele was regularly hanged or otherwise slain upon the sacred tree, and that this barbarous custom was afterwards mitigated into the form in which it is known to us in later times, when the priest merely drew blood from his body under the tree and attached an effigy instead of himself to its trunk. In the holy grove at Upsala men and animals were sacrificed by being hanged upon the sacred trees. The human victims dedicated to Odin were regularly

put to death by hanging or by a combination of hanging and stabbing, the man being strung up to a tree or a gallows and then wounded with a spear. Hence Odin was called the Lord of the Gallows or the God of the Hanged, and he is represented sitting under a gallows tree. Indeed he is said to have been sacrificed to himself in the ordinary way, as we learn from the weird verses of the *Havamal*, in which the god describes how he acquired his divine power by learning the magic runes :

*" I know that I hung on the windy tree
For nine whole nights,
Wounded with the spear, dedicated to Odin,
Myself to myself "*

The Bagobos of Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands, used annually to sacrifice human victims for the good of the crops in a similar way. Early in December, when the constellation Orion appeared at seven o'clock in the evening, the people knew that the time had come to clear their fields for sowing and to sacrifice a slave. The sacrifice was presented to certain powerful spirits as payment for the good year which the people had enjoyed, and to ensure the favour of the spirits for the coming season. The victim was led to a great tree in the forest, there he was tied with his back to the tree and his arms stretched high above his head, in the attitude in which ancient artists portrayed Marsyas hanging on the fatal tree. While he thus hung by the arms, he was slain by a spear thrust through his body at the level of the armpits. Afterwards the body was cut clean through the middle at the waist, and the upper part was apparently allowed to dangle for a little from the tree, while the under part wallowed in blood on the ground. The two portions were finally cast into a shallow trench beside the tree. Before this was done, anybody who wished might cut off a piece of flesh or a lock of hair from the corpse and carry it to the grave of some relation whose body was being consumed by a ghoul. Attracted by the fresh corpse, the ghoul would leave the mouldering old body in peace. These sacrifices have been offered by men now living.

In Greece the great goddess Artemis herself appears to have been annually hanged in effigy in her sacred grove of Condylea among the Arcadian hills, and there accordingly she went by the name of the Hanged One. Indeed a trace of a similar rite may perhaps be detected even at Ephesus, the most famous of her sanctuaries, in the legend of a woman who hanged herself and was thereupon dressed by the compassionate goddess in her own divine garb and called by the name of Hecate. Similarly, at Melite in Phthia, a story was told of a girl named Aspalis who hanged herself, but who appears to have been merely a form of Artemis. For after her death her body could not be found, but an image of her was discovered standing beside the image of Artemis, and the people bestowed on it the title of Hecaerge or Far-shooter, one of the regular epithets of the goddess. Every

year the virgins sacrificed a young goat to the image by hanging it, because Aspalis was said to have hanged herself. The sacrifice may have been a substitute for hanging an image or a human representative of Artemis. Again, in Rhodes the fair Helen was worshipped under the title of Helen of the Tree, because the queen of the island had caused her handmaids, disguised as Furies, to string her up to a bough. That the Asiatic Greeks sacrificed animals in this fashion is proved by coins of Ilium, which represent an ox or cow hanging on a tree and stabbed with a knife by a man, who sits among the branches or on the animal's back. At Hierapolis also the victims were hung on trees before they were burnt. With these Greek and Scandinavian parallels before us we can hardly dismiss as wholly improbable the conjecture that in Phrygia a man-god may have hung year by year on the sacred but fatal tree.

CHAPTER XXXVII

ORIENTAL RELIGIONS IN THE WEST

THE worship of the Great Mother of the Gods and her lover or son was very popular under the Roman Empire. Inscriptions prove that the two received divine honours, separately or conjointly, not only in Italy, and especially at Rome, but also in the provinces, particularly in Africa, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, and Bulgaria. Their worship survived the establishment of Christianity by Constantine; for Symmachus records the recurrence of the festival of the Great Mother, and in the days of Augustine her effeminate priests still paraded the streets and squares of Carthage with whitened faces, scented hair, and mincing gait, while, like the mendicant friars of the Middle Ages, they begged alms from the passers-by. In Greece, on the other hand, the bloody orgies of the Asiatic goddess and her consort appear to have found little favour. The barbarous and cruel character of the worship, with its frantic excesses, was doubtless repugnant to the good taste and humanity of the Greeks, who seem to have preferred the kindred but gentler rites of Adonis. Yet the same features which shocked and repelled the Greeks may have positively attracted the less refined Romans and barbarians of the West. The ecstatic frenzies, which were mistaken for divine inspiration, the mangling of the body, the theory of a new birth and the remission of sins through the shedding of blood, have all their origin in savagery, and they naturally appealed to peoples in whom the savage instincts were still strong. Their true character was indeed often disguised under a decent veil of allegorical or philosophical interpretation, which probably sufficed to impose upon the rapt and enthusiastic worshippers, reconciling even the more cultivated of them to things which otherwise must have filled them with horror and disgust.

The religion of the Great Mother, with its curious blending of crude

savagery with spiritual aspirations, was only one of a multitude of similar Oriental faiths which in the later days of paganism spread over the Roman Empire, and by saturating the European peoples with alien ideals of life gradually undermined the whole fabric of ancient civilisation. Greek and Roman society was built on the conception of the subordination of the individual to the community, of the citizen to the state, it set the safety of the commonwealth, as the supreme aim of conduct, above the safety of the individual whether in this world or in a world to come. Trained from infancy in this unselfish ideal, the citizens devoted their lives to the public service and were ready to lay them down for the common good; or if they shrank from the supreme sacrifice, it never occurred to them that they acted otherwise than basely in preferring their personal existence to the interests of their country. All this was changed by the spread of Oriental religions which inculcated the communion of the soul with God and its eternal salvation as the only objects worth living for, objects in comparison with which the prosperity and even the existence of the state sank into insignificance. The inevitable result of this selfish and immoral doctrine was to withdraw the devotee more and more from the public service, to concentrate his thoughts on his own spiritual emotions, and to breed in him a contempt for the present life which he regarded merely as a probation for a better and an eternal. The saint and the recluse, disdainful of earth and rapt in ecstatic contemplation of heaven, became in popular opinion the highest ideal of humanity, displacing the old ideal of the patriot and hero who, forgetful of self, lives and is ready to die for the good of his country. The earthly city seemed poor and contemptible to men whose eyes beheld the City of God coming in the clouds of heaven. Thus the centre of gravity, so to say, was shifted from the present to a future life, and however much the other world may have gained, there can be little doubt that this one lost heavily by the change. A general disintegration of the body politic set in. The ties of the state and the family were loosened, the structure of society tended to resolve itself into its individual elements and thereby to relapse into barbarism, for civilisation is only possible through the active co-operation of the citizens and their willingness to subordinate their private interests to the common good. Men refused to defend their country and even to continue their kind. In their anxiety to save their own souls and the souls of others, they were content to leave the material world, which they identified with the principle of evil, to perish around them. This obsession lasted for a thousand years. The revival of Roman law, of the Aristotelian philosophy, of ancient art and literature at the close of the Middle Ages, marked the return of Europe to native ideals of life and conduct, to saner, manlier views of the world. The long halt in the march of civilisation was over. The tide of Oriental invasion had turned at last. It is ebbing still.

Among the gods of eastern origin who in the decline of the ancient world competed against each other for the allegiance of the West was

the old Persian deity Mithra. The immense popularity of his worship is attested by the monuments illustrative of it which have been found scattered in profusion all over the Roman Empire. In respect both of doctrines and of rites the cult of Mithra appears to have presented many points of resemblance not only to the religion of the Mother of the Gods but also to Christianity. The similarity struck the Christian doctors themselves and was explained by them as a work of the devil, who sought to seduce the souls of men from the true faith by a false and insidious imitation of it. So to the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru many of the native heathen rites appeared to be diabolical counterfeits of the Christian sacraments. With more probability the modern student of comparative religion traces such resemblances to the similar and independent workings of the mind of man in his sincere, if crude, attempts to fathom the secret of the universe, and to adjust his little life to its awful mysteries. However that may be, there can be no doubt that the Mithraic religion proved a formidable rival to Christianity, combining as it did a solemn ritual with aspirations after moral purity and a hope of immortality. Indeed the issue of the conflict between the two faiths appears for a time to have hung in the balance. An instructive relic of the long struggle is preserved in our festival of Christmas, which the Church seems to have borrowed directly from its heathen rival. In the Julian calendar the twenty-fifth of December was reckoned the winter solstice, and it was regarded as the Nativity of the Sun, because the day begins to lengthen and the power of the sun to increase from that turning-point of the year. The ritual of the nativity, as it appears to have been celebrated in Syria and Egypt, was remarkable. The celebrants retired into certain inner shrines, from which at midnight they issued with a loud cry, "The Virgin has brought forth! The light is waxing!" The Egyptians even represented the new-born sun by the image of an infant which on his birthday, the winter solstice, they brought forth and exhibited to his worshippers. No doubt the Virgin who thus conceived and bore a son on the twenty-fifth of December was the great Oriental goddess whom the Semites called the Heavenly Virgin or simply the Heavenly Goddess, in Semitic lands she was a form of Astarte. Now Mithra was regularly identified by his worshippers with the Sun, the Unconquered Sun, as they called him, hence his nativity also fell on the twenty-fifth of December. The Gospels say nothing as to the day of Christ's birth, and accordingly the early Church did not celebrate it. In time, however, the Christians of Egypt came to regard the sixth of January as the date of the Nativity, and the custom of commemorating the birth of the Saviour on that day gradually spread until by the fourth century it was universally established in the East. But at the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century the Western Church, which had never recognised the sixth of January as the day of the Nativity, adopted the twenty-fifth of December as the true date, and in time its decision was accepted also by the Eastern Church. At Antioch the change was not introduced till about the year 375 A D.

What considerations led the ecclesiastical authorities to institute the festival of Christmas? The motives for the innovation are stated with great frankness by a Syrian writer, himself a Christian. "The reason," he tells us, "why the fathers transferred the celebration of the sixth of January to the twenty-fifth of December was this. It was a custom of the heathen to celebrate on the same twenty-fifth of December the birthday of the Sun, at which they kindled lights in token of festivity. In these solemnities and festivities the Christians also took part. Accordingly when the doctors of the Church perceived that the Christians had a leaning to this festival, they took counsel and resolved that the true Nativity should be solemnised on that day and the festival of the Epiphany on the sixth of January. Accordingly, along with this custom, the practice has prevailed of kindling fires till the sixth." The heathen origin of Christmas is plainly hinted at, if not tacitly admitted, by Augustine when he exhorts his Christian brethren not to celebrate that solemn day like the heathen on account of the sun, but on account of him who made the sun. In like manner Leo the Great rebuked the pestilent belief that Christmas was solemnised because of the birth of the new sun, as it was called, and not because of the nativity of Christ.

Thus it appears that the Christian Church chose to celebrate the birthday of its Founder on the twenty-fifth of December in order to transfer the devotion of the heathen from the Sun to him who was called the Sun of Righteousness. If that was so, there can be no intrinsic improbability in the conjecture that motives of the same sort may have led the ecclesiastical authorities to assimilate the Easter festival of the death and resurrection of their Lord to the festival of the death and resurrection of another Asiatic god which fell at the same season. Now the Easter rites still observed in Greece, Sicily, and southern Italy bear in some respects a striking resemblance to the rites of Adonis, and I have suggested that the Church may have consciously adapted the new festival to its heathen predecessor for the sake of winning souls to Christ. But this adaptation probably took place in the Greek-speaking rather than in the Latin-speaking parts of the ancient world, for the worship of Adonis, while it flourished among the Greeks, appears to have made little impression on Rome and the West. Certainly it never formed part of the official Roman religion. The place which it might have taken in the affections of the vulgar was already occupied by the similar but more barbarous worship of Attis and the Great Mother. Now the death and resurrection of Attis were officially celebrated at Rome on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of March, the latter being regarded as the spring equinox, and therefore as the most appropriate day for the revival of a god of vegetation who had been dead or sleeping throughout the winter. But according to an ancient and widespread tradition Christ suffered on the twenty-fifth of March, and accordingly some Christians regularly celebrated the Crucifixion on that day without any regard to the state of the moon. This custom was certainly observed in

Phrygia, Cappadocia, and Gaul, and there seem to be grounds for thinking that at one time it was followed also in Rome. Thus the tradition which placed the death of Christ on the twenty-fifth of March was ancient and deeply rooted. It is all the more remarkable because astronomical considerations prove that it can have had no historical foundation. The inference appears to be inevitable that the passion of Christ must have been arbitrarily referred to that date in order to harmonise with an older festival of the spring equinox. This is the view of the learned ecclesiastical historian Mgr Duchesne, who points out that the death of the Saviour was thus made to fall upon the very day on which, according to a widespread belief, the world had been created. But the resurrection of Attis, who combined in himself the characters of the divine Father and the divine Son, was officially celebrated at Rome on the same day. When we remember that the festival of St George in April has replaced the ancient pagan festival of the Parilia, that the festival of St John the Baptist in June has succeeded to a heathen Midsummer festival of water; that the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin in August has ousted the festival of Diana, that the feast of All Souls in November is a continuation of an old heathen feast of the dead, and that the Nativity of Christ himself was assigned to the winter solstice in December because that day was deemed the Nativity of the Sun, we can hardly be thought rash or unreasonable in conjecturing that the other cardinal festival of the Christian church—the solemnisation of Easter—may have been in like manner, and from like motives of edification, adapted to a similar celebration of the Phrygian god Attis at the vernal equinox.

At least it is a remarkable coincidence, if it is nothing more, that the Christian and the heathen festivals of the divine death and resurrection should have been solemnised at the same season and in the same places. For the places which celebrated the death of Christ at the spring equinox were Phrygia, Gaul, and apparently Rome, that is, the very regions in which the worship of Attis either originated or struck deepest root. It is difficult to regard the coincidence as purely accidental. If the vernal equinox, the season at which in the temperate regions the whole face of nature testifies to a fresh outburst of vital energy, had been viewed from of old as the time when the world was annually created afresh in the resurrection of a god, nothing could be more natural than to place the resurrection of the new deity at the same cardinal point of the year. Only it is to be observed that if the death of Christ was dated on the twenty-fifth of March, his resurrection, according to Christian tradition, must have happened on the twenty-seventh of March, which is just two days later than the vernal equinox of the Julian calendar and the resurrection of Attis. A similar displacement of two days in the adjustment of Christian to heathen celebrations occurs in the festivals of St George and the Assumption of the Virgin. However, another Christian tradition, followed by Lactantius and perhaps by the practice of the

Church in Gaul, placed the death of Christ on the twenty-third and his resurrection on the twenty-fifth of March. If that was so, his resurrection coincided exactly with the resurrection of Attis.

In point of fact it appears from the testimony of an anonymous Christian, who wrote in the fourth century of our era, that Christians and pagans alike were struck by the remarkable coincidence between the death and resurrection of their respective deities, and that the coincidence formed a theme of bitter controversy between the adherents of the rival religions, the pagans contending that the resurrection of Christ was a spurious imitation of the resurrection of Attis, and the Christians asserting with equal warmth that the resurrection of Attis was a diabolical counterfeit of the resurrection of Christ. In these unseemly bickerings the heathen took what to a superficial observer might seem strong ground by arguing that their god was the older and therefore presumably the original, not the counterfeit, since as a general rule an original is older than its copy. This feeble argument the Christians easily rebutted. They admitted, indeed, that in point of time Christ was the junior deity, but they triumphantly demonstrated his real seniority by falling back on the subtlety of Satan, who on so important an occasion had surpassed himself by inverting the usual order of nature.

Taken altogether, the coincidences of the Christian with the heathen festivals are too close and too numerous to be accidental. They mark the compromise which the Church in the hour of its triumph was compelled to make with its vanquished yet still dangerous rivals. The inflexible Protestantism of the primitive missionaries, with their fiery denunciations of heathendom, had been exchanged for the supple policy, the easy tolerance, the comprehensive charity of shrewd ecclesiastics, who clearly perceived that if Christianity was to conquer the world it could do so only by relaxing the too rigid principles of its Founder, by widening a little the narrow gate which leads to salvation. In this respect an instructive parallel might be drawn between the history of Christianity and the history of Buddhism. Both systems were in their origin essentially ethical reforms born of the generous ardour, the lofty aspirations, the tender compassion of their noble Founders, two of those beautiful spirits who appear at rare intervals on earth like beings come from a better world to support and guide our weak and erring nature. Both preached moral virtue as the means of accomplishing what they regarded as the supreme object of life, the eternal salvation of the individual soul, though by a curious antithesis the one sought that salvation in a blissful eternity, the other in a final release from suffering, in annihilation. But the austere ideals of sanctity which they inculcated were too deeply opposed not only to the frailties but to the natural instincts of humanity ever to be carried out in practice by more than a small number of disciples, who consistently renounced the ties of the family and the state in order to work out their own salvation in the still seclusion of the cloister. If such faiths were to be nominally accepted by whole

nations or even by the world, it was essential that they should first be modified or transformed so as to accord in some measure with the prejudices, the passions, the superstitions of the vulgar. This process of accommodation was carried out in after ages by followers who, made of less ethereal stuff than their masters, were for that reason the better fitted to mediate between them and the common herd. Thus as time went on, the two religions, in exact proportion to their growing popularity, absorbed more and more of those baser elements which they had been instituted for the very purpose of suppressing. Such spiritual decadences are inevitable. The world cannot live at the level of its great men. Yet it would be unfair to the generality of our kind to ascribe wholly to their intellectual and moral weakness the gradual divergence of Buddhism and Christianity from their primitive patterns. For it should never be forgotten that by their glorification of poverty and celibacy both these religions struck straight at the root not merely of civil society but of human existence. The blow was parried by the wisdom or the folly of the vast majority of mankind, who refused to purchase a chance of saving their souls with the certainty of extinguishing the species.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE MYTH OF OSIRIS

IN ancient Egypt the god whose death and resurrection were annually celebrated with alternate sorrow and joy was Osiris, the most popular of all Egyptian deities; and there are good grounds for classing him in one of his aspects with Adonis and Attis as a personification of the great yearly vicissitudes of nature, especially of the corn. But the immense vogue which he enjoyed for many ages induced his devoted worshippers to heap upon him the attributes and powers of many other gods; so that it is not always easy to strip him, so to say, of his borrowed plumes and to restore them to their proper owners.

The story of Osiris is told in a connected form only by Plutarch, whose narrative has been confirmed and to some extent amplified in modern times by the evidence of the monuments.

Osiris was the offspring of an intrigue between the earth-god Seb (Keb or Geb, as the name is sometimes transliterated) and the sky-goddess Nut. The Greeks identified his parents with their own deities Cronus and Rhea. When the sun-god Ra perceived that his wife Nut had been unfaithful to him, he declared with a curse that she should be delivered of the child in no month and no year. But the goddess had another lover, the god Thoth or Hermes, as the Greeks called him, and he playing at draughts with the moon won from her a seventy-second part of every day, and having compounded five whole days out of these parts he added them to the Egyptian year.

of three hundred and sixty days. This was the mythical origin of the five supplementary days which the Egyptians annually inserted at the end of every year in order to establish a harmony between lunar and solar time. On these five days, regarded as outside the year of twelve months, the curse of the sun-god did not rest, and accordingly Osiris was born on the first of them. At his nativity a voice rang out proclaiming that the Lord of All had come into the world. Some say that a certain Pamylen heard a voice from the temple at Thebes bidding him announce with a shout that a great king, the beneficent Osiris, was born. But Osiris was not the only child of his mother. On the second of the supplementary days she gave birth to the elder Horus, on the third to the god Set, whom the Greeks called Typhon, on the fourth to the goddess Isis, and on the fifth to the goddess Nephthys. Afterwards Set married his sister Nephthys, and Osiris married his sister Isis.

Reigning as a king on earth, Osiris reclaimed the Egyptians from savagery, gave them laws, and taught them to worship the gods. Before his time the Egyptians had been cannibals. But Isis, the sister and wife of Osiris, discovered wheat and barley growing wild, and Osiris introduced the cultivation of these grains amongst his people, who forthwith abandoned cannibalism and took kindly to a corn diet. Moreover, Osiris is said to have been the first to gather fruit from trees, to train the vine to poles, and to tread the grapes. Eager to communicate these beneficent discoveries to all mankind, he committed the whole government of Egypt to his wife Isis, and travelled over the world, diffusing the blessings of civilisation and agriculture wherever he went. In countries where a harsh climate or niggardly soil forbade the cultivation of the vine, he taught the inhabitants to console themselves for the want of wine by brewing beer from barley. Loaded with the wealth that had been showered upon him by grateful nations, he returned to Egypt, and on account of the benefits he had conferred on mankind he was unanimously hailed and worshipped as a deity. But his brother Set (whom the Greeks called Typhon) with seventy-two others plotted against him. Having taken the measure of his good brother's body by stealth, the bad brother Typhon fashioned and highly decorated a coffer of the same size, and once when they were all drinking and making merry he brought in the coffer and jestingly promised to give it to the one whom it should fit exactly. Well, they all tried one after the other, but it fitted none of them. Last of all Osiris stepped into it and lay down. On that the conspirators ran and slammed the lid down on him, nailed it fast, soldered it with molten lead, and flung the coffer into the Nile. This happened on the seventeenth day of the month Athyr, when the sun is in the sign of the Scorpion, and in the eight-and-twentieth year of the reign or the life of Osiris. When Isis heard of it she sheared off a lock of her hair, put on mourning attire, and wandered disconsolately up and down, seeking the body.

By the advice of the god of wisdom she took refuge in the papyrus

swamps of the Delta. Seven scorpions accompanied her in her flight. One evening when she was weary she came to the house of a woman, who, alarmed at the sight of the scorpions, shut the door in her face. Then one of the scorpions crept under the door and stung the child of the woman that he died. But when Isis heard the mother's lamentation, her heart was touched, and she laid her hands on the child and uttered her powerful spells, so the poison was driven out of the child and he lived. Afterwards Isis herself gave birth to a son in the swamps. She had conceived him while she fluttered in the form of a hawk over the corpse of her dead husband. The infant was the younger Horus, who in his youth bore the name of Harpocrates, that is, the child Horus. Him Buto, the goddess of the north, hid from the wrath of his wicked uncle Set. Yet she could not guard him from all mishap; for one day when Isis came to her little son's hiding-place she found him stretched lifeless and rigid on the ground—a scorpion had stung him. Then Isis prayed to the sun-god Ra for help. The god hearkened to her and staid his bark in the sky, and sent down Thoth to teach her the spell by which she might restore her son to life. She uttered the words of power, and straightway the poison flowed from the body of Horus, air passed into him, and he lived. Then Thoth ascended up into the sky and took his place once more in the bark of the sun, and the bright pomp passed onward jubilant.

Meantime the coffer containing the body of Osiris had floated down the river and away out to sea, till at last it drifted ashore at Byblus, on the coast of Syria. Here a fine *erica*-tree shot up suddenly and enclosed the chest in its trunk. The king of the country, admiring the growth of the tree, had it cut down and made into a pillar of his house, but he did not know that the coffer with the dead Osiris was in it. Word of this came to Isis and she journeyed to Byblus, and sat down by the well, in humble guise, her face wet with tears. To none would she speak till the king's handmaidens came, and then she greeted kindly, and braided their hair, and breathed on them from her own divine body a wondrous perfume. But when the queen beheld the braids of her handmaidens' hair and smelt the sweet smell that emanated from them, she sent for the stranger woman and took her into her house and made her the nurse of her child. But Isis gave the babe her finger instead of her breast to suck, and at night she began to burn all that was mortal of him away, while she herself in the likeness of a swallow fluttered round the pillar that contained her dead brother, twittering mournfully. But the queen spied what she was doing and shrieked out when she saw her child in flames, and thereby she hindered him from becoming immortal. Then the goddess revealed herself and begged for the pillar of the roof, and they gave it her, and she cut the coffer out of it, and fell upon it and embraced it and lamented so loud that the younger of the king's children died of fright on the spot. But the trunk of the tree she wrapped in fine linen, and poured ointment on it, and gave it to the king and queen, and the wood stands in a temple of Isis and is

worshipped by the people of Byblus to this day. And Isis put the coffer in a boat and took the eldest of the king's children with her and sailed away. As soon as they were alone, she opened the chest, and laying her face on the face of her brother she kissed him and wept. But the child came behind her softly and saw what she was about, and she turned and looked at him in anger, and the child could not bear her look and died; but some say that it was not so, but that he fell into the sea and was drowned. It is he whom the Egyptians sing of at their banquets under the name of Maneros.

But Isis put the coffer by and went to see her son Horus at the city of Buto, and Typhon found the coffer as he was hunting a boar one night by the light of a full moon. And he knew the body, and rent it into fourteen pieces, and scattered them abroad. But Isis sailed up and down the marshes in a shallop made of papyrus, looking for the pieces; and that is why when people sail in shallows made of papyrus, the crocodiles do not hurt them, for they fear or respect the goddess. And that is the reason, too, why there are many graves of Osiris in Egypt, for she buried each limb as she found it. But others will have it that she buried an image of him in every city, pretending it was his body, in order that Osiris might be worshipped in many places, and that if Typhon searched for the real grave he might not be able to find it. However, the genital member of Osiris had been eaten by the fishes, so Isis made an image of it instead, and the image is used by the Egyptians at their festivals to this day. "Isis," writes the historian Diodorus Siculus, "recovered all the parts of the body except the genitals, and because she wished that her husband's grave should be unknown and honoured by all who dwell in the land of Egypt, she resorted to the following device. She moulded human images out of wax and spices, corresponding to the stature of Osiris, round each one of the parts of his body. Then she called in the priests according to their families and took an oath of them all that they would reveal to no man the trust she was about to repose in them. So to each of them privately she said that to them alone she entrusted the burial of the body, and reminding them of the benefits they had received she exhorted them to bury the body in their own land and to honour Osiris as a god. She also besought them to dedicate one of the animals of their country, whichever they chose, and to honour it in life as they had formerly honoured Osiris, and when it died to grant it obsequies like his. And because she would encourage the priests in their own interest to bestow the aforesaid honours, she gave them a third part of the land to be used by them in the service and worship of the gods. Accordingly it is said that the priests, mindful of the benefits of Osiris, desirous of gratifying the queen, and moved by the prospect of gain, carried out all the injunctions of Isis. Wherefore to this day each of the priests imagines that Osiris is buried in his country, and they honour the beasts that were consecrated in the beginning, and when the animals die the priests renew at their burial the mourning for Osiris. But the sacred bulls, the one called Apis and the other

Mnevis, were dedicated to Osiris, and it was ordained that they should be worshipped as gods in common by all the Egyptians, since these animals above all others had helped the discoverers of corn in sowing the seed and procuring the universal benefits of agriculture "

Such is the myth or legend of Osiris, as told by Greek writers and eked out by more or less fragmentary notices or allusions in native Egyptian literature. A long inscription in the temple at Denderah has preserved a list of the god's graves, and other texts mention the parts of his body which were treasured as holy relics in each of the sanctuaries. Thus his heart was at Athribis, his backbone at Busiris, his neck at Letopolis, and his head at Memphis. As often happens in such cases, some of his divine limbs were miraculously multiplied. His head, for example, was at Abydos as well as at Memphis, and his legs, which were remarkably numerous, would have sufficed for several ordinary mortals. In this respect, however, Osiris was nothing to St Denys, of whom no less than seven heads, all equally genuine, are extant.

According to native Egyptian accounts, which supplement that of Plutarch, when Isis had found the corpse of her husband Osiris, she and her sister Nephthys sat down beside it and uttered a lament which in after ages became the type of all Egyptian lamentations for the dead. "Come to thy house," they wailed, "Come to thy house. O god On! come to thy house, thou who hast no foes. O fair youth, come to thy house, that thou mayest see me. I am thy sister, whom thou lovest, thou shalt not part from me. O fair boy, come to thy house. . . . I see thee not, yet doth my heart yearn after thee and mine eyes desire thee. Come to her who loves thee, who loves thee, Unnefer, thou blessed one! Come to thy sister, come to thy wife, to thy wife, thou whose heart stands still. Come to thy housewife. I am thy sister by the same mother, thou shalt not be far from me. Gods and men have turned their faces towards thee and weep for thee together. . . . I call after thee and weep, so that my cry is heard to heaven, but thou hearest not my voice; yet am I thy sister, whom thou didst love on earth; thou didst love none but me, my brother! my brother!" This lament for the fair youth cut off in his prime reminds us of the laments for Adonis. The title of Unnefer or "the Good Being" bestowed on him marks the beneficence which tradition universally ascribed to Osiris; it was at once his commonest title and one of his names as king.

The lamentations of the two sad sisters were not in vain. In pity for her sorrow the sun-god Ra sent down from heaven the jackal-headed god Anubis, who, with the aid of Isis and Nephthys, of Thoth and Horus, pieced together the broken body of the murdered god, swathed it in linen bandages, and observed all the other rites which the Egyptians were wont to perform over the bodies of the departed. Then Isis fanned the cold clay with her wings: Osiris revived, and thenceforth reigned as king over the dead in the other world. There he bore the titles of Lord of the Underworld, Lord of Eternity, Ruler

of the Dead. There, too, in the great Hall of the Two Truths, assisted by forty-two assessors, one from each of the principal districts of Egypt, he presided as judge at the trial of the souls of the departed, who made their solemn confession before him, and, their heart having been weighed in the balance of justice, received the reward of virtue in a life eternal or the appropriate punishment of their sins.

In the resurrection of Osiris the Egyptians saw the pledge of a life everlasting for themselves beyond the grave. They believed that every man would live eternally in the other world if only his surviving friends did for his body what the gods had done for the body of Osiris. Hence the ceremonies observed by the Egyptians over the human dead were an exact copy of those which Anubis, Horus, and the rest had performed over the dead god. "At every burial there was enacted a representation of the divine mystery which had been performed of old over Osiris, when his son, his sisters, his friends were gathered round his mangled remains and succeeded by their spells and manipulations in converting his broken body into the first mummy, which they afterwards reanimated and furnished with the means of entering on a new individual life beyond the grave. The mummy of the deceased was Osiris; the professional female mourners were his two sisters Isis and Nephthys, Anubis, Horus, all the gods of the Osirian legend gathered about the corpse." In this way every dead Egyptian was identified with Osiris and bore his name. From the Middle Kingdom onwards it was the regular practice to address the deceased as "Osiris So-and-So," as if he were the god himself, and to add the standing epithet "true of speech," because true speech was characteristic of Osiris. The thousands of inscribed and pictured tombs that have been opened in the valley of the Nile prove that the mystery of the resurrection was performed for the benefit of every dead Egyptian; as Osiris died and rose again from the dead, so all men hoped to arise like him from death to life eternal.

Thus according to what seems to have been the general native tradition Osiris was a good and beloved king of Egypt, who suffered a violent death but rose from the dead and was henceforth worshipped as a deity. In harmony with this tradition he was regularly represented by sculptors and painters in human and regal form as a dead king, swathed in the wrappings of a mummy, but wearing on his head a kingly crown and grasping in one of his hands, which were left free from the bandages, a kingly sceptre. Two cities above all others were associated with his myth or memory. One of them was Busiris in Lower Egypt, which claimed to possess his backbone; the other was Abydos in Upper Egypt, which gloried in the possession of his head. Encircled by the nimbus of the dead yet living god, Abydos, originally an obscure place, became from the end of the Old Kingdom the holiest spot in Egypt, his tomb there would seem to have been to the Egyptians what the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is to Christians. It was the wish of every pious man that his dead body should rest in hallowed earth near the grave of the glorified Osiris.

Few indeed were rich enough to enjoy this inestimable privilege, for, apart from the cost of a tomb in the sacred city, the mere transport of mummies from great distances was both difficult and expensive. Yet so eager were many to absorb in death the blessed influence which radiated from the holy sepulchre that they caused their surviving friends to convey their mortal remains to Abydos, there to tarry for a short time, and then to be brought back by river and interred in the tombs which had been made ready for them in their native land. Others had cenotaphs built or memorial tablets erected for themselves near the tomb of their dead and risen Lord, that they might share with him the bliss of a joyful resurrection.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE RITUAL OF OSIRIS

§ 1 *The Popular Rites* — A useful clue to the original nature of a god or goddess is often furnished by the season at which his or her festival is celebrated. Thus, if the festival falls at the new or the full moon, there is a certain presumption that the deity thus honoured either is the moon or at least has lunar affinities. If the festival is held at the winter or summer solstice, we naturally surmise that the god is the sun, or at all events that he stands in some close relation to that luminary. Again, if the festival coincides with the time of sowing or harvest, we are inclined to infer that the divinity is an embodiment of the earth or of the corn. These presumptions or inferences, taken by themselves, are by no means conclusive, but if they happen to be confirmed by other indications, the evidence may be regarded as fairly strong.

Unfortunately, in dealing with the Egyptian gods we are in a great measure precluded from making use of this clue. The reason is not that the dates of the festivals are always unknown, but that they shifted from year to year, until after a long interval they had revolved through the whole course of the seasons. This gradual revolution of the festal Egyptian cycle resulted from the employment of a calendar year which neither corresponded exactly to the solar year nor was periodically corrected by intercalation.

If the Egyptian farmer of the olden time could get no help, except at the rarest intervals, from the official or sacerdotal calendar, he must have been compelled to observe for himself those natural signals which marked the times for the various operations of husbandry. In all ages of which we possess any records the Egyptians have been an agricultural people, dependent for their subsistence on the growth of the corn. The cereals which they cultivated were wheat, barley, and apparently sorghum (*Holcus sorghum*, Linnaeus), the *doora* of the modern fellaheen. Then as now the whole country, with the exception

of a fringe on the coast of the Mediterranean, was almost rainless, and owed its immense fertility entirely to the annual inundation of the Nile, which, regulated by an elaborate system of dams and canals, was distributed over the fields, renewing the soil year by year with a fresh deposit of mud washed down from the great equatorial lakes and the mountains of Abyssinia. Hence the rise of the river has always been watched by the inhabitants with the utmost anxiety, for if it either falls short of or exceeds a certain height, dearth and famine are the inevitable consequences. The water begins to rise early in June, but it is not until the latter half of July that it swells to a mighty tide. By the end of September the inundation is at its greatest height. The country is now submerged, and presents the appearance of a sea of turbid water, from which the towns and villages, built on higher ground, rise like islands. For about a month the flood remains nearly stationary, then sinks more and more rapidly, till by December or January the river has returned to its ordinary bed. With the approach of summer the level of the water continues to fall. In the early days of June the Nile is reduced to half its ordinary breadth, and Egypt, scorched by the sun, blasted by the wind that has blown from the Sahara for many days, seems a mere continuation of the desert. The trees are choked with a thick layer of grey dust. A few meagre patches of vegetables, watered with difficulty, struggle painfully for existence in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages. Some appearance of verdure lingers beside the canals and in the hollows from which the moisture has not wholly evaporated. The plain appears to pant in the pitiless sunshine, bare, dusty, ash-coloured, cracked and seamed as far as the eye can see with a network of fissures. From the middle of April till the middle of June the land of Egypt is but half alive, waiting for the new Nile.

For countless ages this cycle of natural events has determined the annual labours of the Egyptian husbandman. The first work of the agricultural year is the cutting of the dams which have hitherto prevented the swollen river from flooding the canals and the fields. This is done, and the pent-up waters released on their beneficent mission, in the first half of August. In November, when the inundation has subsided, wheat, barley, and sorghum are sown. The time of harvest varies with the district, falling about a month later in the north than in the south. In Upper or Southern Egypt barley is reaped at the beginning of March, wheat at the beginning of April, and sorghum about the end of that month.

It is natural to suppose that the various events of the agricultural year were celebrated by the Egyptian farmer with some simple religious rites designed to secure the blessing of the gods upon his labours. These rustic ceremonies he would continue to perform year after year at the same season, while the solemn festivals of the priests continued to shift, with the shifting calendar, from summer through spring to winter, and so backward through autumn to summer. The rites of the husbandman were stable because they rested on direct observation

of nature: the rites of the priest were unstable because they were based on a false calculation. Yet many of the priestly festivals may have been nothing but the old rural festivals disguised in the course of ages by the pomp of sacerdotalism and severed, by the error of the calendar, from their roots in the natural cycle of the seasons.

These conjectures are confirmed by the little we know both of the popular and of the official Egyptian religion. Thus we are told that the Egyptians held a festival of Isis at the time when the Nile began to rise. They believed that the goddess was then mourning for the lost Osiris, and that the tears which dropped from her eyes swelled the impetuous tide of the river. Now if Osiris was in one of his aspects a god of the corn, nothing could be more natural than that he should be mourned at midsummer. For by that time the harvest was past, the fields were bare, the river ran low, life seemed to be suspended, the corn-god was dead. At such a moment people who saw the handiwork of divine beings in all the operations of nature might well trace the swelling of the sacred stream to the tears shed by the goddess at the death of the beneficent corn-god her husband.

And the sign of the rising waters on earth was accompanied by a sign in heaven. For in the early days of Egyptian history, some three or four thousand years before the beginning of our era, the splendid star of Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, appeared at dawn in the east just before sunrise about the time of the summer solstice, when the Nile begins to rise. The Egyptians called it Sothis, and regarded it as the star of Isis, just as the Babylonians deemed the planet Venus the star of Astarte. To both peoples apparently the brilliant luminary in the morning sky seemed the goddess of life and love come to mourn her departed lover or spouse and to wake him from the dead. Hence the rising of Sirius marked the beginning of the sacred Egyptian year, and was regularly celebrated by a festival which did not shift with the shifting official year.

The cutting of the dams and the admission of the water into the canals and fields is a great event in the Egyptian year. At Cairo the operation generally takes place between the sixth and the sixteenth of August, and till lately was attended by ceremonies which deserve to be noticed, because they were probably handed down from antiquity. An ancient canal, known by the name of the Khalíj, formerly passed through the native town of Cairo. Near its entrance the canal was crossed by a dam of earth, very broad at the bottom and diminishing in breadth upwards, which used to be constructed before or soon after the Nile began to rise. In front of the dam, on the side of the river, was reared a truncated cone of earth called the '*arooseh*' or "bride," on the top of which a little maize or millet was generally sown. This "bride" was commonly washed down by the rising tide a week or a fortnight before the cutting of the dam. Tradition runs that the old custom was to deck a young virgin in gay apparel and throw her into the river as a sacrifice to obtain a plentiful inundation. Whether that was so or not, the intention of the practice appears to

have been to marry the river, conceived as a male power, to his bride the cornland, which was so soon to be fertilised by his water. The ceremony was therefore a charm to ensure the growth of the crops. In modern times money used to be thrown into the canal on this occasion, and the populace dived into the water after it. This practice also would seem to have been ancient, for Seneca tells us that at a place called the Veins of the Nile, not far from Philæ, the priests used to cast money and offerings of gold into the river at a festival which apparently took place at the rising of the water.

The next great operation of the agricultural year in Egypt is the sowing of the seed in November, when the water of the inundation has retreated from the fields. With the Egyptians, as with many peoples of antiquity, the committing of the seed to the earth assumed the character of a solemn and mournful rite. On this subject I will let Plutarch speak for himself. "What," he asks, "are we to make of the gloomy, joyless, and mournful sacrifices, if it is wrong either to omit the established rites or to confuse and disturb our conceptions of the gods by absurd suspicions? For the Greeks also perform many rites which resemble those of the Egyptians and are observed about the same time. Thus at the festival of the Thesmophoria in Athens women sit on the ground and fast. And the Boeotians open the vaults of the Sorrowful One, naming that festival sorrowful because Demeter is sorrowing for the descent of the Maiden. The month is the month of sowing about the setting of the Pleiades. The Egyptians call it Athyr, the Athenians Pyanepsion, the Boeotians the month of Demeter. . . . For it was that time of year when they saw some of the fruits vanishing and falling from the trees, while they sowed others grudgingly and with difficulty, scraping the earth with their hands and huddling it up again, on the uncertain chance that what they deposited in the ground would ever ripen and come to maturity. Thus they did in many respects like those who bury and mourn their dead."

The Egyptian harvest, as we have seen, falls not in autumn but in spring, in the months of March, April, and May. To the husbandman the time of harvest, at least in a good year, must necessarily be a season of joy. In bringing home his sheaves he is requited for his long and anxious labours. Yet if the old Egyptian farmer felt a secret joy at reaping and garnering the grain, it was essential that he should conceal the natural emotion under an air of profound dejection. For was he not severing the body of the corn-god with his sickle and trampling it to pieces under the hoofs of his cattle on the threshing-floor? Accordingly we are told that it was an ancient custom of the Egyptian corn-reapers to beat their breasts and lament over the first sheaf cut, while at the same time they called upon Isis. The invocation seems to have taken the form of a melancholy chant, to which the Greeks gave the name of *Maneros*. Similar plaintive strains were chanted by corn-reapers in Phœnicia and other parts of Western Asia. Probably all these doleful ditties were lamentations for the

corn-god killed by the sickles of the reapers. In Egypt the slain deity was Osiris, and the name *Maneros*, applied to the dirge, appears to be derived from certain words meaning "Come to thy house," which often occur in the lamentations for the dead god.

Ceremonies of the same sort have been observed by other peoples, probably for the same purpose. Thus we are told that among all vegetables corn, by which is apparently meant maize, holds the first place in the household economy and the ceremonial observance of the Cherokee Indians, who invoke it under the name of "the Old Woman" in allusion to a myth that it sprang from the blood of an old woman killed by her disobedient sons. After the last working of the crop a priest and his assistant went into the field and sang songs of invocation to the spirit of the corn. After that a loud rustling would be heard, which was thought to be caused by the Old Woman bringing the corn into the field. A clean trail was always kept from the field to the house, "so that the corn might be encouraged to stay at home and not go wandering elsewhere." "Another curious ceremony, of which even the memory is now almost forgotten, was enacted after the first working of the corn, when the owner or priest stood in succession at each of the four corners of the field and wept and wailed loudly. Even the priests are now unable to give a reason for this performance, which may have been a lament for the bloody death of Selu," the Old Woman of the Corn. In these Cherokee practices the lamentations and the invocations of the Old Woman of the Corn resemble the ancient Egyptian customs of lamenting over the first corn cut and calling upon Isis, herself probably in one of her aspects an Old Woman of the Corn. Further, the Cherokee precaution of leaving a clear path from the field to the house resembles the Egyptian invitation to Osiris, "Come to thy house." So in the East Indies to this day people observe elaborate ceremonies for the purpose of bringing back the Soul of the Rice from the fields to the barn. The Nandi of East Africa perform a ceremony in September when the eleusine grain is ripening. Every woman who owns a plantation goes out with her daughters into the cornfields and makes a bonfire of the branches and leaves of certain trees. After that they pluck some of the eleusine, and each of them puts one grain in her necklace, chews another and rubs it on her forehead, throat, and breast. "No joy is shown by the womenfolk on this occasion, and they sorrowfully cut a basketful of the corn which they take home with them and place in the loft to dry."

The conception of the corn-spirit as old and dead at harvest is very clearly embodied in a custom observed by the Arabs of Moab. When the harvesters have nearly finished their task and only a small corner of the field remains to be reaped, the owner takes a handful of wheat tied up in a sheaf. A hole is dug in the form of a grave, and two stones are set upright, one at the head and the other at the foot, just as in an ordinary burial. Then the sheaf of wheat is laid at the bottom of the grave, and the sheikh pronounces these words,

"The old man is dead" Earth is afterwards thrown in to cover the sheaf, with a prayer, "May Allah bring us back the wheat of the dead"

§ 2 *The Official Rites*—Such, then, were the principal events of the farmer's calendar in ancient Egypt, and such the simple religious rites by which he celebrated them But we have still to consider the Osirian festivals of the official calendar, so far as these are described by Greek writers or recorded on the monuments In examining them it is necessary to bear in mind that on account of the movable year of the old Egyptian calendar the true or astronomical dates of the official festivals must have varied from year to year, at least until the adoption of the fixed Alexandrian year in 30 B C From that time onward, apparently, the dates of the festivals were determined by the new calendar, and so ceased to rotate throughout the length of the solar year At all events Plutarch, writing about the end of the first century, implies that they were then fixed, not movable, for though he does not mention the Alexandrian calendar, he clearly dates the festivals by it Moreover, the long festal calendar of Esne, an important document of the Imperial age, is obviously based on the fixed Alexandrian year, for it assigns the mark for New Year's Day to the day which corresponds to the twenty-ninth of August, which was the first day of the Alexandrian year, and its references to the rising of the Nile, the position of the sun, and the operations of agriculture are all in harmony with this supposition Thus we may take it as fairly certain that from 30 B C onwards the Egyptian festivals were stationary in the solar year

Herodotus tells us that the grave of Osiris was at Sais in Lower Egypt, and that there was a lake there upon which the sufferings of the god were displayed as a mystery by night This commemoration of the divine passion was held once a year the people mourned and beat their breasts at it to testify their sorrow for the death of the god, and an image of a cow, made of gilt wood with a golden sun between its horns, was carried out of the chamber in which it stood the rest of the year The cow no doubt represented Isis herself, for cows were sacred to her, and she was regularly depicted with the horns of a cow on her head, or even as a woman with the head of a cow It is probable that the carrying out of her cow-shaped image symbolised the goddess searching for the dead body of Osiris, for this was the native Egyptian interpretation of a similar ceremony observed in Plutarch's time about the winter solstice, when the gilt cow was carried seven times round the temple A great feature of the festival was the nocturnal illumination People fastened rows of oil-lamps to the outside of their houses, and the lamps burned all night long The custom was not confined to Sais, but was observed throughout the whole of Egypt

This universal illumination of the houses on one night of the year suggests that the festival may have been a commemoration not merely of the dead Osiris but of the dead in general, in other words, that it

may have been a night of All Souls. For it is a widespread belief that the souls of the dead revisit their old homes on one night of the year; and on that solemn occasion people prepare for the reception of the ghosts by laying out food for them to eat, and lighting lamps to guide them on their dark road from and to the grave. Herodotus, who briefly describes the festival, omits to mention its date, but we can determine it with some probability from other sources. Thus Plutarch tells us that Osiris was murdered on the seventeenth of the month Athyr, and that the Egyptians accordingly observed mournful rites for four days from the seventeenth of Athyr. Now in the Alexandrian calendar, which Plutarch used, these four days corresponded to the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth of November, and this date answers exactly to the other indications given by Plutarch, who says that at the time of the festival the Nile was sinking, the north winds dying away, the nights lengthening, and the leaves falling from the trees. During these four days a gilt cow swathed in a black pall was exhibited as an image of Isis. This, no doubt, was the image mentioned by Herodotus in his account of the festival. On the nineteenth day of the month the people went down to the sea, the priests carrying a shrine which contained a golden casket. Into this casket they poured fresh water, and thereupon the spectators raised a shout that Osiris was found. After that they took some vegetable mould, moistened it with water, mixed it with precious spices and incense, and moulded the paste into a small moon-shaped image, which was then robed and ornamented. Thus it appears that the purpose of the ceremonies described by Plutarch was to represent dramatically, first, the search for the dead body of Osiris, and, second, its joyful discovery, followed by the resurrection of the dead god who came to life again in the new image of vegetable mould and spices. Lactantius tells us how on these occasions the priests, with their shaven bodies, beat their breasts and lamented, imitating the sorrowful search of Isis for her lost son Osiris, and how afterwards their sorrow was turned to joy when the jackal-headed god Anubis, or rather a mummer in his stead, produced a small boy, the living representative of the god who was lost and was found. Thus Lactantius regarded Osiris as the son instead of the husband of Isis, and he makes no mention of the image of vegetable mould. It is probable that the boy who figured in the sacred drama played the part, not of Osiris, but of his son Horus; but as the death and resurrection of the god were celebrated in many cities of Egypt, it is also possible that in some places the part of the god come to life was played by a living actor instead of by an image. Another Christian writer describes how the Egyptians, with shorn heads, annually lamented over a buried idol of Osiris, smiting their breasts, slashing their shoulders, ripping open their old wounds, until, after several days of mourning, they professed to find the mangled remains of the god, at which they rejoiced. However the details of the ceremony may have varied in different places, the presence of finding the god's body, and probably of restoring it to life,

was a great event in the festal year of the Egyptians. The shouts of joy which greeted it are described or alluded to by many ancient writers

The funeral rites of Osiris, as they were observed at his great festival in the sixteen provinces of Egypt, are described in a long inscription of the Ptolemaic period, which is engraved on the walls of the god's temple at Denderah, the Tentyra of the Greeks, a town of Upper Egypt situated on the western bank of the Nile about forty miles north of Thebes. Unfortunately, while the information thus furnished is remarkably full and minute on many points, the arrangement adopted in the inscription is so confused and the expression often so obscure that a clear and consistent account of the ceremonies as a whole can hardly be extracted from it. Moreover, we learn from the document that the ceremonies varied somewhat in the several cities, the ritual of Abydos, for example, differing from that of Busiris. Without attempting to trace all the particularities of local usage I shall briefly indicate what seem to have been the leading features of the festival, so far as these can be ascertained with tolerable certainty.

The rites lasted eighteen days, from the twelfth to the thirtieth of the month Khoiak, and set forth the nature of Osiris in his triple aspect as dead, dismembered, and finally reconstituted by the union of his scattered limbs. In the first of these aspects he was called Chent-Ament (Khenti-Ament), in the second Osiris-Sep, and in the third Sokari (Seker). Small images of the god were moulded of sand or vegetable earth and corn, to which incense was sometimes added, his face was painted yellow and his cheek-bones green. These images were cast in a mould of pure gold, which represented the god in the form of a mummy, with the white crown of Egypt on his head. The festival opened on the twelfth day of Khoiak with a ceremony of ploughing and sowing. Two black cows were yoked to the plough, which was made of tamarisk wood, while the share was of black copper. A boy scattered the seed. One end of the field was sown with barley, the other with spelt, and the middle with flax. During the operation the chief celebrant recited the ritual chapter of "the sowing of the fields." At Busiris on the twentieth of Khoiak sand and barley were put in the god's "garden," which appears to have been a sort of large flower-pot. This was done in the presence of the cow-goddess Shenty, represented seemingly by the image of a cow made of gilt sycamore wood with a headless human image in its inside. "Then fresh inundation water was poured out of a golden vase over both the goddess and the 'garden,' and the barley was allowed to grow as the emblem of the resurrection of the god after his burial in the earth, 'for the growth of the garden is the growth of the divine substance.'" On the twenty-second of Khoiak, at the eighth hour, the images of Osiris, attended by thirty-four images of deities, performed a mysterious voyage in thirty-four tiny boats made of papyrus, which were illuminated by three hundred and sixty-five lights. On the twenty-fourth of Khoiak, after sunset, the effigy of Osiris in a coffin of mulberry

wood was laid in the grave, and at the ninth hour of the night the effigy which had been made and deposited the year before was removed and placed upon boughs of sycamore. Lastly, on the thirtieth day of Khoiak they repaired to the holy sepulchre, a subterranean chamber over which appears to have grown a clump of Persea-trees. Entering the vault by the western door, they laid the confined effigy of the dead god reverently on a bed of sand in the chamber. So they left him to his rest, and departed from the sepulchre by the eastern door. Thus ended the ceremonies in the month of Khoiak.

In the foregoing account of the festival, drawn from the great inscription of Denderah, the burial of Osiris figures prominently, while his resurrection is implied rather than expressed. This defect of the document, however, is amply compensated by a remarkable series of bas-reliefs which accompany and illustrate the inscription. These exhibit in a series of scenes the dead god lying swathed as a mummy on his bier, then gradually raising himself up higher and higher, until at last he has entirely quitted the bier and is seen erect between the guardian wings of the faithful Isis, who stands behind him, while a male figure holds up before his eyes the *crux ansata*, the Egyptian symbol of life. The resurrection of the god could hardly be portrayed more graphically. Even more instructive, however, is another representation of the same event in a chamber dedicated to Osiris in the great temple of Isis at Philae. Here we see the dead body of Osiris with stalks of corn springing from it, while a priest waters the stalks from a pitcher which he holds in his hand. The accompanying inscription sets forth that "this is the form of him whom one may not name, Osiris of the mysteries, who springs from the returning waters." Taken together, the picture and the words seem to leave no doubt that Osiris was here conceived and represented as a personification of the corn which springs from the fields after they have been fertilised by the inundation. This, according to the inscription, was the kernel of the mysteries, the innermost secret revealed to the initiated. So in the rites of Demeter at Eleusis a reaped ear of corn was exhibited to the worshippers as the central mystery of their religion. We can now fully understand why at the great festival of sowing in the month of Khoiak the priests used to bury effigies of Osiris made of earth and corn. When these effigies were taken up again at the end of a year or of a shorter interval, the corn would be found to have sprouted from the body of Osiris, and this sprouting of the grain would be hailed as an omen, or rather as the cause, of the growth of the crops. The corn-god produced the corn from himself—he gave his own body to feed the people, he died that they might live.

And from the death and resurrection of their great god the Egyptians drew not only their support and sustenance in this life, but also their hope of a life eternal beyond the grave. This hope is indicated in the clearest manner by the very remarkable effigies of Osiris which have come to light in Egyptian cemeteries. Thus in

the Valley of the Kings at Thebes there was found the tomb of a royal fan-bearer who lived about 1500 B C. Among the rich contents of the tomb there was a bier on which rested a mattress of reeds covered with three layers of linen. On the upper side of the linen was painted a life-size figure of Osiris, and the interior of the figure, which was waterproof, contained a mixture of vegetable mould, barley, and a sticky fluid. The barley had sprouted and sent out shoots two or three inches long. Again, in the cemetery at Cynopolis "were numerous burials of Osiris figures. These were made of grain wrapped up in cloth and roughly shaped like an Osiris, and placed inside a bricked-up recess at the side of the tomb, sometimes in small pottery coffins, sometimes in wooden coffins in the form of a hawk-mummy, sometimes without any coffins at all." These corn-stuffed figures were bandaged like mummies with patches of gilding here and there, as if in imitation of the golden mould in which the similar figures of Osiris were cast at the festival of sowing. Again, effigies of Osiris, with faces of green wax and their interior full of grain, were found buried near the necropolis of Thebes. Finally, we are told by Professor Erman that between the legs of mummies "there sometimes lies a figure of Osiris made of slime, it is filled with grains of corn, the sprouting of which is intended to signify the resurrection of the god." We cannot doubt that, just as the burial of corn-stuffed images of Osiris in the earth at the festival of sowing was designed to quicken the seed, so the burial of similar images in the grave was meant to quicken the dead, in other words, to ensure their spiritual immortality.

CHAPTER XL

THE NATURE OF OSIRIS

§ 1. *Osiris a Corn-god* —The foregoing survey of the myth and ritual of Osiris may suffice to prove that in one of his aspects the god was a personification of the corn, which may be said to die and come to life again every year. Through all the pomp and glamour with which in later times the priests had invested his worship, the conception of him as the corn-god comes clearly out in the festival of his death and resurrection, which was celebrated in the month of Khoiak and at a later period in the month of Athyr. That festival appears to have been essentially a festival of sowing, which properly fell at the time when the husbandman actually committed the seed to the earth. On that occasion an effigy of the corn-god, moulded of earth and corn, was buried with funeral rites in the ground in order that, dying there, he might come to life again with the new crops. The ceremony was, in fact, a charm to ensure the growth of the corn by sympathetic magic, and we may conjecture that as such it was practised in a simple form by every Egyptian farmer on his fields long before it

was adopted and transfigured by the priests in the stately ritual of the temple. In the modern, but doubtless ancient, Arab custom of burying "the Old Man," namely, a sheaf of wheat, in the harvest-field and praying that he may return from the dead, we see the germ out of which the worship of the corn-god Osiris was probably developed.

The details of his myth fit in well with this interpretation of the god. He was said to be the offspring of Sky and Earth. What more appropriate parentage could be invented for the corn which springs from the ground that has been fertilised by the water of heaven? It is true that the land of Egypt owed its fertility directly to the Nile and not to showers; but the inhabitants must have known or guessed that the great river in its turn was fed by the rains which fell in the far interior. Again, the legend that Osiris was the first to teach men the use of corn would be most naturally told of the corn-god himself. Further, the story that his mangled remains were scattered up and down the land and buried in different places may be a mythical way of expressing either the sowing or the winnowing of the grain. The latter interpretation is supported by the tale that Isis placed the severed limbs of Osiris on a corn-sieve. Or more probably the legend may be a reminiscence of a custom of slaying a human victim, perhaps a representative of the corn-spirit and distributing his flesh or scattering his ashes over the fields to fertilise them. In modern Europe the figure of Death is sometimes torn in pieces, and the fragments are then buried in the ground to make the crops grow well, and in other parts of the world human victims are treated in the same way. With regard to the ancient Egyptians we have it on the authority of Manetho that they used to burn red-haired men and scatter their ashes with winnowing fans, and it is highly significant that this barbarous sacrifice was offered by the kings at the grave of Osiris. We may conjecture that the victims represented Osiris himself, who was annually slain, dismembered, and buried in their persons that he might quicken the seed in the earth.

Possibly in prehistoric times the kings themselves played the part of the god and were slain and dismembered in that character. Set as well as Osiris is said to have been torn in pieces after a reign of eighteen days, which was commemorated by an annual festival of the same length. According to one story Romulus, the first king of Rome, was cut in pieces by the senators, who buried the fragments of him in the ground, and the traditional day of his death, the seventh of July, was celebrated with certain curious rites, which were apparently connected with the artificial fertilisation of the fig. Again, Greek legend told how Pentheus, king of Thebes, and Lycurgus, king of the Thracian Edonians, opposed the vine-god Dionysus, and how the impious monarchs were rent in pieces, the one by the frenzied Bacchanals, the other by horses. These Greek traditions may well be distorted reminiscences of a custom of sacrificing human beings, and especially divine kings, in the character of Dionysus, a god who resembled Osiris in many points and was said like him to have been

torn limb from limb. We are told that in Chios men were rent in pieces as a sacrifice to Dionysus, and since they died the same death as their god, it is reasonable to suppose that they personated him. The story that the Thracian Orpheus was similarly torn limb from limb by the Bacchanals seems to indicate that he too perished in the character of the god whose death he died. It is significant that the Thracian Lycurgus, king of the Edomans, is said to have been put to death in order that the ground, which had ceased to be fruitful, might regain its fertility.

Further, we read of a Norwegian king, Halfdan the Black, whose body was cut up and buried in different parts of his kingdom for the sake of ensuring the fruitfulness of the earth. He is said to have been drowned at the age of forty through the breaking of the ice in spring. What followed his death is thus related by the old Norse historian Snorri Sturluson: "He had been the most prosperous (literally, blessed with abundance) of all kings. So greatly did men value him that when the news came that he was dead and his body removed to Hringariki and intended for burial there, the chief men from Raumaniki and Westfold and Heithmork came and all requested that they might take his body with them and bury it in their various provinces, they thought that it would bring abundance to those who obtained it. Eventually it was settled that the body was distributed in four places. The head was laid in a barrow at Steinn in Hringariki, and each party took away their own share and buried it. All these barrows are called Halfdan's barrows." It should be remembered that this Halfdan belonged to the family of the Ynglings, who traced their descent from Frey, the great Scandinavian god of fertility.

The natives of Kiwai, an island lying off the mouth of the Fly River in British New Guinea, tell of a certain magician named Segerá, who had sago for his totem. When Segerá was old and ill, he told the people that he would soon die, but that, nevertheless, he would cause their gardens to thrive. Accordingly, he instructed them that when he was dead they should cut him up and place pieces of his flesh in their gardens, but his head was to be buried in his own garden. Of him it is said that he outlived the ordinary age, and that no man knew his father, but that he made the sago good and no one was hungry any more. Old men who were alive some years ago affirmed that they had known Segerá in their youth, and the general opinion of the Kiwai people seems to be that Segerá died not more than two generations ago.

Taken all together, these legends point to a widespread practice of dismembering the body of a king or magician and burying the pieces in different parts of the country in order to ensure the fertility of the ground and probably also the fecundity of man and beast.

To return to the human victims whose ashes the Egyptians scattered with winnowing-fans, the red hair of these unfortunates

was probably significant. For in Egypt the oxen which were sacrificed had also to be red; a single black or white hair found on the beast would have disqualified it for the sacrifice. If, as I conjecture, these human sacrifices were intended to promote the growth of the crops—and the winnowing of their ashes seems to support this view—red-haired victims were perhaps selected as best fitted to personate the spirit of the ruddy grain. For when a god is represented by a living person, it is natural that the human representative should be chosen on the ground of his supposed resemblance to the divine original. Hence the ancient Mexicans, conceiving the maize as a personal being who went through the whole course of life between seed-time and harvest, sacrificed new-born babes when the maize was sown, older children when it had sprouted, and so on till it was fully ripe, when they sacrificed old men. A name for Osiris was the “crop” or “harvest”, and the ancients sometimes explained him as a personification of the corn.

§ 2. *Osiris a Tree-spirit*—But Osiris was more than a spirit of the corn, he was also a tree-spirit, and this may perhaps have been his primitive character, since the worship of trees is naturally older in the history of religion than the worship of the cereals. The character of Osiris as a tree-spirit was represented very graphically in a ceremony described by Firmicus Maternus. A pine-tree having been cut down, the centre was hollowed out, and with the wood thus excavated an image of Osiris was made, which was then buried like a corpse in the hollow of the tree. It is hard to imagine how the conception of a tree as tenanted by a personal being could be more plainly expressed. The image of Osiris thus made was kept for a year and then burned, exactly as was done with the image of Attis which was attached to the pine-tree. The ceremony of cutting the tree, as described by Firmicus Maternus, appears to be alluded to by Plutarch. It was probably the ritual counterpart of the mythical discovery of the body of Osiris enclosed in the *erica*-tree. In the hall of Osiris at Denderah the coffin containing the hawk-headed mummy of the god is clearly depicted as enclosed within a tree, apparently a conifer, the trunk and branches of which are seen above and below the coffin. The scene thus corresponds closely both to the myth and to the ceremony described by Firmicus Maternus.

It accords with the character of Osiris as a tree-spirit that his worshippers were forbidden to injure fruit-trees, and with his character as a god of vegetation in general that they were not allowed to stop up wells of water, which are so important for the irrigation of hot southern lands. According to one legend, he taught men to train the vine to poles, to prune its superfluous foliage, and to extract the juice of the grape. In the papyrus of Nebseni, written about 1550 B C, Osiris is depicted sitting in a shrine, from the roof of which hang clusters of grapes, and in the papyrus of the royal scribe Nekht we see the god enthroned in front of a pool, from the banks of which a luxuriant vine, with many bunches of grapes, grows towards the

green face of the seated deity. The ivy was sacred to him, and was called his plant because it is always green.

§ 3. *Osiris a God of Fertility*—As a god of vegetation Osiris was naturally conceived as a god of creative energy in general, since men at a certain stage of evolution fail to distinguish between the reproductive powers of animals and of plants. Hence a striking feature in his worship was the coarse but expressive symbolism by which this aspect of his nature was presented to the eye not merely of the initiated but of the multitude. At his festival women used to go about the villages singing songs in his praise and carrying obscene images of him which they set in motion by means of strings. The custom was probably a charm to ensure the growth of the crops. A similar image of him, decked with all the fruits of the earth, is said to have stood in a temple before a figure of Isis, and in the chambers dedicated to him at Philae the dead god is portrayed lying on his bier in an attitude which indicates in the plainest way that even in death his generative virtue was not extinct but only suspended, ready to prove a source of life and fertility to the world when the opportunity should offer. Hymns addressed to Osiris contain allusions to this important side of his nature. In one of them it is said that the world waxes green in triumph through him, and another declares, "Thou art the father and mother of mankind, they live on thy breath, they subsist on the flesh of thy body." We may conjecture that in this paternal aspect he was supposed, like other gods of fertility, to bless men and women with offspring, and that the processions at his festival were intended to promote this object as well as to quicken the seed in the ground. It would be to misjudge ancient religion to denounce as lewd and profligate the emblems and the ceremonies which the Egyptians employed for the purpose of giving effect to this conception of the divine power. The ends which they proposed to themselves in these rites were natural and laudable, only the means they adopted to compass them were mistaken. A similar fallacy induced the Greeks to adopt a like symbolism in their Dionysiac festivals, and the superficial but striking resemblance thus produced between the two religions has perhaps more than anything else misled enquirers, both ancient and modern, into identifying worships which, though certainly akin in nature, are perfectly distinct and independent in origin.

§ 4 *Osiris a God of the Dead*—We have seen that in one of his aspects Osiris was the ruler and judge of the dead. To a people like the Egyptians, who not only believed in a life beyond the grave but actually spent much of their time, labour, and money in preparing for it, this office of the god must have appeared hardly, if at all, less important than his function of making the earth to bring forth its fruits in due season. We may assume that in the faith of his worshippers the two provinces of the god were intimately connected. In laying their dead in the grave they committed them to his keeping who could raise them from the dust to life eternal, even as he caused the seed to spring from the ground. Of that faith the corn-stuffed

effigies of Osiris found in Egyptian tombs furnish an eloquent and unequivocal testimony. They were at once an emblem and an instrument of resurrection. Thus from the sprouting of the grain the ancient Egyptians drew an augury of human immortality. They are not the only people who have built the same lofty hopes on the same slender foundation.

A god who thus fed his people with his own broken body in this life, and who held out to them a promise of a blissful eternity in a better world hereafter, naturally reigned supreme in their affections. We need not wonder, therefore, that in Egypt the worship of the other gods was overshadowed by that of Osiris, and that while they were revered each in his own district, he and his divine partner Isis were adored in all.

CHAPTER XLI

ISIS

THE original meaning of the goddess Isis is still more difficult to determine than that of her brother and husband Osiris. Her attributes and epithets were so numerous that in the hieroglyphics she is called "the many-named," "the thousand-named," and in Greek inscriptions "the myriad-named." Yet in her complex nature it is perhaps still possible to detect the original nucleus round which by a slow process of accretion the other elements gathered. For if her brother and husband Osiris was in one of his aspects the corn-god, as we have seen reason to believe, she must surely have been the corn-goddess. There are at least some grounds for thinking so. For if we may trust Diodorus Siculus, whose authority appears to have been the Egyptian historian Manetho, the discovery of wheat and barley was attributed to Isis, and at her festivals stalks of these grains were carried in procession to commemorate the boon she had conferred on men. A further detail is added by Augustine. He says that Isis made the discovery of barley at the moment when she was sacrificing to the common ancestors of her husband and herself, all of whom had been kings, and that she showed the newly discovered ears of barley to Osiris and his councillor Thoth or Mercury, as Roman writers called him. That is why, adds Augustine, they identify Isis with Ceres. Further, at harvest-time, when the Egyptian reapers had cut the first stalks, they laid them down and beat their breasts, wailing and calling upon Isis. The custom has been already explained as a lament for the corn-spirit slain under the sickle. Amongst the epithets by which Isis is designated in the inscriptions are "Creatress of green things," "Green goddess, whose green colour is like unto the greenness of the earth," "Lady of Bread," "Lady of Beer," "Lady of Abundance." According to Brugsch she is "not only the creatress of the fresh verdure of vegetation which covers the earth, but is actually the green

corn-field itself, which is personified as a goddess " This is confirmed by her epithet *Sochit* or *Sochet*, meaning " a corn-field," a sense which the word still retains in Coptic. The Greeks conceived of Isis as a corn-goddess, for they identified her with Demeter. In a Greek epigram she is described as " she who has given birth to the fruits of the earth," and " the mother of the ears of corn "; and in a hymn composed in her honour she speaks of herself as " queen of the wheat-field," and is described as " charged with the care of the fruitful furrow's wheat-rich path " Accordingly, Greek or Roman artists often represented her with ears of corn on her head or in her hand

Such, we may suppose, was Isis in the olden time, a rustic Corn-Mother adored with uncouth rites by Egyptian swains But the homely features of the clownish goddess could hardly be traced in the refined, the saintly form which, spiritualised by ages of religious evolution, she presented to her worshippers of after days as the true wife, the tender mother, the beneficent queen of nature, encircled with the numbus of moral purity, of immemorial and mysterious sanctity. Thus chastened and transfigured she won many hearts far beyond the boundaries of her native land. In that welter of religions which accompanied the decline of national life in antiquity her worship was one of the most popular at Rome and throughout the empire. Some of the Roman emperors themselves were openly addicted to it. And however the religion of Isis may, like any other, have been often worn as a cloak by men and women of loose life, her rites appear on the whole to have been honourably distinguished by a dignity and composure, a solemnity and decorum well fitted to soothe the troubled mind, to ease the burdened heart They appealed therefore to gentle spirits, and above all to women, whom the bloody and licentious rites of other Oriental goddesses only shocked and repelled We need not wonder, then, that in a period of decadence, when traditional faiths were shaken, when systems clashed, when men's minds were disquieted, when the fabric of empire itself, once deemed eternal, began to show ominous rents and fissures, the serene figure of Isis with her spiritual calm, her gracious promise of immortality, should have appeared to many like a star in a stormy sky, and should have roused in their breasts a rapture of devotion not unlike that which was paid in the Middle Ages to the Virgin Mary. Indeed her stately ritual, with its shaven and tonsured priests, its matins and vespers, its tinkling music, its baptism and aspersions of holy water, its solemn processions, its jewelled images of the Mother of God, presented many points of similarity to the pomps and ceremonies of Catholicism The resemblance need not be purely accidental. Ancient Egypt may have contributed its share to the gorgeous symbolism of the Catholic Church as well as to the pale abstractions of her theology. Certainly in art the figure of Isis suckling the infant Horus is so like that of the Madonna and child that it has sometimes received the adoration of ignorant Christians And to Isis in her later character of patroness of mariners the Virgin Mary perhaps owes her beautiful epithet of *Stella Maris*.

"Star of the Sea," under which she is adored by tempest-tossed sailors. The attributes of a marine deity may have been bestowed on Isis by the sea-faring Greeks of Alexandria. They are quite foreign to her original character and to the habits of the Egyptians, who had no love of the sea. On this hypothesis Sirius, the bright star of Isis, which on July mornings rises from the glassy waves of the eastern Mediterranean, a harbinger of halcyon weather to mariners, was the true *Stella Maris*, "the Star of the Sea."

CHAPTER XLII

OSIRIS AND THE SUN

OSIRIS has been sometimes interpreted as the sun-god, and in modern times this view has been held by so many distinguished writers that it deserves a brief examination. If we enquire on what evidence Osiris has been identified with the sun or the sun-god, it will be found on analysis to be minute in quantity and dubious, where it is not absolutely worthless, in quality. The diligent Jablonski, the first modern scholar to collect and sift the testimony of classical writers on Egyptian religion, says that it can be shown in many ways that Osiris is the sun, and that he could produce a cloud of witnesses to prove it, but that it is needless to do so, since no learned man is ignorant of the fact. Of the ancient writers whom he condescends to quote, the only two who expressly identify Osiris with the sun are Diodorus and Macrobius. But little weight can be attached to their evidence, for the statement of Diodorus is vague and rhetorical, and the reasons which Macrobius, one of the fathers of solar mythology, assigns for the identification are exceedingly slight.

The ground upon which some modern writers seem chiefly to rely for the identification of Osiris with the sun is that the story of his death fits better with the solar phenomena than with any other in nature. It may readily be admitted that the daily appearance and disappearance of the sun might very naturally be expressed by a myth of his death and resurrection; and writers who regard Osiris as the sun are careful to indicate that it is the diurnal, and not the annual, course of the sun to which they understand the myth to apply. Thus Renouf, who identified Osiris with the sun, admitted that the Egyptian sun could not with any show of reason be described as dead in winter. But if his daily death was the theme of the legend, why was it celebrated by an annual ceremony? This fact alone seems fatal to the interpretation of the myth as descriptive of sunset and sunrise. Again, though the sun may be said to die daily, in what sense can he be said to be torn in pieces?

In the course of our enquiry it has, I trust, been made clear that there is another natural phenomenon to which the conception of death and resurrection is as applicable as to sunset and sunrise, and which,

as a matter of fact, has been so conceived and represented in folk-custom. That phenomenon is the annual growth and decay of vegetation. A strong reason for interpreting the death of Osiris as the decay of vegetation rather than as the sunset is to be found in the general, though not unanimous, voice of antiquity, which classed together the worship and myths of Osiris, Adonis, Attis, Dionysus, and Demeter, as religions of essentially the same type. The consensus of ancient opinion on this subject seems too great to be rejected as a mere fancy. So closely did the rites of Osiris resemble those of Adonis at Byblus that some of the people of Byblus themselves maintained that it was Osiris and not Adonis whose death was mourned by them. Such a view could certainly not have been held if the rituals of the two gods had not been so alike as to be almost indistinguishable. Herodotus found the similarity between the rites of Osiris and Dionysus so great that he thought it impossible the latter could have arisen independently, they must, he supposed, have been recently borrowed, with slight alterations, by the Greeks from the Egyptians. Again, Plutarch, a very keen student of comparative religion, insists upon the detailed resemblance of the rites of Osiris to those of Dionysus. We cannot reject the evidence of such intelligent and trustworthy witnesses on plain matters of fact which fell under their own cognizance. Their explanations of the worships it is indeed possible to reject, for the meaning of religious cults is often open to question, but resemblances of ritual are matters of observation. Therefore, those who explain Osiris as the sun are driven to the alternative of either dismissing as mistaken the testimony of antiquity to the similarity of the rites of Osiris, Adonis, Attis, Dionysus, and Demeter, or of interpreting all these rites as sun-worship. No modern scholar has fairly faced and accepted either side of this alternative. To accept the former would be to affirm that we know the rites of these deities better than the men who practised, or at least who witnessed them. To accept the latter would involve a wrenching, clipping, mangling, and distorting of myth and ritual from which even Macrobius shrank. On the other hand, the view that the essence of all these rites was the mimic death and revival of vegetation, explains them separately and collectively in an easy and natural way, and harmonises with the general testimony borne by the ancients to their substantial similarity.

CHAPTER XLIII

DIONYSUS

IN the preceding chapters we saw that in antiquity the civilised nations of Western Asia and Egypt pictured to themselves the changes of the seasons, and particularly the annual growth and decay of vegetation, as episodes in the life of gods, whose mournful

death and happy resurrection they celebrated with dramatic rites of alternate lamentation and rejoicing. But if the celebration was in form dramatic, it was in substance magical, that is to say, it was intended, on the principles of sympathetic magic, to ensure the vernal regeneration of plants and the multiplication of animals, which had seemed to be menaced by the inroads of winter. In the ancient world, however, such ideas and such rites were by no means confined to the Oriental peoples of Babylon and Syria, of Phrygia and Egypt, they were not a product peculiar to the religious mysticism of the dreamy East, but were shared by the races of livelier fancy and more mercurial temperament who inhabited the shores and islands of the Aegean. We need not, with some enquirers in ancient and modern times, suppose that these Western peoples borrowed from the older civilisation of the Orient the conception of the Dying and Reviving God, together with the solemn ritual, in which that conception was dramatically set forth before the eyes of the worshippers. More probably the resemblance which may be traced in this respect between the religions of the East and the West is no more than what we commonly, though incorrectly, call a fortuitous coincidence, the effect of similar causes acting alike on the similar constitution of the human mind in different countries and under different skies. The Greek had no need to journey into far countries to learn the vicissitudes of the seasons, to mark the fleeting beauty of the damask rose, the transient glory of the golden corn, the passing splendour of the purple grapes. Year by year in his own beautiful land he beheld, with natural regret, the bright pomp of summer fading into the gloom and stagnation of winter, and year by year he hailed with natural delight the outburst of fresh life in spring. Accustomed to personify the forces of nature, to tinge her cold abstractions with the warm hues of imagination, to clothe her naked realities with the gorgeous drapery of a mythic fancy, he fashioned for himself a train of gods and goddesses, of spirits and elves, out of the shifting panorama of the seasons, and followed the annual fluctuations of their fortunes with alternate emotions of cheerfulness and dejection, of gladness and sorrow, which found their natural expression in alternate rites of rejoicing and lamentation, of revelry and mourning. A consideration of some of the Greek divinities who thus died and rose again from the dead may furnish us with a series of companion pictures to set side by side with the sad figures of Adonis, Attis, and Osiris. We begin with Dionysus.

The god Dionysus or Bacchus is best known to us as a personification of the vine and of the exhilaration produced by the juice of the grape. His ecstatic worship, characterised by wild dances, thrilling music, and tipsy excess, appears to have originated among the rude tribes of Thrace, who were notoriously addicted to drunkenness. Its mystic doctrines and extravagant rites were essentially foreign to the clear intelligence and sober temperament of the Greek race. Yet appealing as it did to that love of mystery and that proneness

to revert to savagery which seem to be innate in most men, the religion spread like wildfire through Greece until the god whom Homer hardly deigned to notice had become the most popular figure of the pantheon. The resemblance which his story and his ceremonies present to those of Osiris have led some enquirers both in ancient and modern times to hold that Dionysus was merely a disguised Osiris, imported directly from Egypt into Greece. But the great preponderance of evidence points to his Thracian origin, and the similarity of the two worships is sufficiently explained by the similarity of the ideas and customs on which they were founded.

While the vine with its clusters was the most characteristic manifestation of Dionysus, he was also a god of trees in general. Thus we are told that almost all the Greeks sacrificed to "Dionysus of the tree." In Boeotia one of his titles was "Dionysus in the tree." His image was often merely an upright post, without arms, but draped in a mantle, with a bearded mask to represent the head, and with leafy boughs projecting from the head or body to show the nature of the deity. On a vase his rude effigy is depicted appearing out of a low tree or bush. At Magnesia on the Maeander an image of Dionysus is said to have been found in a plane-tree, which had been broken by the wind. He was the patron of cultivated trees; prayers were offered to him that he would make the trees grow; and he was especially honoured by husbandmen, chiefly fruit-growers, who set up an image of him, in the shape of a natural tree-stump, in their orchards. He was said to have discovered all tree-fruits, amongst which apples and figs are particularly mentioned, and he was referred to as "well-fruited," "he of the green fruit," and "making the fruit to grow." One of his titles was "teeming" or "bursting" (as of sap or blossoms); and there was a Flowery Dionysus in Attica and at Patrae in Achaia. The Athenians sacrificed to him for the prosperity of the fruits of the land. Amongst the trees particularly sacred to him, in addition to the vine, was the pine-tree. The Delphic oracle commanded the Corinthians to worship a particular pine-tree "equally with the god," so they made two images of Dionysus out of it, with red faces and gilt bodies. In art a wand, tipped with a pine-cone, is commonly carried by the god or his worshippers. Again, the ivy and the fig-tree were especially associated with him. In the Attic township of Acharnae there was a Dionysus Ivy, at Lacedaemon there was a Fig Dionysus; and in Naxos, where figs were called *meilicha*, there was a Dionysus Meilichios, the face of whose image was made of fig-wood.

Further, there are indications, few but significant, that Dionysus was conceived as a deity of agriculture and the corn. He is spoken of as himself doing the work of a husbandman. He is reported to have been the first to yoke oxen to the plough, which before had been dragged by hand alone, and some people found in this tradition the clue to the bovine shape in which, as we shall see, the god was often supposed to present himself to his worshippers. Thus guiding the ploughshare and scattering the seed as he went, Dionysus is said to

have eased the labour of the husbandman Further, we are told that in the land of the Bisaltae, a Thracian tribe, there was a great and fair sanctuary of Dionysus, where at his festival a bright light shone forth at night as a token of an abundant harvest vouchsafed by the deity, but if the crops were to fail that year, the mystic light was not seen, darkness brooded over the sanctuary as at other times Moreover, among the emblems of Dionysus was the winnowing-fan, that is the large open shovel-shaped basket, which down to modern times has been used by farmers to separate the grain from the chaff by tossing the corn in the air This simple agricultural instrument figured in the mystic rites of Dionysus; indeed the god is traditionally said to have been placed at birth in a winnowing-fan as in a cradle in art he is represented as an infant so cradled, and from these traditions and representations he derived the epithet of *Liknites*, that is, "He of the Winnowing-fan"

Like other gods of vegetation Dionysus was believed to have died a violent death, but to have been brought to life again, and his sufferings, death, and resurrection were enacted in his sacred rites His tragic story is thus told by the poet Nonnus. Zeus in the form of a serpent visited Persephone, and she bore him Zagreus, that is, Dionysus, a horned infant. Scarcely was he born, when the babe mounted the throne of his father Zeus and mimicked the great god by brandishing the lightning in his tiny hand But he did not occupy the throne long, for the treacherous Titans, their faces whitened with chalk, attacked him with knives while he was looking at himself in a mirror For a time he evaded their assaults by turning himself into various shapes, assuming the likeness successively of Zeus and Cronus, of a young man, of a lion, a horse, and a serpent. Finally, in the form of a bull, he was cut to pieces by the murderous knives of his enemies His Cretan myth, as related by Firmicus Maternus, ran thus He was said to have been the bastard son of Jupiter, a Cretan king Going abroad, Jupiter transferred the throne and sceptre to the youthful Dionysus, but, knowing that his wife Juno cherished a jealous dislike of the child, he entrusted Dionysus to the care of guards upon whose fidelity he believed he could rely Juno, however, bribed the guards, and amusing the child with rattles and a cunningly-wrought looking-glass lured him into an ambush, where her satellites, the Titans, rushed upon him, cut him limb from limb, boiled his body with various herbs, and ate it But his sister Minerva, who had shared in the deed, kept his heart and gave it to Jupiter on his return, revealing to him the whole history of the crime. In his rage, Jupiter put the Titans to death by torture, and, to soothe his grief for the loss of his son, made an image in which he enclosed the child's heart, and then built a temple in his honour In this version a Euhemeristic turn has been given to the myth by representing Jupiter and Juno (Zeus and Hera) as a king and queen of Crete The guards referred to are the mythical Curetes who danced a war-dance round the infant Dionysus, as they

are said to have done round the infant Zeus. Very noteworthy is the legend, recorded both by Nonnus and Firmicus, that in his infancy Dionysus occupied for a short time the throne of his father Zeus. So Proclus tells us that "Dionysus was the last king of the gods appointed by Zeus. For his father set him on the kingly throne, and placed in his hand the sceptre, and made him king of all the gods of the world." Such traditions point to a custom of temporarily investing the king's son with the royal dignity as a preliminary to sacrificing him instead of his father. Pomegranates were supposed to have sprung from the blood of Dionysus, as anemones from the blood of Adonis and violets from the blood of Attis; hence women refrained from eating seeds of pomegranates at the festival of the Thesmophoria. According to some, the severed limbs of Dionysus were pieced together, at the command of Zeus, by Apollo, who buried them on Parnassus. The grave of Dionysus was shown in the Delphic temple beside a golden statue of Apollo. However, according to another account, the grave of Dionysus was at Thebes, where he is said to have been torn in pieces. Thus far the resurrection of the slain god is not mentioned, but in other versions of the myth it is variously related. According to one version, which represented Dionysus as a son of Zeus and Demeter, his mother pieced together his mangled limbs and made him young again. In others it is simply said that shortly after his burial he rose from the dead and ascended up to heaven, or that Zeus raised him up as he lay mortally wounded; or that Zeus swallowed the heart of Dionysus and then begat him afresh by Semele, who in the common legend figures as mother of Dionysus. Or, again, the heart was pounded up and given in a potion to Semele, who thereby conceived him.

Turning from the myth to the ritual, we find that the Cretans celebrated a biennial festival at which the passion of Dionysus was represented in every detail. All that he had done or suffered in his last moments was enacted before the eyes of his worshippers, who tore a live bull to pieces with their teeth and roamed the woods with frantic shouts. In front of them was carried a casket supposed to contain the sacred heart of Dionysus, and to the wild music of flutes and cymbals they mimicked the rattles by which the infant god had been lured to his doom. Where the resurrection formed part of the myth, it also was acted at the rites, and it even appears that a general doctrine of resurrection, or at least of immortality, was inculcated on the worshippers, for Plutarch, writing to console his wife on the death of their infant daughter, comforts her with the thought of the immortality of the soul as taught by tradition and revealed in the mysteries of Dionysus. A different form of the myth of the death and resurrection of Dionysus is that he descended into Hades to bring up his mother Semele from the dead. The local Argive tradition was that he went down through the Alcyonian lake, and his return from the lower world, in other words his resurrection, was annually celebrated on the spot by the Argives, who summoned him

from the water by trumpet blasts, while they threw a lamb into the lake as an offering to the warder of the dead. Whether this was a spring festival does not appear, but the Lydians certainly celebrated the advent of Dionysus in spring; the god was supposed to bring the season with him. Deities of vegetation, who are believed to pass a certain portion of each year underground, naturally come to be regarded as gods of the lower world or of the dead. Both Dionysus and Osiris were so conceived.

A feature in the mythical character of Dionysus, which at first sight appears inconsistent with his nature as a deity of vegetation, is that he was often conceived and represented in animal shape, especially in the form, or at least with the horns, of a bull. Thus he is spoken of as "cow-born," "bull," "bull-shaped," "bull-faced," "bull-browed," "bull-horned," "horn-bearing," "two-horned," "horned." He was believed to appear, at least occasionally, as a bull. His images were often, as at Cyzicus, made in bull shape, or with bull horns, and he was painted with horns. Types of the horned Dionysus are found amongst the surviving monuments of antiquity. On one statuette he appears clad in a bull's hide, the head, horns, and hoofs hanging down behind. Again, he is represented as a child with clusters of grapes round his brow, and a calf's head, with sprouting horns, attached to the back of his head. On a red-figured vase the god is portrayed as a calf-headed child seated on a woman's lap. The people of Cynaetha held a festival of Dionysus in winter, when men, who had greased their bodies with oil for the occasion, used to pick out a bull from the herd and carry it to the sanctuary of the god. Dionysus was supposed to inspire their choice of the particular bull, which probably represented the deity himself, for at his festivals he was believed to appear in bull form. The women of Elis hailed him as a bull, and prayed him to come with his bull's foot. They sang, "Come hither, Dionysus, to thy holy temple by the sea; come with the Graces to thy temple, rushing with thy bull's foot, O goodly bull, O goodly bull!" The Bacchanals of Thrace wore horns in imitation of their god. According to the myth, it was in the shape of a bull that he was torn to pieces by the Titans; and the Cretans, when they acted the sufferings and death of Dionysus, tore a live bull to pieces with their teeth. Indeed, the rending and devouring of live bulls and calves appear to have been a regular feature of the Dionysiac rites. When we consider the practice of portraying the god as a bull or with some of the features of the animal, the belief that he appeared in bull form to his worshippers at the sacred rites, and the legend that in bull form he had been torn in pieces, we cannot doubt that in rending and devouring a live bull at his festival the worshippers of Dionysus believed themselves to be killing the god, eating his flesh, and drinking his blood.

Another animal whose form Dionysus assumed was the goat. One of his names was "Kid." At Athens and at Hermion he was worshipped under the title of "the one of the Black Goatskin," and a

legend ran that on a certain occasion he had appeared clad in the skin from which he took the title. In the wine-growing district of Phlius, where in autumn the plain is still thickly mantled with the red and golden foliage of the fading vines, there stood of old a bronze image of a goat, which the husbandmen plastered with gold-leaf as a means of protecting their vines against blight. The image probably represented the vine-god himself. To save him from the wrath of Hera, his father Zeus changed the youthful Dionysus into a kid, and when the gods fled to Egypt to escape the fury of Typhon, Dionysus was turned into a goat. Hence when his worshippers rent in pieces a live goat and devoured it raw, they must have believed that they were eating the body and blood of the god. The custom of tearing in pieces the bodies of animals and of men and then devouring them raw has been practised as a religious rite by savages in modern times. We need not therefore dismiss as a fable the testimony of antiquity to the observance of similar rites among the frenzied worshippers of Bacchus.

The custom of killing a god in animal form, which we shall examine more in detail further on, belongs to a very early stage of human culture, and is apt in later times to be misunderstood. The advance of thought tends to strip the old animal and plant gods of their bestial and vegetable husk, and to leave their human attributes (which are always the kernel of the conception) as the final and sole residuum. In other words, animal and plant gods tend to become purely anthropomorphic. When they have become wholly or nearly so, the animals and plants which were at first the deities themselves, still retain a vague and ill-understood connexion with the anthropomorphic gods who have been developed out of them. The origin of the relationship between the deity and the animal or plant having been forgotten, various stories are invented to explain it. These explanations may follow one of two lines according as they are based on the habitual or on the exceptional treatment of the sacred animal or plant. The sacred animal was habitually spared, and only exceptionally slain, and accordingly the myth might be devised to explain either why it was spared or why it was killed. Devised for the former purpose, the myth would tell of some service rendered to the deity by the animal, devised for the latter purpose, the myth would tell of some injury inflicted by the animal on the god. The reason given for sacrificing goats to Dionysus exemplifies a myth of the latter sort. They were sacrificed to him, it was said, because they injured the vine. Now the goat, as we have seen, was originally an embodiment of the god himself. But when the god had divested himself of his animal character and had become essentially anthropomorphic, the killing of the goat in his worship came to be regarded no longer as a slaying of the deity himself, but as a sacrifice offered to him, and since some reason had to be assigned why the goat in particular should be sacrificed, it was alleged that this was a punishment inflicted on the goat for injuring the vine, the object of the god's especial care. Thus we have the strange spectacle of a god sacrificed to himself on the ground that he

is his own enemy And as the deity is supposed to partake of the victim offered to him, it follows that, when the victim is the god's old self, the god eats of his own flesh Hence the goat-god Dionysus is represented as eating raw goat's blood, and the bull-god Dionysus is called "eater of bulls" On the analogy of these instances we may conjecture that wherever a deity is described as the eater of a particular animal, the animal in question was originally nothing but the deity himself Later on we shall find that some savages propitiate dead bears and whales by offering them portions of their own bodies

All this, however, does not explain why a deity of vegetation should appear in animal form But the consideration of that point had better be deferred till we have discussed the character and attributes of Demeter. Meantime it remains to mention that in some places, instead of an animal, a human being was torn in pieces at the rites of Dionysus This was the practice in Chios and Tenedos, and at Potmae in Boeotia the tradition ran that it had been formerly the custom to sacrifice to the goat-smiting Dionysus a child, for whom a goat was afterwards substituted At Orchomenus, as we have seen, the human victim was taken from the women of an old royal family. As the slain bull or goat represented the slain god, so, we may suppose, the human victim also represented him

The legends of the deaths of Pentheus and Lycurgus, two kings who are said to have been torn to pieces, the one by Bacchanals, the other by horses, for their opposition to the rites of Dionysus, may be, as I have already suggested, distorted reminiscences of a custom of sacrificing divine kings in the character of Dionysus and of dispersing the fragments of their broken bodies over the fields for the purpose of fertilising them It is probably no mere coincidence that Dionysus himself is said to have been torn in pieces at Thebes, the very place where according to legend the same fate befell King Pentheus at the hands of the frenzied votaries of the vine-god

However, a tradition of human sacrifice may sometimes have been a mere misinterpretation of a sacrificial ritual in which an animal victim was treated as a human being For example, at Tenedos the new-born calf sacrificed to Dionysus was shod in buskins, and the mother cow was tended like a woman in child-bed At Rome a she-goat was sacrificed to Vediovis as if it were a human victim Yet on the other hand it is equally possible, and perhaps more probable, that these curious rites were themselves mitigations of an older and ruder custom of sacrificing human beings, and that the later pretence of treating the sacrificial victims as if they were human beings was merely part of a pious and merciful fraud, which palmed off on the deity less precious victims than living men and women This interpretation is supported by many undoubted cases in which animals have been substituted for human victims.

CHAPTER XLIV

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

DIONYSUS was not the only Greek deity whose tragic story and ritual appear to reflect the decay and revival of vegetation. In another form and with a different application the old tale reappears in the myth of Demeter and Persephone. Substantially their myth is identical with the Syrian one of Aphrodite (Astarte) and Adonis, the Phrygian one of Cybele and Attis, and the Egyptian one of Isis and Osiris. In the Greek fable, as in its Asiatic and Egyptian counterparts, a goddess mourns the loss of a loved one, who personifies the vegetation, more especially the corn, which dies in winter to revive in spring, only whereas the Oriental imagination figured the loved and lost one as a dead lover or a dead husband lamented by his leman or his wife, Greek fancy embodied the same idea in the tenderer and purer form of a dead daughter bewailed by her sorrowing mother.

The oldest literary document which narrates the myth of Demeter and Persephone is the beautiful Homeric *Hymn to Demeter*, which critics assign to the seventh century before our era. The object of the poem is to explain the origin of the Eleusinian mysteries, and the complete silence of the poet as to Athens and the Athenians, who in after ages took a conspicuous part in the festival, renders it probable that the hymn was composed in the far-off time when Eleusis was still a petty independent state, and before the stately procession of the Mysteries had begun to defile, in bright September days, over the low chain of barren rocky hills which divides the flat Eleusinian cornland from the more spacious olive-clad expanse of the Athenian plain. Be that as it may, the hymn reveals to us the conception which the writer entertained of the character and functions of the two goddesses: their natural shapes stand out sharply enough under the thin veil of poetical imagery. The youthful Persephone, so runs the tale, was gathering roses and lilies, crocuses and violets, hyacinths and narcissuses in a lush meadow, when the earth gaped and Pluto, lord of the Dead, issuing from the abyss carried her off on his golden car to be his bride and queen in the gloomy subterranean world. Her sorrowing mother Demeter, with her yellow tresses veiled in a dark mourning mantle, sought her over land and sea, and learning from the Sun her daughter's fate she withdrew in high dudgeon from the gods and took up her abode at Eleusis, where she presented herself to the king's daughters in the guise of an old woman, sitting sadly under the shadow of an olive tree beside the Maiden's Well, to which the damsels had come to draw water in bronze pitchers for their father's house. In her wrath at her bereavement the goddess suffered not the seed to grow in the earth but kept it hidden under ground, and she vowed that never would she set foot on Olympus and never would she let the corn sprout till her lost daughter should be restored to her.

Vainly the oxen dragged the ploughs to and fro in the fields ; vainly the sower dropped the barley seed in the brown furrows , nothing came up from the parched and crumbling soil Even the Rarian plain near Eleusis, which was wont to wave with yellow harvests, lay bare and fallow Mankind would have perished of hunger and the gods would have been robbed of the sacrifices which were their due, if Zeus in alarm had not commanded Pluto to disgorge his prey, to restore his bride Persephone to her mother Demeter The grim lord of the Dead smiled and obeyed, but before he sent back his queen to the upper air on a golden car, he gave her the seed of a pomegranate to eat, which ensured that she would return to him But Zeus stipulated that henceforth Persephone should spend two-thirds of every year with her mother and the gods in the upper world and one-third of the year with her husband in the nether world, from which she was to return year by year when the earth was gay with spring flowers Gladly the daughter then returned to the sunshine, gladly her mother received her and fell upon her neck ; and in her joy at recovering the lost one Demeter made the corn to sprout from the clods of the ploughed fields and all the broad earth to be heavy with leaves and blossoms And straightway she went and showed this happy sight to the princes of Eleusis, to Triptolemus, Eumolpus, Diocles, and to the king Celeus himself, and moreover she revealed to them her sacred rites and mysteries Blessed, says the poet, is the mortal man who has seen these things, but he who has had no share of them in life will never be happy in death when he has descended into the darkness of the grave So the two goddesses departed to dwell in bliss with the gods on Olympus , and the bard ends the hymn with a pious prayer to Demeter and Persephone that they would be pleased to grant him a livelihood in return for his song

It has been generally recognised, and indeed it seems scarcely open to doubt, that the main theme which the poet set before himself in composing this hymn was to describe the traditional foundation of the Eleusinian mysteries by the goddess Demeter. The whole poem leads up to the transformation scene in which the bare leafless expanse of the Eleusinian plain is suddenly turned, at the will of the goddess, into a vast sheet of ruddy corn , the beneficent deity takes the princes of Eleusis, shows them what she has done, teaches them her mystic rites, and vanishes with her daughter to heaven The revelation of the mysteries is the triumphal close of the piece This conclusion is confirmed by a more minute examination of the poem, which proves that the poet has given, not merely a general account of the foundation of the mysteries, but also in more or less veiled language mythical explanations of the origin of particular rites which we have good reason to believe formed essential features of the festival. Amongst the rites as to which the poet thus drops significant hints are the preliminary fast of the candidates for initiation, the torchlight procession, the all-night vigil, the sitting of the candidates, veiled and in silence, on stools covered with sheepskins, the use of scurrilous

language, the breaking of ribald jests, and the solemn communion with the divinity by participation in a draught of barley-water from a holy chalice

But there is yet another and a deeper secret of the mysteries which the author of the poem appears to have divulged under cover of his narrative. He tells us how, as soon as she had transformed the barren brown expanse of the Eleusinian plain into a field of golden grain, she gladdened the eyes of Triptolemus and the other Eleusinian princes by showing them the growing or standing corn. When we compare this part of the story with the statement of a Christian writer of the second century, Hippolytus, that the very heart of the mysteries consisted in showing to the initiated a reaped ear of corn, we can hardly doubt that the poet of the hymn was well acquainted with this solemn rite, and that he deliberately intended to explain its origin in precisely the same way as he explained other rites of the mysteries, namely by representing Demeter as having set the example of performing the ceremony in her own person. Thus myth and ritual mutually explain and confirm each other. The poet of the seventh century before our era gives us the myth—he could not without sacrilege have revealed the ritual—the Christian father reveals the ritual, and his revelation accords perfectly with the veiled hint of the old poet. On the whole, then, we may, with many modern scholars, confidently accept the statement of the learned Christian father Clement of Alexandria, that the myth of Demeter and Persephone was acted as a sacred drama in the mysteries of Eleusis.

But if the myth was acted as a part, perhaps as the principal part, of the most famous and solemn religious rites of ancient Greece, we have still to enquire, What was, after all, stripped of later accretions, the original kernel of the myth which appears to later ages surrounded and transfigured by an aureole of awe and mystery, lit up by some of the most brilliant rays of Grecian literature and art? If we follow the indications given by our oldest literary authority on the subject, the author of the Homeric hymn to Demeter, the riddle is not hard to read, the figures of the two goddesses, the mother and the daughter, resolve themselves into personifications of the corn. At least this appears to be fairly certain for the daughter Persephone. The goddess who spends three or, according to another version of the myth, six months of every year with the dead under ground and the remainder of the year with the living above ground, in whose absence the barley seed is hidden in the earth and the fields lie bare and fallow, on whose return in spring to the upper world the corn shoots up from the clods and the earth is heavy with leaves and blossoms—this goddess can surely be nothing else than a mythical embodiment of the vegetation, and particularly of the corn, which is buried under the soil for some months of every winter and comes to life again, as from the grave, in the sprouting cornstalks and the opening flowers and foliage of every spring. No other reasonable and probable explanation of Persephone seems possible. And if the daughter goddess

was a personification of the young corn of the present year, may not the mother goddess be a personification of the old corn of last year, which has given birth to the new crops? The only alternative to this view of Demeter would seem to be to suppose that she is a personification of the earth, from whose broad bosom the corn and all other plants spring up, and of which accordingly they may appropriately enough be regarded as the daughters. This view of the original nature of Demeter has indeed been taken by some writers, both ancient and modern, and it is one which can be reasonably maintained. But it appears to have been rejected by the author of the Homeric hymn to Demeter, for he not only distinguishes Demeter from the personified Earth but places the two in the sharpest opposition to each other. He tells us that it was Earth who, in accordance with the will of Zeus and to please Pluto, lured Persephone to her doom by causing the narcissuses to grow which tempted the young goddess to stray far beyond the reach of help in the lush meadow. Thus Demeter of the hymn, far from being identical with the Earth-goddess, must have regarded that divinity as her worst enemy, since it was to her insidious wiles that she owed the loss of her daughter. But if the Demeter of the hymn cannot have been a personification of the earth, the only alternative apparently is to conclude that she was a personification of the corn.

The conclusion is confirmed by the monuments, for in ancient art Demeter and Persephone are alike characterised as goddesses of the corn by the crowns of corn which they wear on their heads and by the stalks of corn which they hold in their hands. Again, it was Demeter who first revealed to the Athenians the secret of the corn and diffused the beneficent discovery far and wide through the agency of Triptolemus, whom she sent forth as an itinerant missionary to communicate the boon to all mankind. On monuments of art, especially in vase-paintings, he is constantly represented along with Demeter in this capacity, holding corn-stalks in his hand and sitting in his car, which is sometimes winged and sometimes drawn by dragons, and from which he is said to have sowed the seed down on the whole world as he sped through the air. In gratitude for the priceless boon many Greek cities long continued to send the first-fruits of their barley and wheat harvests as thank-offerings to the Two Goddesses, Demeter and Persephone, at Eleusis, where subterranean granaries were built to store the overflowing contributions. Theocritus tells how in the island of Cos, in the sweet-scented summer time, the farmer brought the first-fruits of the harvest to Demeter who had filled his threshing-floor with barley, and whose rustic image held sheaves and poppies in her hands. Many of the epithets bestowed by the ancients on Demeter mark her intimate association with the corn in the clearest manner.

How deeply implanted in the mind of the ancient Greeks was this faith in Demeter as goddess of the corn may be judged by the circumstance that the faith actually persisted among their Christian descendants

at her old sanctuary of Eleusis down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. For when the English traveller Dodwell revisited Eleusis, the inhabitants lamented to him the loss of a colossal image of Demeter, which was carried off by Clarke in 1802 and presented to the University of Cambridge, where it still remains "In my first journey to Greece," says Dodwell, "this protecting deity was in its full glory, situated in the centre of a threshing-floor, amongst the ruins of her temple. The villagers were impressed with a persuasion that their rich harvests were the effect of her bounty, and since her removal, their abundance, as they assured me, has disappeared" Thus we see the Corn Goddess Demeter standing on the threshing-floor of Eleusis and dispensing corn to her worshippers in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, precisely as her image stood and dispensed corn to her worshippers on the threshing-floor of Cos in the days of Theocritus. And just as the people of Eleusis in the nineteenth century attributed the diminution of their harvests to the loss of the image of Demeter, so in antiquity the Sicilians, a corn-growing people devoted to the worship of the two Corn Goddesses, lamented that the crops of many towns had perished because the unscrupulous Roman governor Verres had impiously carried off the image of Demeter from her famous temple at Henna. Could we ask for a clearer proof that Demeter was indeed the goddess of the corn than this belief, held by the Greeks down to modern times, that the corn-crops depended on her presence and bounty and perished when her image was removed?

On the whole, then, if, ignoring theories, we adhere to the evidence of the ancients themselves in regard to the rites of Eleusis, we shall probably incline to agree with the most learned of ancient antiquaries, the Roman Varro, who, to quote Augustine's report of his opinion, "interpreted the whole of the Eleusinian mysteries as relating to the corn which Ceres (Demeter) had discovered, and to Proserpine (Persephone), whom Pluto had carried off from her. And Proserpine herself, he said, signifies the fecundity of the seeds, the failure of which at a certain time had caused the earth to mourn for barrenness, and therefore had given rise to the opinion that the daughter of Ceres, that is, fecundity itself, had been ravished by Pluto and detained in the nether world, and when the dearth had been publicly mourned and fecundity had returned once more, there was gladness at the return of Proserpine and solemn rites were instituted accordingly. After that he says," continues Augustine, reporting Varro, "that many things were taught in her mysteries which had no reference but to the discovery of the corn."

Thus far I have for the most part assumed an identity of nature between Demeter and Persephone, the divine mother and daughter personifying the corn in its double aspect of the seed-corn of last year and the ripe ears of this, and this view of the substantial unity of mother and daughter is borne out by their portraits in Greek art, which are often so alike as to be indistinguishable. Such a close resemblance between the artistic types of Demeter and Persephone

mitates decidedly against the view that the two goddesses are mythical embodiments of two things so different and so easily distinguishable from each other as the earth and the vegetation which springs from it. Had Greek artists accepted that view of Demeter and Persephone, they could surely have devised types of them which would have brought out the deep distinction between the goddesses. And if Demeter did not personify the earth, can there be any reasonable doubt that, like her daughter, she personified the corn which was so commonly called by her name from the time of Homer downwards? The essential identity of mother and daughter is suggested, not only by the close resemblance of their artistic types, but also by the official title of "the Two Goddesses" which was regularly applied to them in the great sanctuary at Eleusis without any specification of their individual attributes and titles, as if their separate individualities had almost merged in a single divine substance.

Surveying the evidence as a whole, we are fairly entitled to conclude that in the mind of the ordinary Greek the two goddesses were essentially personifications of the corn, and that in this germ the whole efflorescence of their religion finds implicitly its explanation. But to maintain this is not to deny that in the long course of religious evolution high moral and spiritual conceptions were grafted on this simple original stock and blossomed out into fairer flowers than the bloom of the barley and the wheat. Above all, the thought of the seed buried in the earth in order to spring up to new and higher life readily suggested a comparison with human destiny, and strengthened the hope that for man too the grave may be but the beginning of a better and happier existence in some brighter world unknown. This simple and natural reflection seems perfectly sufficient to explain the association of the Corn Goddess at Eleusis with the mystery of death and the hope of a blissful immortality. For that the ancients regarded initiation in the Eleusinian mysteries as a key to unlock the gates of Paradise appears to be proved by the allusions which well-informed writers among them drop to the happiness in store for the initiated hereafter. No doubt it is easy for us to discern the flimsiness of the logical foundation on which such high hopes were built. But drowning men clutch at straws, and we need not wonder that the Greeks, like ourselves, with death before them and a great love of life in their hearts, should not have stopped to weigh with too nice a hand the arguments that told for and against the prospect of human immortality. The reasoning that satisfied Saint Paul and has brought comfort to untold thousands of sorrowing Christians, standing by the deathbed or the open grave of their loved ones, was good enough to pass muster with ancient pagans, when they too bowed their heads under the burden of grief, and, with the taper of life burning low in the socket, looked forward into the darkness of the unknown. Therefore we do no indignity to the myth of Demeter and Persephone—one of the few myths in which the sunshine and clarity of the Greek genius are crossed by the shadow and mystery of death—when we trace its

origin to some of the most familiar, yet eternally affecting aspects of nature, to the melancholy gloom and decay of autumn and to the freshness, the brightness, and the verdure of spring.

CHAPTER XLV

THE CORN-MOTHER AND THE CORN-MAIDEN IN NORTHERN EUROPE

It has been argued by W Mannhardt that the first part of Demeter's name is derived from an alleged Cretan word *dean*, "barley," and that accordingly Demeter means neither more nor less than "Barley-mother" or "Corn-mother", for the root of the word seems to have been applied to different kinds of gram by different branches of the Aryans. As Crete appears to have been one of the most ancient seats of the worship of Demeter, it would not be surprising if her name were of Cretan origin. But the etymology is open to serious objections, and it is safer therefore to lay no stress on it. Be that as it may, we have found independent reasons for identifying Demeter as the Corn-mother, and of the two species of corn associated with her in Greek religion, namely barley and wheat, the barley has perhaps the better claim to be her original element, for not only would it seem to have been the staple food of the Greeks in the Homeric age, but there are grounds for believing that it is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, cereal cultivated by the Aryan race. Certainly the use of barley in the religious ritual of the ancient Hindoos as well as of the ancient Greeks furnishes a strong argument in favour of the great antiquity of its cultivation, which is known to have been practised by the lake-dwellers of the Stone Age in Europe.

Analogies to the Corn-mother or Barley-mother of ancient Greece have been collected in great abundance by W Mannhardt from the folk-lore of modern Europe. The following may serve as specimens.

In Germany the corn is very commonly personified under the name of the Corn-mother. Thus in spring, when the corn waves in the wind, the peasants say, "There comes the Corn-mother," or "The Corn-mother is running over the field," or "The Corn-mother is going through the corn." When children wish to go into the fields to pull the blue corn-flowers or the red poppies, they are told not to do so, because the Corn-mother is sitting in the corn and will catch them. Or again she is called, according to the crop, the Rye-mother or the Pea-mother, and children are warned against straying in the rye or among the peas by threats of the Rye-mother or the Pea-mother. Again the Corn-mother is believed to make the crop grow. Thus in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg it is sometimes said, "It will be a good year for flax, the Flax-mother has been seen." In a village of Styria it is said that the Corn-mother, in the shape of a female puppet made out of the last sheaf of corn and dressed in white, may be seen at mid-

night in the corn-fields, which she fertilises by passing through them ; but if she is angry with a farmer, she withers up all his corn.

Further, the Corn-mother plays an important part in harvest customs. She is believed to be present in the handful of corn which is left standing last on the field, and with the cutting of this last handful she is caught, or driven away, or killed. In the first of these cases, the last sheaf is carried joyfully home and honoured as a divine being. It is placed in the barn, and at threshing the corn-spirit appears again. In the Hanoverian district of Hadeln the reapers stand round the last sheaf and beat it with sticks in order to drive the Corn-mother out of it. They call to each other, " There she is ! hit her ! Take care she doesn't catch you ! " The beating goes on till the grain is completely threshed out, then the Corn-mother is believed to be driven away. In the neighbourhood of Danzig the person who cuts the last ears of corn makes them into a doll, which is called the Corn-mother or the Old Woman and is brought home on the last waggon. In some parts of Holstein the last sheaf is dressed in woman's clothes and called the Corn-mother. It is carried home on the last waggon, and then thoroughly drenched with water. The drenching with water is doubtless a rain-charm. In the district of Bruck in Styria the last sheaf, called the Corn-mother, is made up into the shape of a woman by the oldest married woman in the village, of an age from fifty to fifty-five years. The finest ears are plucked out of it and made into a wreath, which, twined with flowers, is carried on her head by the prettiest girl of the village to the farmer or squire, while the Corn-mother is laid down in the barn to keep off the mice. In other villages of the same district the Corn-mother, at the close of harvest, is carried by two lads at the top of a pole. They march behind the girl who wears the wreath to the squire's house, and while he receives the wreath and hangs it up in the hall, the Corn-mother is placed on the top of a pile of wood, where she is the centre of the harvest supper and dance. Afterwards she is hung up in the barn and remains there till the threshing is over. The man who gives the last stroke at threshing is called the son of the Corn-mother ; he is tied up in the Corn-mother, beaten, and carried through the village. The wreath is dedicated in church on the following Sunday, and on Easter Eve the grain is rubbed out of it by a seven-year-old girl and scattered amongst the young corn. At Christmas the straw of the wreath is placed in the manger to make the cattle thrive. Here the fertilising power of the Corn-mother is plainly brought out by scattering the seed taken from her body (for the wreath is made out of the Corn-mother) among the new corn, and her influence over animal life is indicated by placing the straw in the manger. Amongst the Slavs also the last sheaf is known as the Rye-mother, the Wheat-mother, the Oats-mother, the Barley-mother, and so on, according to the crop. In the district of Tarnow, Galicia, the wreath made out of the last stalks is called the Wheat-mother, Rye-mother, or Pea-mother. It is placed on a girl's head and kept till spring, when some of the

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 grain is mixed with the seed-corn. Here again the fertilising power of the Corn-mother is indicated. In France, also, in the neighbourhood of Auxerre, the last sheaf goes by the name of the Mother of the Wheat, Mother of the Barley, Mother of the Rye, or Mother of the Oats. They leave it standing in the field till the last waggon is about to wend homewards. Then they make a puppet out of it, dress it with clothes belonging to the farmer, and adorn it with a crown and a blue or white scarf. A branch of a tree is stuck in the breast of the puppet, which is now called the Ceres. At the dance in the evening the Ceres is set in the middle of the floor, and the reaper who reaped fastest dances round it with the prettiest girl for his partner. After the dance a pyre is made. All the girls, each wearing a wreath, strip the puppet, pull it to pieces, and place it on the pyre, along with the flowers with which it was adorned. Then the girl who was the first to finish reaping sets fire to the pile, and all pray that Ceres may give a fruitful year. Here, as Mannhardt observes, the old custom has remained intact, though the name Ceres is a bit of schoolmaster's learning. In Upper Brittany the last sheaf is always made into human shape, but if the farmer is a married man, it is made double and consists of a little corn-puppet placed inside of a large one. This is called the Mother-sheaf. It is delivered to the farmer's wife, who unties it and gives drink-money in return. 303 1858

Sometimes the last sheaf is called, not the Corn-mother, but the Harvest-mother or the Great Mother. In the province of Osnabruck, Hanover, it is called the Harvest-mother, it is made up in female form, and then the reapers dance about with it. In some parts of Westphalia the last sheaf at the rye-harvest is made especially heavy by fastening stones in it. They bring it home on the last waggon and call it the Great Mother, though they do not fashion it into any special shape. In the district of Erfurt a very heavy sheaf, not necessarily the last, is called the Great Mother, and is carried on the last waggon to the barn, where all hands lift it down amid a fire of jokes.

Sometimes again the last sheaf is called the Grandmother, and is adorned with flowers, ribbons, and a woman's apron. In East Prussia, at the rye or wheat harvest, the reapers call out to the woman who binds the last sheaf, "You are getting the Old Grandmother." In the neighbourhood of Magdeburg the men and women servants strive who shall get the last sheaf, called the Grandmother. Whoever gets it will be married in the next year, but his or her spouse will be old; if a girl gets it, she will marry a widower; if a man gets it, he will marry an old crone. In Silesia the Grandmother—a huge bundle made up of three or four sheaves by the person who tied the last sheaf—was formerly fashioned into a rude likeness of the human form. In the neighbourhood of Belfast the last sheaf sometimes goes by the name of the Granny. It is not cut in the usual way, but all the reapers throw their sickles at it and try to bring it down. It is plaited and kept till the (next?) autumn. Whoever gets it will marry in the course of the year.

Often the last sheaf is called the Old Woman or the Old Man. In Germany it is frequently shaped and dressed as a woman, and the person who cuts it or binds it is said to "get the Old Woman." At Altisheim, in Swabia, when all the corn of a farm has been cut except a single strip, all the reapers stand in a row before the strip, each cuts his share rapidly, and he who gives the last cut "has the Old Woman." When the sheaves are being set up in heaps, the person who gets hold of the Old Woman, which is the largest and thickest of all the sheaves, is jeered at by the rest, who call out to him, "He has the Old Woman and must keep her." The woman who binds the last sheaf is sometimes herself called the Old Woman, and it is said that she will be married in the next year. In Neusaass, West Prussia, both the last sheaf—which is dressed up in jacket, hat, and ribbons—and the woman who binds it are called the Old Woman. Together they are brought home on the last waggon and are drenched with water. In various parts of North Germany the last sheaf at harvest is made up into a human effigy and called "the Old Man", and the woman who bound it is said "to have the Old Man."

In West Prussia, when the last rye is being raked together, the women and girls hurry with the work, for none of them likes to be the last and to get "the Old Man," that is, a puppet made out of the last sheaf, which must be carried before the other reapers by the person who was the last to finish. In Silesia the last sheaf is called the Old Woman or the Old Man and is the theme of many jests; it is made unusually large and is sometimes weighted with a stone. Among the Wends the man or woman who binds the last sheaf at wheat harvest is said to "have the Old Man." A puppet is made out of the wheaten straw and ears in the likeness of a man and decked with flowers. The person who bound the last sheaf must carry the Old Man home, while the rest laugh and jeer at him. The puppet is hung up in the farmhouse and remains till a new Old Man is made at the next harvest.

In some of these customs, as Mannhardt has remarked, the person who is called by the same name as the last sheaf and sits beside it on the last waggon is obviously identified with it, he or she represents the corn-spirit which has been caught in the last sheaf, in other words, the corn-spirit is represented in duplicate, by a human being and by a sheaf. The identification of the person with the sheaf is made still clearer by the custom of wrapping up in the last sheaf the person who cuts or binds it. Thus at Hermsdorf in Silesia it used to be the regular practice to tie up in the last sheaf the woman who had bound it. At Weiden, in Bavaria, it is the cutter, not the binder, of the last sheaf who is tied up in it. Here the person wrapt up in the corn represents the corn-spirit, exactly as a person wrapt in branches or leaves represents the tree-spirit.

The last sheaf, designated as the Old Woman, is often distinguished from the other sheaves by its size and weight. Thus in some villages of West Prussia the Old Woman is made twice as long and thick as a

common sheaf, and a stone is fastened in the middle of it. Sometimes it is made so heavy that a man can barely lift it. At Alt-Pillau, in Samland, eight or nine sheaves are often tied together to make the Old Woman, and the man who sets it up grumbles at its weight. At Itzgrund, in Saxe-Coburg, the last sheaf, called the Old Woman, is made large with the express intention of thereby securing a good crop next year. Thus the custom of making the last sheaf unusually large or heavy is a charm, working by sympathetic magic, to ensure a large and heavy crop at the following harvest.

In Scotland, when the last corn was cut after Hallowmas, the female figure made out of it was sometimes called the Carlin or Carline, that is, the Old Woman. But if cut before Hallowmas, it was called the Maiden, if cut after sunset, it was called the Witch, being supposed to bring bad luck. Among the Highlanders of Scotland the last corn cut at harvest is known either as the Old Wife (*Caillach*) or as the Maiden, on the whole the former name seems to prevail in the western and the latter in the central and eastern districts. Of the Maiden we shall speak presently; here we are dealing with the Old Wife. The following general account of the custom is given by a careful and well-informed enquirer, the Rev. J. G. Campbell, minister of the remote Hebridean island of Tisee. "The Harvest Old Wife (*a Chailleach*)—In harvest, there was a struggle to escape from being the last done with the shearing, and when tillage in common existed, instances were known of a ridge being left unshorn (no person would claim it) because of it being behind the rest. The fear entertained was that of having the 'famine of the farm' (*gort a bhaile*), in the shape of an imaginary old woman (*caillach*), to feed till next harvest. Much emulation and amusement arose from the fear of this old woman. . . . The first done made a doll of some blades of corn, which was called the 'old wife,' and sent it to his nearest neighbour. He in turn, when ready, passed it to another still less expeditious, and the person it last remained with had 'the old woman' to keep for that year."

In the island of Islay the last corn cut goes by the name of the Old Wife (*Caillach*), and when she has done her duty at harvest she is hung up on the wall and stays there till the time comes to plough the fields for the next year's crop. Then she is taken down, and on the first day when the men go to plough she is divided among them by the mistress of the house. They take her in their pockets and give her to the horses to eat when they reach the field. This is supposed to secure good luck for the next harvest, and is understood to be the proper end of the Old Wife.

Usages of the same sort are reported from Wales. Thus in north Pembrokeshire a tuft of the last corn cut, from six to twelve inches long, is plaited and goes by the name of the Hag (*wrach*), and quaint old customs used to be practised with it within the memory of many persons still alive. Great was the excitement among the reapers when the last patch of standing corn was reached. All in turn threw their sickles at it, and the one who succeeded in cutting it received a

jug of home-brewed ale The Hag (*wrach*) was then hurriedly made and taken to a neighbouring farm, where the reapers were still busy at their work This was generally done by the ploughman; but he had to be very careful not to be observed by his neighbours, for if they saw him coming and had the least suspicion of his errand they would soon make him retrace his steps. Creeping stealthily up behind a fence he waited till the foreman of his neighbour's reapers was just opposite him and within easy reach Then he suddenly threw the Hag over the fence and, if possible, upon the foreman's sickle. On that he took to his heels and made off as fast as he could run, and he was a lucky man if he escaped without being caught or cut by the flying sickles which the infuriated reapers hurled after him. In other cases the Hag was brought home to the farmhouse by one of the reapers He did his best to bring it home dry and without being observed, but he was apt to be roughly handled by the people of the house, if they suspected his errand Sometimes they stripped him of most of his clothes, sometimes they would drench him with water which had been carefully stored in buckets and pans for the purpose If, however, he succeeded in bringing the Hag in dry and unobserved, the master of the house had to pay him a small fine, or sometimes a jug of beer "from the cask next to the wall," which seems to have commonly held the best beer, would be demanded by the bearer The Hag was then carefully hung on a nail in the hall or elsewhere and kept there all the year. The custom of bringing in the Hag (*wrach*) into the house and hanging it up still exists in some farms of north Pembrokeshire, but the ancient ceremonies which have just been described are now discontinued.

In County Antrim, down to some years ago, when the sickle was finally expelled by the reaping machine, the few stalks of corn left standing last on the field were plaited together; then the reapers, blindfolded, threw their sickles at the plaited corn, and whoever happened to cut it through took it home with him and put it over his door. This bunch of corn was called the Carley—probably the same word as Carlin.

Similar customs are observed by Slavonic peoples. Thus in Poland the last sheaf is commonly called the Baba, that is, the Old Woman. "In the last sheaf," it is said, "sits the Baba" The sheaf itself is also called the Baba, and is sometimes composed of twelve smaller sheaves lashed together. In some parts of Bohemia the Baba, made out of the last sheaf, has the figure of a woman with a great straw hat It is carried home on the last harvest-waggon and delivered, along with a garland, to the farmer by two girls In binding the sheaves the women strive not to be last, for she who binds the last sheaf will have a child next year Sometimes the harvesters call out to the woman who binds the last sheaf, "She has the Baba," or "She is the Baba" In the district of Cracow, when a man binds the last sheaf, they say, "The Grandfather is sitting in it", when a woman binds it, they say, "The Baba is sitting in it," and the woman

herself is wrapt up in the sheaf, so that only her head projects out of it. Thus encased in the sheaf, she is carried on the last harvest-waggon to the house, where she is drenched with water by the whole family. She remains in the sheaf till the dance is over, and for a year she retains the name of Baba.

In Lithuania the name for the last sheaf is Boba (Old Woman), answering to the Polish name Baba. The Boba is said to sit in the corn which is left standing last. The person who binds the last sheaf or digs the last potato is the subject of much banter, and receives and long retains the name of the Old Rye-woman or the Old Potato-woman. The last sheaf—the Boba—is made into the form of a woman, carried solemnly through the village on the last harvest-waggon, and drenched with water at the farmer's house, then every one dances with it.

In Russia also the last sheaf is often shaped and dressed as a woman, and carried with dance and song to the farmhouse. Out of the last sheaf the Bulgarians make a doll which they call the Corn-queen or Corn-mother; it is dressed in a woman's shirt, carried round the village, and then thrown into the river in order to secure plenty of rain and dew for the next year's crop. Or it is burned and the ashes strewn on the fields, doubtless to fertilise them. The name Queen, as applied to the last sheaf, has its analogies in Central and Northern Europe. Thus, in the Salzburg district of Austria, at the end of the harvest a great procession takes place, in which a Queen of the Corn-ears (*Ahrenkönigin*) is drawn along in a little carriage by young fellows. The custom of the Harvest Queen appears to have been common in England. Milton must have been familiar with it, for in *Paradise Lost* he says :

" Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen "

Often customs of this sort are practised, not on the harvest-field but on the threshing-floor. The spirit of the corn, fleeing before the reapers as they cut down the ripe grain, quits the reaped corn and takes refuge in the barn, where it appears in the last sheaf threshed, either to perish under the blows of the flail or to flee thence to the still unthreshed corn of a neighbouring farm. Thus the last corn to be threshed is called the Mother-Corn or the Old Woman. Sometimes the person who gives the last stroke with the flail is called the Old Woman, and is wrapt in the straw of the last sheaf, or has a bundle of straw fastened on his back. Whether wrapt in the straw or carrying it on his back, he is carted through the village amid general laughter. In some districts of Bavaria, Thuringen, and elsewhere, the man who threshes the last sheaf is said to have the Old Woman or the Old Corn-woman, he is tied up in straw, carried or carted about the

village, and set down at last on the dunghill, or taken to the threshing-floor of a neighbouring farmer who has not finished his threshing. In Poland the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is called Baba (Old Woman), he is wrapt in corn and wheeled through the village. Sometimes in Lithuania the last sheaf is not threshed, but is fashioned into female shape and carried to the barn of a neighbour who has not finished his threshing.

In some parts of Sweden, when a stranger woman appears on the threshing-floor, a flail is put round her body, stalks of corn are wound round her neck, a crown of ears is placed on her head, and the threshers call out, "Behold the Corn-woman." Here the stranger woman, thus suddenly appearing, is taken to be the corn-spirit who has just been expelled by the flails from the corn-stalks. In other cases the farmer's wife represents the corn-spirit. Thus in the Commune of Saligné (Vendée), the farmer's wife, along with the last sheaf, is tied up in a sheet, placed on a litter, and carried to the threshing machine, under which she is shoved. Then the woman is drawn out and the sheaf is threshed by itself, but the woman is tossed in the sheet, as if she were being winnowed. It would be impossible to express more clearly the identification of the woman with the corn than by this graphic imitation of threshing and winnowing her.

In these customs the spirit of the ripe corn is regarded as old, or at least as of mature age. Hence the names of Mother, Grandmother, Old Woman, and so forth. But in other cases the corn-spirit is conceived as young. Thus at Saldern, near Wolfenbüttel, when the rye has been reaped, three sheaves are tied together with a rope so as to make a puppet with the corn ears for a head. This puppet is called the Maiden or the Corn-maiden. Sometimes the corn-spirit is conceived as a child who is separated from its mother by the stroke of the sickle. This last view appears in the Polish custom of calling out to the man who cuts the last handful of corn, "You have cut the navel-string." In some districts of West Prussia the figure made out of the last sheaf is called the Bastard, and a boy is wrapt up in it. The woman who binds the last sheaf and represents the Corn-mother is told that she is about to be brought to bed, she cries like a woman in travail, and an old woman in the character of grandmother acts as midwife. At last a cry is raised that the child is born, whereupon the boy who is tied up in the sheaf whimpers and squalls like an infant. The grandmother wraps a sack, in imitation of swaddling bands, round the pretended baby, who is carried joyfully to the barn, lest he should catch cold in the open air. In other parts of North Germany the last sheaf, or the puppet made out of it, is called the Child, the Harvest-Child, and so on, and they call out to the woman who binds the last sheaf, "You are getting the child."

In some parts of Scotland, as well as in the north of England, the last handful of corn cut on the harvest-field was called the *kirn*, and the person who carried it off was said "to win the *kirn*." It was then dressed up like a child's doll and went by the name of the

kirn-baby, the kirn-doll, or the Maiden In Berwickshire down to about the middle of the nineteenth century there was an eager competition among the reapers to cut the last bunch of standing corn They gathered round it at a little distance and threw their sickles in turn at it, and the man who succeeded in cutting it through gave it to the girl he preferred She made the corn so cut into a kirn-dolly and dressed it, and the doll was then taken to the farmhouse and hung up there till the next harvest, when its place was taken by the new kirn-dolly. At Spottiswoode in Berwickshire the reaping of the last corn at harvest was called "cutting the Queen" almost as often as "cutting the kirn" The mode of cutting it was not by throwing sickles One of the reapers consented to be blindfolded, and having been given a sickle in his hand and turned twice or thrice about by his fellows, he was bidden to go and cut the kirn His groping about and making wild strokes in the air with his sickle excited much hilarity When he had tired himself out in vain and given up the task as hopeless, another reaper was blindfolded and pursued the quest, and so on, one after the other, till at last the kirn was cut The successful reaper was tossed up in the air with three cheers by his brother harvesters To decorate the room in which the kirn-supper was held at Spottiswoode as well as the granary, where the dancing took place, two women made kirn-dollies or Queens every year, and many of these rustic effigies of the corn-spirit might be seen hanging up together

In some parts of the Highlands of Scotland the last handful of corn that is cut by the reapers on any particular farm is called the Maiden, or in Gaelic *Maidhdeanbuam*, literally "the shorn Maiden" Superstitions attach to the winning of the Maiden If it is got by a young person, they think it an omen that he or she will be married before another harvest For that or other reasons there is a strife between the reapers as to who shall get the Maiden, and they resort to various stratagems for the purpose of securing it One of them, for example, will often leave a handful of corn uncut and cover it up with earth to hide it from the other reapers, till all the rest of the corn on the field is cut down Several may try to play the same trick, and the one who is coolest and holds out longest obtains the coveted distinction When it has been cut, the Maiden is dressed with ribbons into a sort of doll and affixed to a wall of the farmhouse. In the north of Scotland the Maiden is carefully preserved till Yule morning, when it is divided among the cattle "to make them thrive all the year round" In the neighbourhood of Balquhiddier, Perthshire, the last handful of corn is cut by the youngest girl on the field, and is made into the rude form of a female doll, clad in a paper dress, and decked with ribbons It is called the Maiden, and is kept in the farmhouse, generally above the chimney, for a good while, sometimes till the Maiden of the next year is brought in The writer of this book witnessed the ceremony of cutting the Maiden at Balquhiddier in September 1888 A lady friend informed me that as a young girl

she cut the Maiden several times at the request of the reapers in the neighbourhood of Perth. The name of the Maiden was given to the last handful of standing corn, a reaper held the top of the bunch while she cut it. Afterwards the bunch was plaited, decked with ribbons, and hung up in a conspicuous place on the wall of the kitchen till the next Maiden was brought in. The harvest-supper in this neighbourhood was also called the Maiden; the reapers danced at it.

On some farms on the Gareloch, in Dumbartonshire, about the year 1830, the last handful of standing corn was called the Maiden. It was divided in two, plaited, and then cut with the sickle by a girl, who, it was thought, would be lucky and would soon be married. When it was cut the reapers gathered together and threw their sickles in the air. The Maiden was dressed with ribbons and hung in the kitchen near the roof, where it was kept for several years with the date attached. Sometimes five or six Maidens might be seen hanging at once on hooks. The harvest-supper was called the Kirm. In other farms on the Gareloch the last handful of corn was called the Maidenhead or the Head; it was neatly plaited, sometimes decked with ribbons, and hung in the kitchen for a year, when the grain was given to the poultry.

In Aberdeenshire "the last sheaf cut, or 'Maiden,' is carried home in merry procession by the harvesters. It is then presented to the mistress of the house, who dresses it up to be preserved till the first mare foals. The Maiden is then taken down and presented to the mare as its first food. The neglect of this would have untoward effects upon the foal, and disastrous consequences upon farm operations generally for the season." In the north-east of Aberdeenshire the last sheaf is commonly called the *chlyack* sheaf. It used to be cut by the youngest girl present and was dressed as a woman. Being brought home in triumph, it was kept till Christmas morning, and then given to a mare in foal, if there was one on the farm, or, if there was not, to the oldest cow in calf. Elsewhere the sheaf was divided between all the cows and their calves or between all the horses and the cattle of the farm. In Fifeshire the last handful of corn, known as the Maiden, is cut by a young girl and made into the rude figure of a doll, tied with ribbons, by which it is hung on the wall of the farm-kitchen till the next spring. The custom of cutting the Maiden at harvest was also observed in Inverness-shire and Sutherlandshire.

A somewhat maturer but still youthful age is assigned to the corn-spirit by the appellations of Bride, Oats-bride, and Wheat-bride, which in Germany are sometimes bestowed both on the last sheaf and on the woman who binds it. At wheat-harvest near Muglitz, in Moravia, a small portion of the wheat is left standing after all the rest has been reaped. This remnant is then cut, amid the rejoicing of the reapers, by a young girl who wears a wreath of wheaten ears on her head and goes by the name of the Wheat-bride. It is supposed that she will be a real bride that same year. Near Roslin and Stonehaven, in Scotland, the last handful of corn cut "got the name of 'the bride,'

and she was placed over the *bress* or chimney-piece, she had a ribbon tied below her numerous *ears*, and another round her waist "

Sometimes the idea implied by the name of Bride is worked out more fully by representing the productive powers of vegetation as bride and bridegroom Thus in the Vorharz an Oats-man and an Oats-woman, swathed in straw, dance at the harvest feast In South Saxony an Oats-bridegroom and an Oats-bride figure together at the harvest celebration The Oats-bridegroom is a man completely wrapt in oats-straw; the Oats-bride is a man dressed in woman's clothes, but not wrapt in straw They are drawn in a waggon to the ale-house, where the dance takes place At the beginning of the dance the dancers pluck the bunches of oats one by one from the Oats-bridegroom, while he struggles to keep them, till at last he is completely stript of them and stands bare, exposed to the laughter and jests of the company In Austrian Silesia the ceremony of "the Wheat-bride" is celebrated by the young people at the end of the harvest The woman who bound the last sheaf plays the part of the Wheat-bride, wearing the harvest-crown of wheat ears and flowers on her head. Thus adorned, standing beside her Bridegroom in a waggon and attended by bridesmaids, she is drawn by a pair of oxen, in full imitation of a marriage procession, to the tavern, where the dancing is kept up till morning Somewhat later in the season the wedding of the Oats-bride is celebrated with the like rustic pomp About Neisse, in Silesia, an Oats-king and an Oats-queen, dressed up quaintly as a bridal pair, are seated on a harrow and drawn by oxen into the village

In these last instances the corn-spirit is personified in double form as male and female But sometimes the spirit appears in a double female form as both old and young, corresponding exactly to the Greek Demeter and Persephone, if my interpretation of these goddesses is right We have seen that in Scotland, especially among the Gaelic-speaking population, the last corn cut is sometimes called the Old Wife and sometimes the Maiden Now there are parts of Scotland in which both an Old Wife (*Caillieach*) and a Maiden are cut at harvest The accounts of this custom are not quite clear and consistent, but the general rule seems to be that, where both a Maiden and an Old Wife (*Caillieach*) are fashioned out of the reaped corn at harvest, the Maiden is made out of the last stalks left standing, and is kept by the farmer on whose land it was cut, while the Old Wife is made out of other stalks, sometimes out of the first stalks cut, and is regularly passed on to a laggard farmer who happens to be still reaping after his brisker neighbour has cut all his corn Thus while each farmer keeps his own Maiden, as the embodiment of the young and fruitful spirit of the corn, he passes on the Old Wife as soon as he can to a neighbour, and so the old lady may make the round of all the farms in the district before she finds a place in which to lay her venerable head The farmer with whom she finally takes up her abode is of course the one who has been the last of all the countryside to finish reaping his crops, and thus the distinction of entertaining her is rather an invidious one. He is

thought to be doomed to poverty or to be under the obligation of "providing for the dearth of the township" in the ensuing season. Similarly we saw that in Pembrokeshire, where the last corn cut is called, not the Maiden, but the Hag, she is passed on hastily to a neighbour who is still at work in his fields and who receives his aged visitor with anything but a transport of joy. If the Old Wife represents the corn-spirit of the past year, as she probably does wherever she is contrasted with and opposed to a Maiden, it is natural enough that her faded charms should have less attractions for the husbandman than the buxom form of her daughter, who may be expected to become in her turn the mother of the golden grain when the revolving year has brought round another autumn. The same desire to get rid of the effete Mother of the Corn by palming her off on other people comes out clearly in some of the customs observed at the close of threshing, particularly in the practice of passing on a hideous straw puppet to a neighbour farmer who is still threshing his corn.

The harvest customs just described are strikingly analogous to the spring customs which we reviewed in an earlier part of this work. (1) As in the spring customs the tree-spirit is represented both by a tree and by a person, so in the harvest customs the corn-spirit is represented both by the last sheaf and by the person who cuts or binds or threshes it. The equivalence of the person to the sheaf is shown by giving him or her the same name as the sheaf; by wrapping him or her in it, and by the rule observed in some places, that when the sheaf is called the Mother, it must be made up into human shape by the oldest married woman, but that when it is called the Maiden, it must be cut by the youngest girl. Here the age of the personal representative of the corn-spirit corresponds with that of the supposed age of the corn-spirit, just as the human victims offered by the Mexicans to promote the growth of the maize varied with the age of the maize. For in the Mexican, as in the European, custom the human beings were probably representatives of the corn-spirit rather than victims offered to it. (2) Again, the same fertilising influence which the tree-spirit is supposed to exert over vegetation, cattle, and even women is ascribed to the corn-spirit. Thus, its supposed influence on vegetation is shown by the practice of taking some of the grain of the last sheaf (in which the corn-spirit is regularly supposed to be present) and scattering it among the young corn in spring or mixing it with the seed-corn. Its influence on animals is shown by giving the last sheaf to a mare in foal, to a cow in calf, and to horses at the first ploughing. Lastly, its influence on women is indicated by the custom of delivering the Mother-sheaf, made into the likeness of a pregnant woman, to the farmer's wife, by the belief that the woman who binds the last sheaf will have a child next year, perhaps, too, by the idea that the person who gets it will soon be married.

Plainly, therefore, these spring and harvest customs are based on the same ancient modes of thought, and form parts of the same primitive heathendom, which was doubtless practised by our forefathers long

before the dawn of history. Amongst the marks of a primitive ritual we may note the following

1 No special class of persons is set apart for the performance of the rites ; in other words, there are no priests The rites may be performed by any one, as occasion demands

2. No special places are set apart for the performance of the rites ; in other words, there are no temples The rites may be performed anywhere, as occasion demands

3 Spirits, not gods, are recognised (a) As distinguished from gods, spirits are restricted in their operations to definite departments of nature Their names are general, not proper. Their attributes are generic, rather than individual ; in other words, there is an indefinite number of spirits of each class, and the individuals of a class are all much alike, they have no definitely marked individuality ; no accepted traditions are current as to their origin, life, adventures, and character (b) On the other hand gods, as distinguished from spirits, are not restricted to definite departments of nature It is true that there is generally some one department over which they preside as their special province, but they are not rigorously confined to it, they can exert their power for good or evil in many other spheres of nature and life Again, they bear individual or proper names, such as Demeter, Persephone, Dionysus ; and their individual characters and histories are fixed by current myths and the representations of art

4 The rites are magical rather than propitiatory. In other words, the desired objects are attained, not by propitiating the favour of divine beings through sacrifice, prayer, and praise, but by ceremonies which, as I have already explained, are believed to influence the course of nature directly through a physical sympathy or resemblance between the rite and the effect which it is the intention of the rite to produce

Judged by these tests, the spring and harvest customs of our European peasantry deserve to rank as primitive For no special class of persons and no special places are set exclusively apart for their performance, they may be performed by any one, master or man, mistress or maid, boy or girl, they are practised, not in temples or churches, but in the woods and meadows, beside brooks, in barns, on harvest fields and cottage floors The supernatural beings whose existence is taken for granted in them are spirits rather than deities their functions are limited to certain well-defined departments of nature. their names are general, like the Barley-mother, the Old Woman, the Maiden, not proper names like Demeter, Persephone, Dionysus. Their generic attributes are known, but their individual histories and characters are not the subject of myths For they exist in classes rather than as individuals, and the members of each class are indistinguishable. For example, every farm has its Corn-mother, or its Old Woman, or its Maiden, but every Corn-mother is much like every other Corn-mother, and so with the Old Women and Maidens Lastly, in these harvest, as in the spring customs, the ritual is magical rather than propitiatory. This is shown by throwing the Corn-mother

into the river in order to secure rain and dew for the crops, by making the Old Woman heavy in order to get a heavy crop next year, by strewing grain from the last sheaf amongst the young crops in spring; and by giving the last sheaf to the cattle to make them thrive.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE CORN-MOTHER IN MANY LANDS

§ 1 *The Corn-mother in America*—European peoples, ancient and modern, have not been singular in personifying the corn as a mother goddess. The same simple idea has suggested itself to other agricultural races in distant parts of the world, and has been applied by them to other indigenous cereals than barley and wheat. If Europe has its Wheat-mother and its Barley-mother, America has its Maize-mother and the East Indies their Rice-mother. These personifications I will now illustrate, beginning with the American personification of the maize.

We have seen that among European peoples it is a common custom to keep the plaited corn-stalks of the last sheaf, or the puppet which is formed out of them, in the farm-house from harvest to harvest. The intention no doubt is, or rather originally was, by preserving the representative of the corn-spirit to maintain the spirit itself in life and activity throughout the year, in order that the corn may grow and the crops be good. This interpretation of the custom is at all events rendered highly probable by a similar custom observed by the ancient Peruvians, and thus described by the old Spanish historian Acosta: "They take a certain portion of the most fruitful of the maize that grows in their farms, the which they put in a certain granary which they do call *Pirua*, with certain ceremonies, watching three nights; they put this maize in the richest garments they have, and being thus wrapped and dressed, they worship this *Pirua*, and hold it in great veneration, saying it is the mother of the maize of their inheritances, and that by this means the maize augments and is preserved. In this month [the sixth month, answering to May] they make a particular sacrifice, and the witches demand of this *Pirua* if it hath strength sufficient to continue until the next year; and if it answers no, then they carry this maize to the farm to burn, whence they brought it, according to every man's power, then they make another *Pirua*, with the same ceremonies, saying that they renew it, to the end the seed of maize may not perish, and if it answers that it hath force sufficient to last longer, they leave it until the next year. This foolish vanity continueth to this day, and it is very common amongst the Indians to have these *Piruas*."

In this description of the custom there seems to be some error. Probably it was the dressed-up bunch of maize, not the granary

(*Pirua*), which was worshipped by the Peruvians and regarded as the Mother of the Maize. This is confirmed by what we know of the Peruvian custom from another source. The Peruvians, we are told, believed all useful plants to be animated by a divine being who causes their growth. According to the particular plant, these divine beings were called the Maize-mother (*Zara-mama*), the Quinoa-mother (*Quinoa-mama*), the Coca-mother (*Coca-mama*), and the Potato-mother (*Axo-mama*). Figures of these divine mothers were made respectively of ears of maize and leaves of the quinoa and coca plants; they were dressed in women's clothes and worshipped. Thus the Maize-mother was represented by a puppet made of stalks of maize dressed in full female attire; and the Indians believed that "as mother, it had the power of producing and giving birth to much maize." Probably, therefore, Acosta misunderstood his informant, and the Mother of the Maize which he describes was not the granary (*Pirua*), but the bunch of maize dressed in rich vestments. The Peruvian Mother of the Maize, like the harvest-Maiden at Balquhiddy, was kept for a year in order that by her means the corn might grow and multiply. But lest her strength might not suffice to last till the next harvest, she was asked in the course of the year how she felt, and if she answered that she felt weak, she was burned and a fresh Mother of the Maize made, "to the end the seed of maize may not perish." Here, it may be observed, we have a strong confirmation of the explanation already given of the custom of killing the god, both periodically and occasionally. The Mother of the Maize was allowed, as a rule, to live through a year, that being the period during which her strength might reasonably be supposed to last unimpaired; but on any symptom of her strength failing she was put to death, and a fresh and vigorous Mother of the Maize took her place, lest the maize which depended on her for its existence should languish and decay.

§ 2 *The Rice-mother in the East Indies* —If the reader still feels any doubts as to the meaning of the harvest customs which have been practised within living memory by European peasants, these doubts may perhaps be dispelled by comparing the customs observed at the rice-harvest by the Malays and Dyaks of the East Indies. For these Eastern peoples have not, like our peasantry, advanced beyond the intellectual stage at which the customs originated; their theory and their practice are still in unison, for them the quaint rites which in Europe have long dwindled into mere fossils, the pastime of clowns and the puzzle of the learned, are still living realities of which they can render an intelligible and truthful account. Hence a study of their beliefs and usages concerning the rice may throw some light on the true meaning of the ritual of the corn in ancient Greece and modern Europe.

Now the whole of the ritual which the Malays and Dyaks observe in connexion with the rice is founded on the simple conception of the rice as animated by a soul like that which these people attribute to mankind. They explain the phenomena of reproduction, growth,

decay, and death in the rice on the same principles on which they explain the corresponding phenomena in human beings. They imagine that in the fibres of the plant, as in the body of a man, there is a certain vital element, which is so far independent of the plant that it may for a time be completely separated from it without fatal effects, though if its absence be prolonged beyond certain limits the plant will wither and die. This vital yet separable element is what, for the want of a better word, we must call the soul of a plant, just as a similar vital and separable element is commonly supposed to constitute the soul of man; and on this theory or myth of the plant-soul is built the whole worship of the cereals, just as on the theory or myth of the human soul is built the whole worship of the dead,—a towering superstructure reared on a slender and precarious foundation.

Believing the rice to be animated by a soul like that of a man, the Indonesians naturally treat it with the deference and the consideration which they show to their fellows. Thus they behave towards the rice in bloom as they behave towards a pregnant woman, they abstain from firing guns or making loud noises in the field, lest they should so frighten the soul of the rice that it would miscarry and bear no grain, and for the same reason they will not talk of corpses or demons in the rice-fields. Moreover, they feed the blooming rice with foods of various kinds which are believed to be wholesome for women with child; but when the rice-ears are just beginning to form, they are looked upon as infants, and women go through the fields feeding them with rice-pap as if they were human babes. In such natural and obvious comparisons of the breeding plant to a breeding woman, and of the young grain to a young child, is to be sought the origin of the kindred Greek conception of the Corn-mother and the Corn-daughter, Demeter and Persephone. But if the timorous feminine soul of the rice can be frightened into a miscarriage even by loud noises, it is easy to imagine what her feelings must be at harvest, when people are under the sad necessity of cutting down the rice with the knife. At so critical a season every precaution must be used to render the necessary surgical operation of reaping as inconspicuous and as painless as possible. For that reason the reaping of the seed-rice is done with knives of a peculiar pattern, such that the blades are hidden in the reapers' hands and do not frighten the rice-spirit till the very last moment, when her head is swept off almost before she is aware, and from a like delicate motive the reapers at work in the fields employ a special form of speech, which the rice-spirit cannot be expected to understand, so that she has no warning or inkling of what is going forward till the heads of rice are safely deposited in the basket.

Among the Indonesian peoples who thus personify the rice we may take the Kayans or Bahaus of Central Borneo as typical. In order to secure and detain the volatile soul of the rice the Kayans resort to a number of devices. Among the instruments employed for this purpose are a miniature ladder, a spatula, and a basket containing hooks,

thorns, and cords With the spatula the priestess strokes the soul of the rice down the little ladder into the basket, where it is naturally held fast by the hooks, the thorn, and the cord, and having thus captured and imprisoned the soul she conveys it into the rice-granary. Sometimes a bamboo box and a net are used for the same purpose. And in order to ensure a good harvest for the following year it is necessary not only to detain the soul of all the grains of rice which are safely stored in the granary, but also to attract and recover the soul of all the rice that has been lost through falling to the earth or being eaten by deer, apes, and pigs For this purpose instruments of various sorts have been invented by the priests One, for example, is a bamboo vessel provided with four hooks made from the wood of a fruit-tree, by means of which the absent rice-soul may be hooked and drawn back into the vessel, which is then hung up in the house Sometimes two hands carved out of the wood of a fruit-tree are used for the same purpose. And every time that a Kayan housewife fetches rice from the granary for the use of her household, she must propitiate the souls of the rice in the granary, lest they should be angry at being robbed of their substance

The same need of securing the soul of the rice, if the crop is to thrive, is keenly felt by the Karens of Burma When a rice-field does not flourish, they suppose that the soul (*kelah*) of the rice is in some way detained from the rice. If the soul cannot be called back, the crop will fail. The following formula is used in recalling the *kelah* (soul) of the rice "O come, rice-*kelah*, come! Come to the field. Come to the rice With seed of each gender, come Come from the river Kho, come from the river Kaw, from the place where they meet, come Come from the West, come from the East. From the throat of the bird, from the maw of the ape, from the throat of the elephant Come from the sources of rivers and their mouths Come from the country of the Shan and Burman From the distant kingdoms come From all granaries come O rice-*kelah*, come to the rice"

The Corn-mother of our European peasants has her match in the Rice-mother of the Minangkabauers of Sumatra The Minangkabauers definitely attribute a soul to rice, and will sometimes assert that rice pounded in the usual way tastes better than rice ground in a mill, because in the mill the body of the rice was so bruised and battered that the soul has fled from it Like the Javanese they think that the rice is under the special guardianship of a female spirit called *Saning Sari*, who is conceived as so closely knit up with the plant that the rice often goes by her name, as with the Romans the corn might be called Ceres In particular *Saning Sari* is represented by certain stalks or grains called *indoea padi*, that is, literally, "Mother of Rice," a name that is often given to the guardian spirit herself This so-called Mother of Rice is the occasion of a number of ceremonies observed at the planting and harvesting of the rice as well as during its preservation in the barn. When the seed of the rice is about to be sown in the nursery or bedding-out ground, where under the wet

system of cultivation it is regularly allowed to sprout before being transplanted to the fields, the best grains are picked out to form the Rice-mother. These are then sown in the middle of the bed, and the common seed is planted round about them. The state of the Rice-mother is supposed to exert the greatest influence on the growth of the rice, if she droops or pines away, the harvest will be bad in consequence. The woman who sows the Rice-mother in the nursery lets her hair hang loose and afterwards bathes, as a means of ensuring an abundant harvest. When the time comes to transplant the rice from the nursery to the field, the Rice-mother receives a special place either in the middle or in a corner of the field, and a prayer or charm is uttered as follows: "Saning Sari, may a measure of rice come from a stalk of rice and a basketful from a root; may you be frightened neither by lightning nor by passers-by! Sunshine make you glad; with the storm may you be at peace; and may rain serve to wash your face!" While the rice is growing, the particular plant which was thus treated as the Rice-mother is lost sight of; but before harvest another Rice-mother is found. When the crop is ripe for cutting, the oldest woman of the family or a sorcerer goes out to look for her. The first stalks seen to bend under a passing breeze are the Rice-mother, and they are tied together but not cut until the first-fruits of the field have been carried home to serve as a festal meal for the family and their friends, nay even for the domestic animals, since it is Saning Sari's pleasure that the beasts also should partake of her good gifts. After the meal has been eaten, the Rice-mother is fetched home by persons in gay attire, who carry her very carefully under an umbrella in a neatly worked bag to the barn, where a place in the middle is assigned to her. Every one believes that she takes care of the rice in the barn and even multiplies it not uncommonly.

When the Tomori of Central Celebes are about to plant the rice, they bury in the field some betel as an offering to the spirits who cause the rice to grow. The rice that is planted round this spot is the last to be reaped at harvest. At the commencement of the reaping the stalks of this patch of rice are tied together into a sheaf, which is called "the Mother of the Rice" (*meno pae*), and offerings in the shape of rice, fowl's liver, eggs, and other things are laid down before it. When all the rest of the rice in the field has been reaped, "the Mother of the Rice" is cut down and carried with due honour to the rice-barn, where it is laid on the floor, and all the other sheaves are piled upon it. The Tomori, we are told, regard the Mother of the Rice as a special offering made to the rice-spirit Omonga, who dwells in the moon. If that spirit is not treated with proper respect, for example if the people who fetch rice from the barn are not decently clad, he is angry and punishes the offenders by eating up twice as much rice in the barn as they have taken out of it; some people have heard him smacking his lips in the barn, as he devoured the rice. On the other hand the Toradjas of Central Celebes, who also practise the custom of the Rice-mother at harvest, regard her as the actual mother

of the whole harvest, and therefore keep her carefully, lest in her absence the garnered store of rice should all melt away and disappear

Again, just as in Scotland the old and the young spirit of the corn are represented as an Old Wife (*Cailleach*) and a Maiden respectively, so in the Malay Peninsula we find both the Rice-mother and her child represented by different sheaves or bundles of ears on the harvest-field. The ceremony of cutting and bringing home the Soul of the Rice was witnessed by Mr W W Skeat at Chodoi in Selangor on the twenty-eighth of January 1897. The particular bunch or sheaf which was to serve as the Mother of the Rice-soul had previously been sought and identified by means of the markings or shape of the ears. From this sheaf an aged sorceress, with much solemnity, cut a little bundle of seven ears, anointed them with oil, tied them round with parti-coloured thread, fumigated them with incense, and having wrapt them in a white cloth deposited them in a little oval-shaped basket. These seven ears were the infant Soul of the Rice and the little basket was its cradle. It was carried home to the farmer's house by another woman, who held up an umbrella to screen the tender infant from the hot rays of the sun. Arrived at the house the Rice-child was welcomed by the women of the family, and laid, cradle and all, on a new sleeping-mat with pillows at the head. After that the farmer's wife was instructed to observe certain rules of taboo for three days, the rules being in many respect identical with those which have to be observed for three days after the birth of a real child. Something of the same tender care which is thus bestowed on the newly-born Rice-child is naturally extended also to its parent, the sheaf from whose body it was taken. This sheaf, which remains standing in the field after the Rice-soul has been carried home and put to bed, is treated as a newly-made mother, that is to say, young shoots of trees are pounded together and scattered broadcast every evening for three successive days, and when the three days are up you take the pulp of a coco-nut and what are called "goat-flowers," mix them up, eat them with a little sugar, and spit some of the mixture out among the rice. So after a real birth the young shoots of the jack-fruit, the rose-apple, certain kinds of banana, and the thin pulp of young coco-nuts are mixed with dried fish, salt, acid, prawn-condiment, and the like dainties to form a sort of salad, which is administered to mother and child for three successive days. The last sheaf is reaped by the farmer's wife, who carries it back to the house, where it is threshed and mixed with the Rice-soul. The farmer then takes the Rice-soul and its basket and deposits it, together with the product of the last sheaf, in the big circular rice-bin used by the Malays. Some grains from the Rice-soul are mixed with the seed which is to be sown in the following year. In this Rice-mother and Rice-child of the Malay Peninsula we may see the counterpart and in a sense the prototype of the Demeter and Persephone of ancient Greece.

Once more, the European custom of representing the corn-spirit

in the double form of bride and bridegroom has its parallel in a ceremony observed at the rice-harvest in Java. Before the reapers begin to cut the rice, the priest or sorcerer picks out a number of ears of rice, which are tied together, smeared with ointment, and adorned with flowers. Thus decked out, the ears are called the *padr-pěngantèn*, that is, the Rice-bride and the Rice-bridegroom; their wedding feast is celebrated, and the cutting of the rice begins immediately afterwards. Later on, when the rice is being got in, a bridal chamber is partitioned off in the barn, and furnished with a new mat, a lamp, and all kinds of toilet articles. Sheaves of rice, to represent the wedding guests, are placed beside the Rice-bride and the Rice-bridegroom. Not till this has been done may the whole harvest be housed in the barn. And for the first forty days after the rice has been housed, no one may enter the barn, for fear of disturbing the newly-wedded pair.

In the islands of Bali and Lombok, when the time of harvest has come, the owner of the field himself makes a beginning by cutting "the principal rice" with his own hands and binding it into two sheaves, each composed of one hundred and eight stalks with their leaves attached to them. One of the sheaves represents a man and the other a woman, and they are called "husband and wife." The male sheaf is wound about with thread so that none of the leaves are visible, whereas the female sheaf has its leaves bent over and tied so as to resemble the roll of a woman's hair. Sometimes, for further distinction, a necklace of rice-straw is tied round the female sheaf. When the rice is brought home from the field, the two sheaves representing the husband and wife are carried by a woman on her head, and are the last of all to be deposited in the barn. There they are laid to rest on a small erection or on a cushion of rice-straw. The whole arrangement, we are informed, has for its object to induce the rice to increase and multiply in the granary, so that the owner may get more out of it than he put in. Hence when the people of Bali bring the two sheaves, the husband and wife, into the barn, they say, "Increase ye and multiply without ceasing." When all the rice in the barn has been used up, the two sheaves representing the husband and wife remain in the empty building till they have gradually disappeared or been devoured by mice. The pinch of hunger sometimes drives individuals to eat up the rice of these two sheaves, but the wretches who do so are viewed with disgust by their fellows and branded as pigs and dogs. Nobody would ever sell these holy sheaves with the rest of their profane brethren.

The same notion of the propagation of the rice by a male and female power finds expression amongst the Szis of Upper Burma. When the paddy, that is, the rice with the husks still on it, has been dried and piled in a heap for threshing, all the friends of the household are invited to the threshing-floor, and food and drink are brought out. The heap of paddy is divided and one half spread out for threshing, while the other half is left piled up. On the pile food and spirits are

set, and one of the elders, addressing "the father and mother of the paddy-plant," prays for plenteous harvests in future, and begs that the seed may bear many fold. Then the whole party eat, drink, and make merry. This ceremony at the threshing-floor is the only occasion when these people invoke "the father and mother of the paddy."

§ 3 *The Spirit of the Corn embodied in Human Beings*—Thus the theory which recognises in the European Corn-mother, Corn-maiden, and so forth, the embodiment in vegetable form of the animating spirit of the crops is amply confirmed by the evidence of peoples in other parts of the world, who, because they have lagged behind the European races in mental development, retain for that very reason a keener sense of the original motives for observing those rustic rites which among ourselves have sunk to the level of meaningless survivals. The reader may, however, remember that according to Mannhardt, whose theory I am expounding, the spirit of the corn manifests itself not merely in vegetable but also in human form, the person who cuts the last sheaf or gives the last stroke at threshing passes for a temporary embodiment of the corn-spirit, just as much as the bunch of corn which he reaps or threshes. Now in the parallels which have been hitherto adduced from the customs of peoples outside Europe the spirit of the crops appears only in vegetable form. It remains, therefore, to prove that other races besides our European peasantry have conceived the spirit of the crops as incorporate in or represented by living men and women. Such a proof, I may remind the reader, is germane to the theme of this book, for the more instances we discover of human beings representing in themselves the life or animating spirit of plants, the less difficulty will be felt at classing amongst them the King of the Wood at Nemi.

The Mandans and Minnitarees of North America used to hold a festival in spring which they called the corn-medicine festival of the women. They thought that a certain Old Woman who Never Dies made the crops to grow, and that, living somewhere in the south, she sent the migratory waterfowl in spring as her tokens and representatives. Each sort of bird represented a special kind of crop cultivated by the Indians: the wild goose stood for the maize, the wild swan for the gourds, and the wild duck for the beans. So when the feathered messengers of the Old Woman began to arrive in spring the Indians celebrated the corn-medicine festival of the women. Scaffolds were set up, on which the people hung dried meat and other things by way of offerings to the Old Woman; and on a certain day the old women of the tribe, as representatives of the Old Woman who Never Dies, assembled at the scaffolds each bearing in her hand an ear of maize fastened to a stick. They first planted these sticks in the ground, then danced round the scaffolds, and finally took up the sticks again in their arms. Meanwhile old men beat drums and shook rattles as a musical accompaniment to the performance of the old women. Further, young women came and put dried flesh into the mouths of the old women, for which they received in return a grain of the consecrated

maize to eat Three or four grains of the holy corn were also placed in the dishes of the young women, to be afterwards carefully mixed with the seed-corn, which they were supposed to fertilise The dried flesh hung on the scaffold belonged to the old women, because they represented the Old Woman who Never Dies A similar corn-medicine festival was held in autumn for the purpose of attracting the herds of buffaloes and securing a supply of meat At that time every woman carried in her arms an uprooted plant of maize They gave the name of the Old Woman who Never Dies both to the maize and to those birds which they regarded as symbols of the fruits of the earth, and they prayed to them in autumn saying, "Mother, have pity on us! send us not the bitter cold too soon, lest we have not meat enough! let not all the game depart, that we may have something for the winter!" In autumn, when the birds were flying south, the Indians thought that they were going home to the Old Woman and taking to her the offerings that had been hung up on the scaffolds, especially the dried meat, which she ate Here then we have the spirit or divinity of the corn conceived as an Old Woman and represented in bodily form by old women, who in their capacity of representatives receive some at least of the offerings which are intended for her.

In some parts of India the harvest-goddess Gauri is represented at once by an unmarried girl and by a bundle of wild balsam plants, which is made up into the figure of a woman and dressed as such with mask, garments, and ornaments. Both the human and the vegetable representative of the goddess are worshipped, and the intention of the whole ceremony appears to be to ensure a good crop of rice

§ 4. *The Double Personification of the Corn as Mother and Daughter* — Compared with the Corn-mother of Germany and the Harvest-maiden of Scotland, the Demeter and Persephone of Greece are late products of religious growth Yet as members of the Aryan family the Greeks must at one time or another have observed harvest customs like those which are still practised by Celts, Teutons, and Slavs, and which, far beyond the limits of the Aryan world, have been practised by the Indians of Peru and many peoples of the East Indies—a sufficient proof that the ideas on which these customs rest are not confined to any one race, but naturally suggest themselves to all untutored peoples engaged in agriculture It is probable, therefore, that Demeter and Persephone, those stately and beautiful figures of Greek mythology, grew out of the same simple beliefs and practices which still prevail among our modern peasantry, and that they were represented by rude dolls made out of the yellow sheaves on many a harvest-field long before their breathing images were wrought in bronze and marble by the master hands of Phidias and Praxiteles A reminiscence of that olden time—a scent, so to say, of the harvest-field—lingered to the last in the title of the Maiden (*Kore*) by which Persephone was commonly known Thus if the prototype of Demeter is the Corn-mother of Germany, the prototype of Persephone is the Harvest-maiden, which, autumn after autumn, is still made from the last sheaf on the Braes

of Balquhadder. Indeed, if we knew more about the peasant-farmers of ancient Greece, we should probably find that even in classical times they continued annually to fashion their Corn-mothers (Demeters) and Maidens (Persephones) out of the ripe corn on the harvest-fields. But unfortunately the Demeter and Persephone whom we know were the denizens of towns, the majestic inhabitants of lordly temples; it was for such divinities alone that the refined writers of antiquity had eyes, the uncouth rites performed by rustics amongst the corn were beneath their notice. Even if they noticed them, they probably never dreamed of any connexion between the puppet of corn-stalks on the sunny stubble-field and the marble divinity in the shady coolness of the temple. Still the writings even of these town-bred and cultured persons afford us an occasional glimpse of a Demeter as rude as the rudest that a remote German village can show. Thus the story that Iasion begat a child Plutus ("wealth," "abundance") by Demeter on a thrice-ploughed field, may be compared with the West Prussian custom of the mock birth of a child on the harvest-field. In this Prussian custom the pretended mother represents the Corn-mother (*Żytniamatka*), the pretended child represents the Corn-baby, and the whole ceremony is a charm to ensure a crop next year. The custom and the legend alike point to an older practice of performing, among the sprouting crops in spring or the stubble in autumn, one of those real or mimic acts of procreation by which, as we have seen, primitive man often seeks to infuse his own vigorous life into the languid or decaying energies of nature. Another glimpse of the savage under the civilised Demeter will be afforded farther on, when we come to deal with another aspect of those agricultural divinities.

The reader may have observed that in modern folk-customs the corn-spirit is generally represented either by a Corn-mother (Old Woman, etc.) or by a Maiden (Harvest-child, etc.), not both by a Corn-mother and by a Maiden. Why then did the Greeks represent the corn both as a mother and a daughter?

In the Breton custom the mother-sheaf—a large figure made out of the last sheaf with a small corn-doll inside of it—clearly represents both the Corn-mother and the Corn-daughter, the latter still unborn. Again, in the Prussian custom just referred to, the woman who plays the part of Corn-mother represents the ripe grain, the child appears to represent next year's corn, which may be regarded, naturally enough, as the child of this year's corn, since it is from the seed of this year's harvest that next year's crop will spring. Further, we have seen that among the Malays of the Peninsula and sometimes among the Highlanders of Scotland the spirit of the grain is represented in double female form, both as old and young, by means of ears taken alike from the ripe crop. In Scotland the old spirit of the corn appears as the Carline or *Carilleach*, the young spirit as the Maiden, while among the Malays of the Peninsula the two spirits of the rice are definitely related to each other as mother and child. Judged by these analogies Demeter would be the ripe crop of this year; Persephone would be

the seed-corn taken from it and sown in autumn, to reappear in spring. The descent of Persephone into the lower world would thus be a mythical expression for the sowing of the seed, her reappearance in spring would signify the sprouting of the young corn. In this way the Persephone of one year becomes the Demeter of the next, and this may very well have been the original form of the myth. But when with the advance of religious thought the corn came to be personified, no longer as a being that went through the whole cycle of birth, growth, reproduction, and death within a year, but as an immortal goddess, consistency required that one of the two personifications, the mother or the daughter, should be sacrificed. However, the double conception of the corn as mother and daughter may have been too old and too deeply rooted in the popular mind to be eradicated by logic, and so room had to be found in the reformed myth both for mother and daughter. This was done by assigning to Persephone the character of the corn sown in autumn and sprouting in spring, while Demeter was left to play the somewhat vague part of the heavy mother of the corn, who laments its annual disappearance underground, and rejoices over its reappearance in spring. Thus instead of a regular succession of divine beings, each living a year and then giving birth to her successor, the reformed myth exhibits the conception of two divine and immortal beings, one of whom annually disappears into and reappears from the ground, while the other has little to do but to weep and rejoice at the appropriate seasons.

This theory of the double personification of the corn in Greek myth assumes that both personifications (Demeter and Persephone) are original. But if we suppose that the Greek myth started with a single personification, the aftergrowth of a second personification may perhaps be explained as follows. On looking over the harvest customs which have been passed under review, it may be noticed that they involve two distinct conceptions of the corn-spirit. For whereas in some of the customs the corn-spirit is treated as immanent in the corn, in others it is regarded as external to it. Thus when a particular sheaf is called by the name of the corn-spirit, and is dressed in clothes and handled with reverence, the spirit is clearly regarded as immanent in the corn. But when the spirit is said to make the crops grow by passing through them, or to blight the grain of those against whom she has a grudge, she is apparently conceived as distinct from, though exercising power over, the corn. Conceived in the latter mode the corn-spirit is in a fair way to become a deity of the corn, if she has not become so already. Of these two conceptions, that of the corn-spirit as immanent in the corn is doubtless the older, since the view of nature as animated by indwelling spirits appears to have generally preceded the view of it as controlled by external deities, to put it shortly, animism precedes deism. In the harvest customs of our European peasantry the corn-spirit seems to be conceived now as immanent in the corn and now as external to it. In Greek mythology, on the other hand, Demeter is viewed rather as the deity of the corn

than as the spirit immanent in it. The process of thought which leads to the change from the one mode of conception to the other is anthropomorphism, or the gradual investment of the immanent spirits with more and more of the attributes of humanity. As men emerge from savagery the tendency to humanise their divinities gains strength ; and the more human these become the wider is the breach which severs them from the natural objects of which they were at first merely the animating spirits or souls. But in the progress upwards from savagery men of the same generation do not march abreast ; and though the new anthropomorphic gods may satisfy the religious wants of the more developed intelligences, the backward members of the community will cling by preference to the old animistic notions. Now when the spirit of any natural object such as the corn has been invested with human qualities, detached from the object, and converted into a deity controlling it, the object itself is, by the withdrawal of its spirit, left inanimate, it becomes, so to say, a spiritual vacuum. But the popular fancy, intolerant of such a vacuum, in other words, unable to conceive anything as inanimate, immediately creates a fresh mythical being, with which it peoples the vacant object. Thus the same natural object comes to be represented in mythology by two distinct beings : first by the old spirit now separated from it and raised to the rank of a deity ; second, by the new spirit, freshly created by the popular fancy to supply the place vacated by the old spirit on its elevation to a higher sphere. In such cases the problem for mythology is, having got two distinct personifications of the same object, what to do with them ? How are their relations to each other to be adjusted, and room found for both in the mythological system ? When the old spirit or new deity is conceived as creating or producing the object in question, the problem is easily solved. Since the object is believed to be produced by the old spirit, and animated by the new one, the latter, as the soul of the object, must also owe its existence to the former, thus the old spirit will stand to the new one as producer to produced, that is, in mythology, as parent to child, and if both spirits are conceived as female, their relation will be that of mother and daughter. In this way, starting from a single personification of the corn as female, mythic fancy might in time reach a double personification of it as mother and daughter. It would be very rash to affirm that this was the way in which the myth of Demeter and Persephone actually took shape, but it seems a legitimate conjecture that the reduplication of deities, of which Demeter and Persephone furnish an example, may sometimes have arisen in the way indicated. For example, among the pairs of deities dealt with in a former part of this work, it has been shown that there are grounds for regarding both Isis and her companion god Osiris as personifications of the corn. On the hypothesis just suggested, Isis would be the old corn-spirit, and Osiris would be the newer one, whose relationship to the old spirit was variously explained as that of brother, husband, and son ; for of course mythology would always be free to account for the coexistence

of the two divinities in more ways than one. It must not, however, be forgotten that this proposed explanation of such pairs of deities as Demeter and Persephone or Isis and Osiris is purely conjectural, and is only given for what it is worth.

CHAPTER XLVII

LITYERSES

§ 1 *Songs of the Corn-reapers*—In the preceding pages an attempt has been made to show that in the Corn-mother and Harvest-maiden of Northern Europe we have the prototypes of Demeter and Persephone. But an essential feature is still wanting to complete the resemblance. A leading incident in the Greek myth is the death and resurrection of Persephone, it is this incident which, coupled with the nature of the goddess as a deity of vegetation, links the myth with the cults of Adonis, Attis, Osiris, and Dionysus, and it is in virtue of this incident that the myth finds a place in our discussion of the Dying God. It remains, therefore, to see whether the conception of the annual death and resurrection of a god, which figures so prominently in these great Greek and Oriental worships, has not also its origin or its analogy in the rustic rites observed by reapers and vine-dressers amongst the corn-shocks and the vines.

Our general ignorance of the popular superstitions and customs of the ancients has already been confessed. But the obscurity which thus hangs over the first beginnings of ancient religion is fortunately dissipated to some extent in the present case. The worships of Osiris, Adonis, and Attis had their respective seats, as we have seen, in Egypt, Syria, and Phrygia; and in each of these countries certain harvest and vintage customs are known to have been observed, the resemblance of which to each other and to the national rites struck the ancients themselves, and, compared with the harvest customs of modern peasants and barbarians, seems to throw some light on the origin of the rites in question.

It has been already mentioned, on the authority of Diodorus, that in ancient Egypt the reapers were wont to lament over the first sheaf cut, invoking Isis as the goddess to whom they owed the discovery of corn. To the plaintive song or cry sung or uttered by Egyptian reapers the Greeks gave the name of *Maneros*, and explained the name by a story that *Maneros*, the only son of the first Egyptian king, invented agriculture, and, dying an untimely death, was thus lamented by the people. It appears, however, that the name *Maneros* is due to a misunderstanding of the formula *mââ-ne-hra*, "Come to the house," which has been discovered in various Egyptian writings, for example in the dirge of Isis in the Book of the Dead. Hence we may suppose that the cry *mââ-ne-hra* was chanted by the reapers

over the cut corn as a dirge for the death of the corn-spirit (Isis or Osiris) and a prayer for its return. As the cry was raised over the first ears reaped, it would seem that the corn-spirit was believed by the Egyptians to be present in the first corn cut and to die under the sickle. We have seen that in the Malay Peninsula and Java the first ears of rice are taken to represent either the Soul of the Rice or the Rice-bride and the Rice-bridegroom. In parts of Russia the first sheaf is treated much in the same way that the last sheaf is treated elsewhere. It is reaped by the mistress herself, taken home and set in the place of honour near the holy pictures; afterwards it is threshed separately, and some of its grain is mixed with the next year's seed-corn. In Aberdeenshire, while the last corn cut was generally used to make the *chylack* sheaf, it was sometimes, though rarely, the first corn cut that was dressed up as a woman and carried home with ceremony.

In Phœnicia and Western Asia a plaintive song, like that chanted by the Egyptian corn-reapers, was sung at the vintage and probably (to judge by analogy) also at harvest. This Phœnician song was called by the Greeks *Linus* or *Ailinus* and explained, like *Maneros*, as a lament for the death of a youth named *Linus*. According to one story *Linus* was brought up by a shepherd, but torn to pieces by his dogs. But, like *Maneros*, the name *Linus* or *Ailinus* appears to have originated in a verbal misunderstanding, and to be nothing more than the cry *ai lanu*, that is "Woe to us," which the Phœnicians probably uttered in mourning for *Adonis*, at least *Sappho* seems to have regarded *Adonis* and *Linus* as equivalent.

In *Bithynia* a like mournful ditty, called *Bormus* or *Borimus*, was chanted by *Mariandynian* reapers. *Bormus* was said to have been a handsome youth, the son of *King Upias* or of a wealthy and distinguished man. One summer day, watching the reapers at work in his fields, he went to fetch them a drink of water and was never heard of more. So the reapers sought for him, calling him in plaintive strains, which they continued to chant at harvest ever afterwards.

§ 2 *Killing the Corn-spirit*—In *Phrygia* the corresponding song, sung by harvesters both at reaping and at threshing, was called *Lityerses*. According to one story, *Lityerses* was a bastard son of *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, and dwelt at *Celaenae*. He used to reap the corn, and had an enormous appetite. When a stranger happened to enter the corn-field or to pass by it, *Lityerses* gave him plenty to eat and drink, then took him to the corn-fields on the banks of the *Maeander* and compelled him to reap along with him. Lastly, it was his custom to wrap the stranger in a sheaf, cut off his head with a sickle, and carry away his body, swathed in the corn-stalks. But at last *Hercules* undertook to reap with him, cut off his head with the sickle, and threw his body into the river. As *Hercules* is reported to have slain *Lityerses* in the same way that *Lityerses* slew others, we may infer that *Lityerses* used to throw the bodies of his victims

into the river. According to another version of the story, Lityerses, a son of Midas, was wont to challenge people to a reaping match with him, and if he vanquished them he used to thrash them, but one day he met with a stronger reaper, who slew him.

There are some grounds for supposing that in these stories of Lityerses we have the description of a Phrygian harvest custom in accordance with which certain persons, especially strangers passing the harvest field, were regularly regarded as embodiments of the corn-spirit, and as such were seized by the reapers, wrapt in sheaves, and beheaded, their bodies, bound up in the corn-stalks, being afterwards thrown into water as a rain-charm. The grounds for this supposition are, first, the resemblance of the Lityerses story to the harvest customs of European peasantry, and, second, the frequency of human sacrifices offered by savage races to promote the fertility of the fields. We will examine these grounds successively, beginning with the former.

In comparing the story with the harvest customs of Europe, three points deserve special attention, namely · I. the reaping match and the binding of persons in the sheaves, II. the killing of the corn-spirit or his representatives, III. the treatment of visitors to the harvest field or of strangers passing it.

I. In regard to the first head, we have seen that in modern Europe the person who cuts or binds or threshes the last sheaf is often exposed to rough treatment at the hands of his fellow-labourers. For example, he is bound up in the last sheaf, and, thus encased, is carried or carted about, beaten, drenched with water, thrown on a dunghill, and so forth. Or, if he is spared this horseplay, he is at least the subject of ridicule or is thought to be destined to suffer some misfortune in the course of the year. Hence the harvesters are naturally reluctant to give the last cut at reaping or the last stroke at threshing or to bind the last sheaf, and towards the close of the work this reluctance produces an emulation among the labourers, each striving to finish his task as fast as possible, in order that he may escape the invidious distinction of being last. For example, in the Mittelmark district of Prussia, when the rye has been reaped, and the last sheaves are about to be tied up, the binders stand in two rows facing each other, every woman with her sheaf and her straw rope before her. At a given signal they all tie up their sheaves, and the one who is the last to finish is ridiculed by the rest. Not only so, but her sheaf is made up into human shape and called the Old Man, and she must carry it home to the farmyard, where the harvesters dance in a circle round her and it. Then they take the Old Man to the farmer and deliver it to him with the words, "We bring the Old Man to the Master. He may keep him till he gets a new one." After that the Old Man is set up against a tree, where he remains for a long time, the butt of many jests. At Aschbach in Bavaria, when the reaping is nearly finished, the reapers say, "Now, we will drive out the Old Man." Each of them sets himself to reap a patch of corn as fast as he can;

he who cuts the last handful or the last stalk is greeted by the rest with an exulting cry, " You have the Old Man " Sometimes a black mask is fastened on the reaper's face and he is dressed in woman's clothes ; or if the reaper is a woman, she is dressed in man's clothes. A dance follows. At the supper the Old Man gets twice as large a portion of the food as the others. The proceedings are similar at threshing, the person who gives the last stroke is said to have the Old Man. At the supper given to the threshers he has to eat out of the cream-ladle and to drink a great deal. Moreover, he is quizzed and teased in all sorts of ways till he frees himself from further annoyance by treating the others to brandy or beer.

These examples illustrate the contests in reaping, threshing, and binding which take place amongst the harvesters, from their unwillingness to suffer the ridicule and discomfort incurred by the one who happens to finish his work last. It will be remembered that the person who is last at reaping, binding, or threshing, is regarded as the representative of the corn-spirit, and this idea is more fully expressed by binding him or her in corn-stalks. The latter custom has been already illustrated, but a few more instances may be added. At Kloxin, near Stettin, the harvesters call out to the woman who binds the last sheaf, " You have the Old Man, and must keep him " As late as the first half of the nineteenth century the custom was to tie up the woman herself in pease-straw, and bring her with music to the farmhouse, where the harvesters danced with her till the pease-straw fell off. In other villages round Stettin, when the last harvest-waggon is being loaded, there is a regular race amongst the women, each striving not to be last. For she who places the last sheaf on the waggon is called the Old Man, and is completely swathed in corn-stalks ; she is also decked with flowers, and flowers and a helmet of straw are placed on her head. In solemn procession she carries the harvest-crown to the squire, over whose head she holds it while she utters a string of good wishes. At the dance which follows, the Old Man has the right to choose his, or rather her, partner, it is an honour to dance with him. At Gommern, near Magdeburg, the reaper who cuts the last ears of corn is often wrapt up in corn-stalks so completely that it is hard to see whether there is a man in the bundle or not. Thus wrapt up he is taken by another stalwart reaper on his back, and carried round the field amidst the joyous cries of the harvesters. At Neuhausen, near Merseburg, the person who binds the last sheaf is wrapt in ears of oats and saluted as the Oatsman, whereupon the others dance round him. At Brie, Isle de France, the farmer himself is tied up in the *first* sheaf. At Dingelstedt, in the district of Erfurt, down to the first half of the nineteenth century it was the custom to tie up a man in the last sheaf. He was called the Old Man, and was brought home on the last waggon, amid huzzas and music. On reaching the farmyard he was rolled round the barn and drenched with water. At Nordlingen in Bavaria the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is wrapt in straw and rolled on the

threshing-floor In some parts of Oberpfalz, Bavaria, he is said to "get the Old Man," is wrapt in straw, and carried to a neighbour who has not yet finished his threshing. In Silesia the woman who binds the last sheaf has to submit to a good deal of horse-play. She is pushed, knocked down, and tied up in the sheaf, after which she is called the corn-puppet (*Kornpöpel*)

"In all these cases the idea is that the spirit of the corn—the Old Man of vegetation—is driven out of the corn last cut or last threshed, and lives in the barn during the winter At sowing-time he goes out again to the fields to resume his activity as animating force among the sprouting corn "

II Passing to the second point of comparison between the Lityerses story and European harvest customs, we have now to see that in the latter the corn-spirit is often believed to be killed at reaping or threshing. In the Romsdal and other parts of Norway, when the haymaking is over, the people say that "the Old Hay-man has been killed" In some parts of Bavaria the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is said to have killed the Corn-man, the Oats-man, or the Wheat-man, according to the crop In the Canton of Tillot, in Lorraine, at threshing the last corn the men keep time with their flails, calling out as they thresh, "We are killing the Old Woman! We are killing the Old Woman!" If there is an old woman in the house she is warned to save herself, or she will be struck dead Near Ragnit, in Lithuania, the last handful of corn is left standing by itself, with the words, "The Old Woman (*Boba*) is sitting in there" Then a young reaper whets his scythe and, with a strong sweep, cuts down the handful It is now said of him that "he has cut off the Boba's head", and he receives a gratuity from the farmer and a jugful of water over his head from the farmer's wife According to another account, every Lithuanian reaper makes haste to finish his task, for the Old Rye-woman lives in the last stalks, and whoever cuts the last stalks kills the Old Rye-woman, and by killing her he brings trouble on himself In Wilkischken, in the district of Tilsit, the man who cuts the last corn goes by the name of "the killer of the Rye-woman" In Lithuania, again, the corn-spirit is believed to be killed at threshing as well as at reaping When only a single pile of corn remains to be threshed, all the threshers suddenly step back a few paces, as if at the word of command Then they fall to work, plying their flails with the utmost rapidity and vehemence, till they come to the last bundle Upon this they fling themselves with almost frantic fury, straining every nerve, and raining blows on it till the word "Halt!" rings out sharply from the leader The man whose flail is the last to fall after the command to stop has been given is immediately surrounded by all the rest, crying out that "he has struck the Old Rye-woman dead" He has to expiate the deed by treating them to brandy, and, like the man who cuts the last corn, he is known as "the killer of the Old Rye-woman" Sometimes in Lithuania the slain corn-spirit was represented by a puppet Thus a female figure was made out of

corn-stalks, dressed in clothes, and placed on the threshing-floor, under the heap of corn which was to be threshed last. Whoever thereafter gave the last stroke at threshing "struck the Old Woman dead" We have already met with examples of burning the figure which represents the corn-spirit In the East Riding of Yorkshire a custom called "burning the Old Witch" is observed on the last day of harvest A small sheaf of corn is burnt on the field in a fire of stubble; peas are parched at the fire and eaten with a liberal allowance of ale, and the lads and lasses romp about the flames and amuse themselves by blackening each other's faces Sometimes, again, the corn-spirit is represented by a man, who lies down under the last corn; it is threshed upon his body, and the people say that "the Old Man is being beaten to death." We saw that sometimes the farmer's wife is thrust, together with the last sheaf, under the threshing-machine, as if to thresh her, and that afterwards a pretence is made of winnowing her At Volders, in the Tyrol, husks of corn are stuck behind the neck of the man who gives the last stroke at threshing, and he is throttled with a straw garland If he is tall, it is believed that the corn will be tall next year Then he is tied on a bundle and flung into the river In Carinthia, the thresher who gave the last stroke, and the person who untied the last sheaf on the threshing-floor, are bound hand and foot with straw bands, and crowns of straw are placed on their heads Then they are tied, face to face, on a sledge, dragged through the village, and flung into a brook. The custom of throwing the representative of the corn-spirit into a stream, like that of drenching him with water, is, as usual, a rain-charm

III Thus far the representatives of the corn-spirit have generally been the man or woman who cuts, binds, or threshes the last corn We now come to the cases in which the corn-spirit is represented either by a stranger passing the harvest-field (as in the Lityerses tale), or by a visitor entering it for the first time. All over Germany it is customary for the reapers or threshers to lay hold of passing strangers and bind them with a rope made of corn-stalks, till they pay a forfeit, and when the farmer himself or one of his guests enters the field or the threshing-floor for the first time, he is treated in the same way. Sometimes the rope is only tied round his arm or his feet or his neck But sometimes he is regularly swathed in corn Thus at Solor in Norway, whoever enters the field, be he the master or a stranger, is tied up in a sheaf and must pay a ransom In the neighbourhood of Soest, when the farmer visits the flax-pullers for the first time, he is completely enveloped in flax Passers-by are also surrounded by the women, tied up in flax, and compelled to stand brandy. At Nordlingen strangers are caught with straw ropes and tied up in a sheaf till they pay a forfeit Among the Germans of Haselberg, in West Bohemia, as soon as a farmer had given the last corn to be threshed on the threshing-floor, he was swathed in it and had to redeem himself by a present of cakes. In the canton of Putanges, in Normandy, a pretence of tying up the owner of the land

in the last sheaf of wheat is still practised, or at least was still practised some quarter of a century ago. The task falls to the women alone. They throw themselves on the proprietor, seize him by the arms, the legs, and the body, throw him to the ground, and stretch him on the last sheaf. Then a show is made of binding him, and the conditions to be observed at the harvest-supper are dictated to him. When he has accepted them, he is released and allowed to get up. At Brie, Isle de France, when any one who does not belong to the farm passes by the harvest-field, the reapers give chase. If they catch him, they bind him in a sheaf and bite him, one after the other, in the forehead, crying, "You shall carry the key of the field." "To have the key" is an expression used by harvesters elsewhere in the sense of to cut or bind or thresh the last sheaf; hence, it is equivalent to the phrases "You have the Old Man," "You are the Old Man," which are addressed to the cutter, binder, or thresher of the last sheaf. Therefore, when a stranger, as at Brie, is tied up in a sheaf and told that he will "carry the key of the field," it is as much as to say that he is the Old Man, that is, an embodiment of the corn-spirit. In hop-picking, if a well-dressed stranger passes the hop-yard, he is seized by the women, tumbled into the bin, covered with leaves, and not released till he has paid a fine.

Thus, like the ancient Lityerses, modern European reapers have been wont to lay hold of a passing stranger and tie him up in a sheaf. It is not to be expected that they should complete the parallel by cutting off his head, but if they do not take such a strong step, their language and gestures are at least indicative of a desire to do so. For instance, in Mecklenburg on the first day of reaping, if the master or mistress or a stranger enters the field, or merely passes by it, all the mowers face towards him and sharpen their scythes, clashing their whet-stones against them in unison, as if they were making ready to mow. Then the woman who leads the mowers steps up to him and ties a band round his left arm. He must ransom himself by payment of a forfeit. Near Ratzeburg, when the master or other person of mark enters the field or passes by it, all the harvesters stop work and march towards him in a body, the men with their scythes in front. On meeting him they form up in line, men and women. The men stick the poles of their scythes in the ground, as they do in whetting them, then they take off their caps and hang them on the scythes, while their leader stands forward and makes a speech. When he has done, they all whet their scythes in measured time very loudly, after which they put on their caps. Two of the women binders then come forward, one of them ties the master or stranger (as the case may be) with corn-ears or with a silken band; the other delivers a rhyming address. The following are specimens of the speeches made by the reaper on these occasions. In some parts of Pomerania every passer-by is stopped, his way being barred with a corn-rope. The reapers form a circle round him and sharpen their scythes, while their leader says:

*" The men are ready,
The scythes are bent,*

*The corn is great and small,
The gentleman must be mowed "*

Then the process of whetting the scythes is repeated At Ramin, in the district of Stettin, the stranger, standing encircled by the reapers, is thus addressed :

*" We'll stroke the gentleman
With our naked sword,
Wherewith we shear meadows and
fields
We shear princes and lords
Labourers are often athirst ,*

*If the gentleman will stand beer
and brandy
The joke will soon be over
But, if our prayer he does not like,
The sword has a right to strike "*

On the threshing-floor strangers are also regarded as embodiments of the corn-spirit, and are treated accordingly At Wiedingharde in Schleswig when a stranger comes to the threshing-floor he is asked, " Shall I teach you the flail-dance ? " If he says yes, they put the arms of the threshing-flail round his neck as if he were a sheaf of corn, and press them together so tight that he is nearly choked In some parishes of Wermland (Sweden), when a stranger enters the threshing-floor where the threshers are at work, they say that " they will teach him the threshing-song " Then they put a flail round his neck and a straw rope about his body Also, as we have seen, if a stranger woman enters the threshing-floor, the threshers put a flail round her body and a wreath of corn-stalks round her neck, and call out, " See the Corn-woman ! See ! that is how the Corn-maiden looks ! "

Thus in these harvest-customs of modern Europe the person who cuts, binds, or threshes the last corn is treated as an embodiment of the corn-spirit by being wrapt up in sheaves, killed in mimicry by agricultural implements, and thrown into the water These coincidences with the Lityerses story seem to prove that the latter is a genuine description of an old Phrygian harvest-custom But since in the modern parallels the killing of the personal representative of the corn-spirit is necessarily omitted or at most enacted only in mimicry, it is desirable to show that in rude society human beings have been commonly killed as an agricultural ceremony to promote the fertility of the fields. The following examples will make this plain

§ 3 *Human Sacrifices for the Crops*—The Indians of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, used to sacrifice human blood and the hearts of men when they sowed their fields The people of Cañar (now Cuenca in Ecuador) used to sacrifice a hundred children annually at harvest The kings of Quito, the Incas of Peru, and for a long time the Spaniards were unable to suppress the bloody rite At a Mexican harvest-festival, when the first-fruits of the season were offered to the sun, a criminal was placed between two immense stones, balanced opposite each other, and was crushed by them as they fell together His remains were buried, and a feast and dance followed. This sacrifice was known

as "the meeting of the stones" We have seen that the ancient Mexicans also sacrificed human beings at all the various stages in the growth of the maize, the age of the victims corresponding to the age of the corn, for they sacrificed new-born babes at sowing, older children when the grain had sprouted, and so on till it was fully ripe, when they sacrificed old men No doubt the correspondence between the ages of the victims and the state of the corn was supposed to enhance the efficacy of the sacrifice.

The Pawnees annually sacrificed a human victim in spring when they sowed their fields The sacrifice was believed to have been enjoined on them by the Morning Star, or by a certain bird which the Morning Star had sent to them as its messenger The bird was stuffed and preserved as a powerful talisman. They thought that an omission of this sacrifice would be followed by the total failure of the crops of maize, beans, and pumpkins The victim was a captive of either sex He was clad in the gayest and most costly attire, was fattened on the choicest food, and carefully kept in ignorance of his doom When he was fat enough, they bound him to a cross in the presence of the multitude, danced a solemn dance, then cleft his head with a tomahawk and shot him with arrows According to one trader, the squaws then cut pieces of flesh from the victim's body, with which they greased their hoes, but this was denied by another trader who had been present at the ceremony Immediately after the sacrifice the people proceeded to plant their fields A particular account has been preserved of the sacrifice of a Sioux girl by the Pawnees in April 1837 or 1838 The girl was fourteen or fifteen years old and had been kept for six months and well treated Two days before the sacrifice she was led from wigwam to wigwam, accompanied by the whole council of chiefs and warriors At each lodge she received a small billet of wood and a little paint, which she handed to the warrior next to her In this way she called at every wigwam, receiving at each the same present of wood and paint On the twenty-second of April she was taken out to be sacrificed, attended by the warriors, each of whom carried two pieces of wood which he had received from her hands Her body having been painted half red and half black, she was attached to a sort of gibbet and roasted for some time over a slow fire, then shot to death with arrows The chief sacrificer next tore out her heart and devoured it While her flesh was still warm it was cut in small pieces from the bones, put in little baskets, and taken to a neighbouring corn-field There the head chief took a piece of the flesh from a basket and squeezed a drop of blood upon the newly-deposited grains of corn His example was followed by the rest, till all the seed had been sprinkled with the blood, it was then covered up with earth. According to one account the body of the victim was reduced to a kind of paste, which was rubbed or sprinkled not only on the maize but also on the potatoes, the beans, and other seeds to fertilise them. By this sacrifice they hoped to obtain plentiful crops.

A West African queen used to sacrifice a man and woman in the month of March. They were killed with spades and hoes, and their bodies buried in the middle of a field which had just been tilled. At Lagos in Guinea it was the custom annually to impale a young girl alive soon after the spring equinox in order to secure good crops. Along with her were sacrificed sheep and goats, which, with yams, heads of maize, and plantains, were hung on stakes on each side of her. The victims were bred up for the purpose in the king's seraglio, and their minds had been so powerfully wrought upon by the fetish men that they went cheerfully to their fate. A similar sacrifice used to be annually offered at Benin, in Guinea. The Marimos, a Bechuana tribe, sacrifice a human being for the crops. The victim chosen is generally a short, stout man. He is seized by violence or intoxicated and taken to the fields, where he is killed amongst the wheat to serve as "seed" (so they phrase it). After his blood has coagulated in the sun, it is burned along with the frontal bone, the flesh attached to it, and the brain, the ashes are then scattered over the ground to fertilise it. The rest of the body is eaten.

The Bagobos of Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands, offer a human sacrifice before they sow their rice. The victim is a slave, who is hewn to pieces in the forest. The natives of Bontoc in the interior of Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands, are passionate head-hunters. Their principal seasons for head-hunting are the times of planting and reaping the rice. In order that the crop may turn out well, every farm must get at least one human head at planting and one at sowing. The head-hunters go out in twos or threes, lie in wait for the victim, whether man or woman, cut off his or her head, hands, and feet, and bring them back in haste to the village, where they are received with great rejoicings. The skulls are at first exposed on the branches of two or three dead trees which stand in an open space of every village surrounded by large stones which serve as seats. The people then dance round them and feast and get drunk. When the flesh has decayed from the head, the man who cut it off takes it home and preserves it as a relic, while his companions do the same with the hands and the feet. Similar customs are observed by the Apoyaos, another tribe in the interior of Luzon.

Among the Lhota Naga, one of the many savage tribes who inhabit the deep rugged labyrinthine glens which wind into the mountains from the rich valley of Brahmapootra, it used to be a common custom to chop off the heads, hands, and feet of people they met with, and then to stick up the severed extremities in their fields to ensure a good crop of grain. They bore no ill-will whatever to the persons upon whom they operated in this unceremonious fashion. Once they flayed a boy alive, carved him in pieces, and distributed the flesh among all the villagers, who put it into their corn-bins to avert bad luck and ensure plentiful crops of grain. The Gonds of India, a Dravidian race, kidnapped Brahman boys, and kept them as victims to be sacrificed on various occasions. At sowing and reaping, after a triumphal

procession, one of the lads was slain by being punctured with a poisoned arrow. His blood was then sprinkled over the ploughed field or the ripe crop, and his flesh was devoured. The Oraons or Uraons of Chota Nagpur worship a goddess called Anna Kuari, who can give good crops and make a man rich, but to induce her to do so it is necessary to offer human sacrifices. In spite of the vigilance of the British Government these sacrifices are said to be still secretly perpetrated. The victims are poor waifs and strays whose disappearance attracts no notice. April and May are the months when the catchpoles are out on the prowl. At that time strangers will not go about the country alone, and parents will not let their children enter the jungle or herd the cattle. When a catchpole has found a victim, he cuts his throat and carries away the upper part of the ring finger and the nose. The goddess takes up her abode in the house of any man who has offered her a sacrifice, and from that time his fields yield a double harvest. The form she assumes in the house is that of a small child. When the householder brings in his unhusked rice, he takes the goddess and rolls her over the heap to double its size. But she soon grows restless and can only be pacified with the blood of fresh human victims.

But the best known case of human sacrifices, systematically offered to ensure good crops, is supplied by the Khonds or Kandhs, another Dravidian race in Bengal. Our knowledge of them is derived from the accounts written by British officers who, about the middle of the nineteenth century, were engaged in putting them down. The sacrifices were offered to the Earth Goddess, Tari Pennu or Bera Pennu, and were believed to ensure good crops and immunity from all disease and accidents. In particular, they were considered necessary in the cultivation of turmeric, the Khonds arguing that the turmeric could not have a deep red colour without the shedding of blood. The victim or Meriah, as he was called, was acceptable to the goddess only if he had been purchased, or had been born a victim—that is, the son of a victim father, or had been devoted as a child by his father or guardian. Khonds in distress often sold their children for victims, “considering the beatification of their souls certain, and their death, for the benefit of mankind, the most honourable possible.” A man of the Panua tribe was once seen to load a Khond with curses, and finally to spit in his face, because the Khond had sold for a victim his own child, whom the Panua had wished to marry. A party of Khonds, who saw this, immediately pressed forward to comfort the seller of his child, saying, “Your child has died that all the world may live, and the Earth Goddess herself will wipe that spittle from your face.” The victims were often kept for years before they were sacrificed. Being regarded as consecrated beings, they were treated with extreme affection, mingled with deference, and were welcomed wherever they went. A Meriah youth, on attaining maturity, was generally given a wife, who was herself usually a Meriah or victim; and with her he received a portion of land and farm-stock. Their offspring were

also victims. Human sacrifices were offered to the Earth Goddess by tribes, branches of tribes, or villages, both at periodical festivals and on extraordinary occasions. The periodical sacrifices were generally so arranged by tribes and divisions of tribes that each head of a family was enabled, at least once a year, to procure a shred of flesh for his fields, generally about the time when his chief crop was laid down.

The mode of performing these tribal sacrifices was as follows. Ten or twelve days before the sacrifice, the victim was devoted by cutting off his hair, which, until then, had been kept unshorn. Crowds of men and women assembled to witness the sacrifice, none might be excluded, since the sacrifice was declared to be for all mankind. It was preceded by several days of wild revelry and gross debauchery. On the day before the sacrifice the victim, dressed in a new garment, was led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing, to the Meriah grove, a clump of high forest trees standing a little way from the village and untouched by the axe. There they tied him to a post, which was sometimes placed between two plants of the *sankissar* shrub. He was then anointed with oil, ghee, and turmeric, and adorned with flowers, and "a species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration," was paid to him throughout the day. A great struggle now arose to obtain the smallest relic from his person; a particle of the turmeric paste with which he was smeared, or a drop of his spittle, was esteemed of sovereign virtue, especially by the women. The crowd danced round the post to music, and, addressing the earth, said, "O God, we offer this sacrifice to you, give us good crops, seasons, and health"; then speaking to the victim they said, "We bought you with a price, and did not seize you; now we sacrifice you according to custom, and no sin rests with us."

On the last morning the orgies, which had been scarcely interrupted during the night, were resumed, and continued till noon, when they ceased, and the assembly proceeded to consummate the sacrifice. The victim was again anointed with oil, and each person touched the anointed part, and wiped the oil on his own head. In some places they took the victim in procession round the village, from door to door, where some plucked hair from his head, and others begged for a drop of his spittle, with which they anointed their heads. As the victim might not be bound nor make any show of resistance, the bones of his arms and, if necessary, his legs were broken; but often this precaution was rendered unnecessary by stupefying him with opium. The mode of putting him to death varied in different places. One of the commonest modes seems to have been strangulation, or squeezing to death. The branch of a green tree was cleft several feet down the middle, the victim's neck (in other places, his chest) was inserted in the cleft, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strove with all his force to close. Then he wounded the victim slightly with his axe, whereupon the crowd rushed at the wretch and hewed the flesh from the bones, leaving the head and bowels untouched. Sometimes

he was cut up alive In Chinna Kumedya he was dragged along the fields, surrounded by the crowd, who, avoiding his head and intestines, hacked the flesh from his body with their knives till he died. Another very common mode of sacrifice in the same district was to fasten the victim to the proboscis of a wooden elephant, which revolved on a stout post, and, as it whirled round, the crowd cut the flesh from the victim while life remained In some villages Major Campbell found as many as fourteen of these wooden elephants, which had been used at sacrifices In one district the victim was put to death slowly by fire A low stage was formed, sloping on either side like a roof, upon it they laid the victim, his limbs wound round with cords to confine his struggles Fires were then lighted and hot brands applied, to make him roll up and down the slopes of the stage as long as possible, for the more tears he shed the more abundant would be the supply of rain Next day the body was cut to pieces

The flesh cut from the victim was instantly taken home by the persons who had been deputed by each village to bring it. To secure its rapid arrival, it was sometimes forwarded by relays of men, and conveyed with postal fleetness fifty or sixty miles In each village all who stayed at home fasted rigidly until the flesh arrived The bearer deposited it in the place of public assembly, where it was received by the priest and the heads of families. The priest divided it into two portions, one of which he offered to the Earth Goddess by burying it in a hole in the ground with his back turned, and without looking Then each man added a little earth to bury it, and the priest poured water on the spot from a hilly gourd The other portion of flesh he divided into as many shares as there were heads of houses present Each head of a house rolled his shred of flesh in leaves, and burned it in his favourite field, placing it in the earth behind his back without looking In some places each man carried his portion of flesh to the stream which watered his fields, and there hung it on a pole For three days thereafter no house was swept, and, in one district, strict silence was observed, no fire might be given out, no wood cut, and no strangers received The remains of the human victim (namely, the head, bowels, and bones) were watched by strong parties the night after the sacrifice; and next morning they were burned, along with a whole sheep, on a funeral pile The ashes were scattered over the fields, laid as paste over the houses and granaries, or mixed with the new corn to preserve it from insects Sometimes, however, the head and bones were burned, not burnt After the suppression of the human sacrifices, inferior victims were substituted in some places, for instance, in the capital of Chinna Kumedya a goat took the place of a human victim Others sacrifice a buffalo They tie it to a wooden post in a sacred grove, dance wildly round it with brandished knives, then, falling on the living animal, hack it to shreds and tatters in a few minutes, fighting and struggling with each other for every particle of flesh. As soon as a man has secured a piece he makes off with it at full speed to bury it in his fields, according to

ancient custom, before the sun has set, and as some of them have far to go they must run very fast. All the women throw clods of earth at the rapidly retreating figures of the men, some of them taking very good aim. Soon the sacred grove, so lately a scene of tumult, is silent and deserted except for a few people who remain to guard all that is left of the buffalo, to wit, the head, the bones, and the stomach, which are burned with ceremony at the foot of the stake.

In these Khond sacrifices the Meriahs are represented by our authorities as victims offered to propitiate the Earth Goddess. But from the treatment of the victims both before and after death it appears that the custom cannot be explained as merely a propitiatory sacrifice. A part of the flesh certainly was offered to the Earth Goddess, but the rest was buried by each householder in his fields, and the ashes of the other parts of the body were scattered over the fields, laid as paste on the granaries, or mixed with the new corn. These latter customs imply that to the body of the Meriah there was ascribed a direct or intrinsic power of making the crops to grow, quite independent of the indirect efficacy which it might have as an offering to secure the good-will of the deity. In other words, the flesh and ashes of the victim were believed to be endowed with a magical or physical power of fertilising the land. The same intrinsic power was ascribed to the blood and tears of the Meriah, his blood causing the redness of the turmeric and his tears producing rain, for it can hardly be doubted that, originally at least, the tears were supposed to bring down the rain, not merely to prognosticate it. Similarly the custom of pouring water on the buried flesh of the Meriah was no doubt a rain-charm. Again, magical power as an attribute of the Meriah appears in the sovereign virtue believed to reside in anything that came from his person, as his hair or spittle. The ascription of such power to the Meriah indicates that he was much more than a mere man sacrificed to propitiate a deity. Once more, the extreme reverence paid him points to the same conclusion. Major Campbell speaks of the Meriah as "being regarded as something more than mortal," and Major Macpherson says, "A species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration, is paid to him." In short, the Meriah seems to have been regarded as divine. As such, he may originally have represented the Earth Goddess or, perhaps, a deity of vegetation; though in later times he came to be regarded rather as a victim offered to a deity than as himself an incarnate god. This later view of the Meriah as a victim rather than a divinity may perhaps have received undue emphasis from the European writers who have described the Khond religion. Habituated to the later idea of sacrifice as an offering made to a god for the purpose of conciliating his favour, European observers are apt to interpret all religious slaughter in this sense, and to suppose that wherever such slaughter takes place, there must necessarily be a deity to whom the carnage is believed by the slayers to be acceptable. Thus their preconceived ideas may unconsciously colour and warp their descriptions of savage rites.

The same custom of killing the representative of a god, of which strong traces appear in the Khond sacrifices, may perhaps be detected in some of the other human sacrifices described above. Thus the ashes of the slaughtered Marimo were scattered over the fields, the blood of the Brahman lad was put on the crop and field, the flesh of the slain Naga was stowed in the corn-bin, and the blood of the Sioux girl was allowed to trickle on the seed. Again, the identification of the victim with the corn, in other words, the view that he is an embodiment or spirit of the corn, is brought out in the pains which seem to be taken to secure a physical correspondence between him and the natural object which he embodies or represents. Thus the Mexicans killed young victims for the young corn and old ones for the ripe corn, the Marimos sacrifice, as "seed," a short, fat man, the shortness of his stature corresponding to that of the young corn, his fatness to the condition which it is desired that the crops may attain; and the Pawnees fattened their victims probably with the same view. Again, the identification of the victim with the corn comes out in the African custom of killing him with spades and hoes, and the Mexican custom of grinding him, like corn, between two stones.

One more point in these savage customs deserves to be noted. The Pawnee chief devoured the heart of the Sioux girl, and the Marimos and Gonds ate the victim's flesh. If, as we suppose, the victim was regarded as divine, it follows that in eating his flesh his worshippers believed themselves to be partaking of the body of their god.

§ 4 *The Corn-spirit slain in his Human Representatives*—The barbarous rites just described offer analogies to the harvest customs of Europe. Thus the fertilising virtue ascribed to the corn-spirit is shown equally in the savage custom of mixing the victim's blood or ashes with the seed-corn and the European custom of mixing the grain from the last sheaf with the young corn in spring. Again, the identification of the person with the corn appears alike in the savage custom of adapting the age and stature of the victim to the age and stature, whether actual or expected, of the crop, in the Scotch and Styrian rules that when the corn-spirit is conceived as the Maiden the last corn shall be cut by a young maiden, but when it is conceived as the Corn-mother it shall be cut by an old woman, in the warning given to old women in Lorraine to save themselves when the Old Woman is being killed, that is, when the last corn is being threshed, and in the Tyrolese expectation that if the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is tall, the next year's corn will be tall also. Further, the same identification is implied in the savage custom of killing the representative of the corn-spirit with hoes or spades or by grinding him between stones, and in the European custom of pretending to kill him with the scythe or the flail. Once more the Khond custom of pouring water on the buried flesh of the victim is parallel to the European customs of pouring water on the personal representative of the corn-spirit or plunging him into a stream. Both the Khond and the European customs are rain-charms.

To return now to the Lityerses story. It has been shown that in rude society human beings have been commonly killed to promote the growth of the crops. There is therefore no improbability in the supposition that they may once have been killed for a like purpose in Phrygia and Europe, and when Phrygian legend and European folk-custom, closely agreeing with each other, point to the conclusion that men were so slain, we are bound, provisionally at least, to accept the conclusion. Further, both the Lityerses story and European harvest-customs agree in indicating that the victim was put to death as a representative of the corn-spirit, and this indication is in harmony with the view which some savages appear to take of the victim slain to make the crops flourish. On the whole, then, we may fairly suppose that both in Phrygia and in Europe the representative of the corn-spirit was annually killed upon the harvest-field. Grounds have been already shown for believing that similarly in Europe the representative of the tree-spirit was annually slain. The proofs of these two remarkable and closely analogous customs are entirely independent of each other. Their coincidence seems to furnish fresh presumption in favour of both.

To the question, How was the representative of the corn-spirit chosen? one answer has been already given. Both the Lityerses story and European folk-custom show that passing strangers were regarded as manifestations of the corn-spirit escaping from the cut or threshed corn, and as such were seized and slain. But this is not the only answer which the evidence suggests. According to the Phrygian legend the victims of Lityerses were not simply passing strangers, but persons whom he had vanquished in a reaping contest and afterwards wrapt up in corn-sheaves and beheaded. This suggests that the representative of the corn-spirit may have been selected by means of a competition on the harvest-field, in which the vanquished competitor was compelled to accept the fatal honour. The supposition is countenanced by European harvest-customs. We have seen that in Europe there is sometimes a contest amongst the reapers to avoid being last, and that the person who is vanquished in this competition, that is, who cuts the last corn, is often roughly handled. It is true we have not found that a pretence is made of killing him; but on the other hand we have found that a pretence is made of killing the man who gives the last stroke at threshing, that is, who is vanquished in the threshing contest. Now, since it is in the character of representative of the corn-spirit that the thresher of the last corn is slain in mimicry, and since the same representative character attaches (as we have seen) to the cutter and binder as well as to the thresher of the last corn, and since the same repugnance is evinced by harvesters to be last in any one of these labours, we may conjecture that a pretence has been commonly made of killing the reaper and binder as well as the thresher of the last corn, and that in ancient times this killing was actually carried out. This conjecture is corroborated by the common superstition that whoever cuts the last corn must

die soon. Sometimes it is thought that the person who binds the last sheaf on the field will die in the course of next year. The reason for fixing on the reaper, binder, or thrasher of the last corn as the representative of the corn-spirit may be this. The corn-spirit is supposed to lurk as long as he can in the corn, retreating before the reapers, the binders, and the threshers at their work. But when he is forcibly expelled from his refuge in the last corn cut or the last sheaf bound or the last grain threshed, he necessarily assumes some other form than that of the corn-stalks, which had hitherto been his garment or body. And what form can the expelled corn-spirit assume more naturally than that of the person who stands nearest to the corn from which he (the corn-spirit) has just been expelled? But the person in question is necessarily the reaper, binder, or thrasher of the last corn. He or she, therefore, is seized and treated as the corn-spirit himself.

Thus the person who was killed on the harvest-field as the representative of the corn-spirit may have been either a passing stranger or the harvester who was last at reaping, binding, or threshing. But there is a third possibility, to which ancient legend and modern folk-custom alike point. Lityerses not only put strangers to death, he was himself slain, and apparently in the same way as he had slain others, namely, by being wrapt in a corn-sheaf, beheaded, and cast into the river; and it is implied that this happened to Lityerses on his own land. Similarly in modern harvest-customs the pretence of killing appears to be carried out quite as often on the person of the master (farmer or squire) as on that of strangers. Now when we remember that Lityerses was said to have been a son of the King of Phrygia, and that in one account he is himself called a king, and when we combine with this the tradition that he was put to death, apparently as a representative of the corn-spirit, we are led to conjecture that we have here another trace of the custom of annually slaying one of those divine or priestly kings who are known to have held ghostly sway in many parts of Western Asia and particularly in Phrygia. The custom appears, as we have seen, to have been so far modified in places that the king's son was slain in the king's stead. Of the custom thus modified the story of Lityerses would be, in one version at least, a reminiscence.

Turning now to the relation of the Phrygian Lityerses to the Phrygian Attis, it may be remembered that at Pessinus—the seat of a priestly kingship—the high-priest appears to have been annually slain in the character of Attis, a god of vegetation, and that Attis was described by an ancient authority as “a reaped ear of corn.” Thus Attis, as an embodiment of the corn-spirit, annually slain in the person of his representative, might be thought to be ultimately identical with Lityerses, the latter being simply the rustic prototype out of which the state religion of Attis was developed. It may have been so; but, on the other hand, the analogy of European folk-custom warns us that amongst the same people two distinct deities

of vegetation may have their separate personal representatives, both of whom are slain in the character of gods at different times of the year. For in Europe, as we have seen, it appears that one man was commonly slain in the character of the tree-spirit in spring, and another in the character of the corn-spirit in autumn. It may have been so in Phrygia also. Attis was especially a tree-god, and his connexion with corn may have been only such an extension of the power of a tree-spirit as is indicated in customs like the Harvest-May. Again, the representative of Attis appears to have been slain in spring, whereas Lityerses must have been slain in summer or autumn, according to the time of the harvest in Phrygia. On the whole, then, while we are not justified in regarding Lityerses as the prototype of Attis, the two may be regarded as parallel products of the same religious idea, and may have stood to each other as in Europe the Old Man of harvest stands to the Wild Man, the Leaf Man, and so forth, of spring. Both were spirits or deities of vegetation, and the personal representatives of both were annually slain. But whereas the Attis worship became elevated into the dignity of a state religion and spread to Italy, the rites of Lityerses seem never to have passed the limits of their native Phrygia, and always retained their character of rustic ceremonies performed by peasants on the harvest-field. At most a few villages may have clubbed together, as amongst the Khonds, to procure a human victim to be slain as representative of the corn-spirit for their common benefit. Such victims may have been drawn from the families of priestly kings or kinglets, which would account for the legendary character of Lityerses as the son of a Phrygian king or as himself a king. When villages did not so club together, each village or farm may have procured its own representative of the corn-spirit by dooming to death either a passing stranger or the harvester who cut, bound, or threshed the last sheaf. Perhaps in the olden time the practice of head-hunting as a means of promoting the growth of the corn may have been as common among the rude inhabitants of Europe and Western Asia as it still is, or was till lately, among the primitive agricultural tribes of Assam, Burma, the Philippine Islands, and the Indian Archipelago. It is hardly necessary to add that in Phrygia, as in Europe, the old barbarous custom of killing a man on the harvest-field or the threshing-floor had doubtless passed into a mere pretence long before the classical era, and was probably regarded by the reapers and threshers themselves as no more than a rough jest which the license of a harvest-home permitted them to play off on a passing stranger, a comrade, or even on their master himself.

I have dwelt on the Lityerses song at length because it affords so many points of comparison with European and savage folk-custom. The other harvest songs of Western Asia and Egypt, to which attention has been called above, may now be dismissed much more briefly. The similarity of the Bithynian Bormus to the Phrygian Lityerses helps to bear out the interpretation which has been given of the latter.

Bormus, whose death or rather disappearance was annually mourned by the reapers in a plaintive song, was, like Lityerses, a king's son or at least the son of a wealthy and distinguished man. The reapers whom he watched were at work on his own fields, and he disappeared in going to fetch water for them, according to one version of the story he was carried off by the nymphs, doubtless the nymphs of the spring or pool or river whither he went to draw water. Viewed in the light of the Lityerses story and of European folk-custom, this disappearance of Bormus may be a reminiscence of the custom of binding the farmer himself in a corn-sheaf and throwing him into the water. The mournful strain which the reapers sang was probably a lamentation over the death of the corn-spirit, slain either in the cut corn or in the person of a human representative, and the call which they addressed to him may have been a prayer that he might return in fresh vigour next year.

The Phœnician Linus song was sung at the vintage, at least in the west of Asia Minor, as we learn from Homer, and this, combined with the legend of Syleus, suggests that in ancient times passing strangers were handled by vintagers and vine-diggers in much the same way as they are said to have been handled by the reaper Lityerses. The Lydian Syleus, so ran the legend, compelled passers-by to dig for him in his vineyard, till Hercules came and killed him and dug up his vines by the roots. This seems to be the outline of a legend like that of Lityerses, but neither ancient writers nor modern folk-custom enable us to fill in the details. But, further, the Linus song was probably sung also by Phœnician reapers, for Herodotus compares it to the Maneros song, which, as we have seen, was a lament raised by Egyptian reapers over the cut corn. Further, Linus was identified with Adonis, and Adonis has some claims to be regarded as especially a corn-deity. Thus the Linus lament, as sung at harvest, would be identical with the Adonis lament, each would be the lamentation raised by reapers over the dead spirit of the corn. But whereas Adonis, like Attis, grew into a stately figure of mythology, adored and mourned in splendid cities far beyond the limits of his Phœnician home, Linus appears to have remained a simple ditty sung by reapers and vintagers among the corn-sheaves and the vines. The analogy of Lityerses and of folk-custom, both European and savage, suggests that in Phœnicia the slain corn-spirit—the dead Adonis—may formerly have been represented by a human victim, and this suggestion is possibly supported by the Harran legend that Tammuz (Adonis) was slain by his cruel lord, who ground his bones in a mill and scattered them to the wind. For in Mexico, as we have seen, the human victim at harvest was crushed between two stones, and both in Africa and India the ashes or other remains of the victim were scattered over the fields. But the Harran legend may be only a mythical way of expressing the grinding of corn in the mill and the scattering of the seed. It seems worth suggesting that the mock king who was annually killed at the Babylonian festival of the Sacae

on the sixteenth day of the month Lous may have represented Tammuz himself. For the historian Berosus, who records the festival and its date, probably used the Macedonian calendar, since he dedicated his history to Antiochus Soter, and in his day the Macedonian month Lous appears to have corresponded to the Babylonian month Tammuz. If this conjecture is right, the view that the mock king at the Sacaea was slain in the character of a god would be established.

There is a good deal more evidence that in Egypt the slain corn-spirit—the dead Osiris—was represented by a human victim, whom the reapers slew on the harvest-field, mourning his death in a dirge, to which the Greeks, through a verbal misunderstanding, gave the name of *Maneros*. For the legend of *Busiris* seems to preserve a reminiscence of human sacrifices once offered by the Egyptians in connexion with the worship of Osiris. *Busiris* was said to have been an Egyptian king who sacrificed all strangers on the altar of Zeus. The origin of the custom was traced to a dearth which afflicted the land of Egypt for nine years. A Cyprian seer informed *Busiris* that the dearth would cease if a man were annually sacrificed to Zeus. So *Busiris* instituted the sacrifice. But when *Hercules* came to Egypt, and was being dragged to the altar to be sacrificed, he burst his bonds and slew *Busiris* and his son. Here then is a legend that in Egypt a human victim was annually sacrificed to prevent the failure of the crops, and a belief is implied that an omission of the sacrifice would have entailed a recurrence of that infertility which it was the object of the sacrifice to prevent. So the Pawnees, as we have seen, believed that an omission of the human sacrifice at planting would have been followed by a total failure of their crops. The name *Busiris* was in reality the name of a city, *pe-Asar*, “the house of Osiris,” the city being so called because it contained the grave of Osiris. Indeed some high modern authorities believe that *Busiris* was the original home of Osiris, from which his worship spread to other parts of Egypt. The human sacrifices were said to have been offered at his grave, and the victims were red-haired men, whose ashes were scattered abroad by means of winnowing-fans. This tradition of human sacrifices offered at the tomb of Osiris is confirmed by the evidence of the monuments.

In the light of the foregoing discussion the Egyptian tradition of *Busiris* admits of a consistent and fairly probable explanation. *Osiris*, the corn-spirit, was annually represented at harvest by a stranger, whose red hair made him a suitable representative of the ripe corn. This man, in his representative character, was slain on the harvest-field, and mourned by the reapers, who prayed at the same time that the corn-spirit might revive and return (*mââ-ne-rha*, *Maneros*) with renewed vigour in the following year. Finally, the victim, or some part of him, was burned, and the ashes scattered by winnowing-fans over the fields to fertilise them. Here the choice of the victim on the ground of his resemblance to the corn which he was to represent agrees with the Mexican and African customs already described. Similarly the woman who died in the character of the Corn-mother at the Mexican

midsummer sacrifice had her face painted red and yellow in token of the colours of the corn, and she wore a pasteboard mitre surmounted by waving plumes in imitation of the tassel of the maize. On the other hand, at the festival of the Goddess of the White Maize the Mexicans sacrificed lepers. The Romans sacrificed red-haired puppies in spring to avert the supposed blighting influence of the Dog-star, believing that the crops would thus grow ripe and ruddy. The heathen of Harran offered to the sun, moon, and planets human victims who were chosen on the ground of their supposed resemblance to the heavenly bodies to which they were sacrificed, for example, the priests, clothed in red and smeared with blood, offered a red-haired, red-cheeked man to "the red planet Mars" in a temple which was painted red and draped with red hangings. These and the like cases of assimilating the victim to the god, or to the natural phenomenon which he represents, are based ultimately on the principle of homoeopathic or imitative magic, the notion being that the object aimed at will be most readily attained by means of a sacrifice which resembles the effect that it is designed to bring about.

The story that the fragments of Osiris's body were scattered up and down the land, and buried by Isis on the spots where they lay, may very well be a reminiscence of a custom, like that observed by the Khonds, of dividing the human victim in pieces and burying the pieces, often at intervals of many miles from each other, in the fields.

Thus, if I am right, the key to the mysteries of Osiris is furnished by the melancholy cry of the Egyptian reapers, which down to Roman times could be heard year after year sounding across the fields, announcing the death of the corn-spirit, the rustic prototype of Osiris. Similar cries, as we have seen, were also heard on all the harvest-fields of Western Asia. By the ancients they are spoken of as songs, but to judge from the analysis of the names *Linus* and *Maneros*, they probably consisted only of a few words uttered in a prolonged musical note which could be heard at a great distance. Such sonorous and long-drawn cries, raised by a number of strong voices in concert, must have had a striking effect, and could hardly fail to arrest the attention of any wayfarer who happened to be within hearing. The sounds, repeated again and again, could probably be distinguished with tolerable ease even at a distance, but to a Greek traveller in Asia or Egypt the foreign words would commonly convey no meaning, and he might take them, not unnaturally, for the name of some one (*Maneros*, *Linus*, *Lityerses*, *Bormus*) upon whom the reapers were calling. And if his journey led him through more countries than one, as *Bithynia* and *Phrygia*, or *Phoenicia* and *Egypt*, while the corn was being reaped, he would have an opportunity of comparing the various harvest cries of the different peoples. Thus we can readily understand why these harvest cries were so often noted and compared with each other by the Greeks. Whereas, if they had been regular songs, they could not have been heard at such distances, and therefore could not have attracted the attention of so many travellers, and, moreover, even if

the wayfarer were within hearing of them, he could not so easily have picked out the words.

Down to recent times Devonshire reapers uttered cries of the same sort, and performed on the field a ceremony exactly analogous to that in which, if I am not mistaken, the rites of Osiris originated. The cry and the ceremony are thus described by an observer who wrote in the first half of the nineteenth century: "After the wheat is all cut, on most farms in the north of Devon, the harvest people have a custom of 'crying the neck.' I believe that this practice is seldom omitted on any large farm in that part of the country. It is done in this way. An old man, or some one else well acquainted with the ceremonies used on the occasion (when the labourers are reaping the last field of wheat), goes round to the shocks and sheaves, and picks out a little bundle of all the best ears he can find, this bundle he ties up very neat and trim, and plait and arranges the straws very tastefully. This is called 'the neck' of wheat, or wheaten-ears. After the field is cut out, and the pitcher once more circulated, the reapers, binders, and the women stand round in a circle. The person with 'the neck' stands in the centre, grasping it with both his hands. He first stoops and holds it near the ground, and all the men forming the ring take off their hats, stooping and holding them with both hands towards the ground. They then all begin at once in a very prolonged and harmonious tone to cry 'The neck!' at the same time slowly raising themselves upright, and elevating their arms and hats above their heads, the person with 'the neck' also raising it on high. This is done three times. They then change their cry to 'Wee yen!'—'Way yen!'—which they sound in the same prolonged and slow manner as before, with singular harmony and effect, three times. This last cry is accompanied by the same movements of the body and arms as in crying 'the neck' . . . After having thus repeated 'the neck' three times, and 'wee yen' or 'way yen' as often, they all burst out into a kind of loud and joyous laugh, flinging up their hats and caps into the air, capering about and perhaps kissing the girls. One of them then gets 'the neck' and runs as hard as he can down to the farmhouse, where the dairymaid, or one of the young female domestics, stands at the door prepared with a pail of water. If he who holds 'the neck' can manage to get into the house, in any way unseen, or openly, by any other way than the door at which the girl stands with the pail of water, then he may lawfully kiss her, but, if otherwise, he is regularly soused with the contents of the bucket. On a fine still autumn evening the 'crying of the neck' has a wonderful effect at a distance, far finer than that of the Turkish muezzin, which Lord Byron eulogises so much, and which he says is preferable to all the bells in Christendom. I have once or twice heard upwards of twenty men cry it, and sometimes joined by an equal number of female voices. About three years back, on some high grounds, where our people were harvesting, I heard six or seven 'necks' cried in one night, although I know that some of them were four miles off. They are heard through the quiet evening air at a

considerable distance sometimes." Again, Mrs. Bray tells how, travelling in Devonshire, "she saw a party of reapers standing in a circle on a rising ground, holding their sickles aloft. One in the middle held up some ears of corn tied together with flowers, and the party shouted three times (what she writes as) 'Arnack, arnack, arnack, we haven, we haven, we haven.' They went home, accompanied by women and children carrying boughs of flowers, shouting and singing. The manservant who attended Mrs. Bray said 'it was only the people making their games, as they always did, *to the spirit of harvest*'" Here, as Miss Burne remarks, "'arnack, we haven!' is obviously in the Devon dialect, 'a neck (or nack) ! we have un !'"

Another account of this old custom, written at Truro in 1839, runs thus "Now, when all the corn was cut at Heligan, the farming men and maidens come in front of the house, and bring with them a small sheaf of corn, the last that has been cut, and this is adorned with ribbons and flowers, and one part is tied quite tight, so as to look like a neck. Then they cry out 'Our (my) side, my side,' as loud as they can, then the dairymaid gives the neck to the head farming-man. He takes it, and says, very loudly three times, 'I have him, I have him, I have him.' Then another farming-man shouts very loudly, 'What have ye? what have ye? what have ye?' Then the first says, 'A neck, a neck, a neck.' And when he has said this, all the people make a very great shouting. Thus they do three times, and after one famous shout go away and eat supper, and dance, and sing songs." According to another account, "all went out to the field when the last corn was cut, the 'neck' was tied with ribbons and plaited, and they danced round it, and carried it to the great kitchen, where by-and-by the supper was. The words were as given in the previous account, and 'Hip, hip, hack, heck, I have 'ee, I have 'ee, I have 'ee.' It was hung up in the hall." Another account relates that one of the men rushed from the field with the last sheaf, while the rest pursued him with vessels of water, which they tried to throw over the sheaf before it could be brought into the barn.

In the foregoing customs a particular bunch of ears, generally the last left standing, is conceived as the neck of the corn-spirit, who is consequently beheaded when the bunch is cut down. Similarly in Shropshire the name "neck," or "the gander's neck," used to be commonly given to the last handful of ears left standing in the middle of the field when all the rest of the corn was cut. It was plaited together, and the reapers, standing ten or twenty paces off, threw their sickles at it. Whoever cut it through was said to have cut off the gander's neck. The "neck" was taken to the farmer's wife, who was supposed to keep it in the house for good luck till the next harvest came round. Near Trèves, the man who reaps the last standing corn "cuts the goat's neck off." At Faslane, on the Gareloch (Dumbartonshire), the last handful of standing corn was sometimes called the "head." At Aurich, in East Friesland, the man who reaps the last corn "cuts the hare's tail off." In mowing down the last corner of a

field French reapers sometimes call out, "We have the cat by the tail" In Bresse (Bourgogne) the last sheaf represented the fox. Beside it a score of ears were left standing to form the tail, and each reaper, going back some paces, threw his sickle at it. He who succeeded in severing it "cut off the fox's tail," and a cry of "*You cou cou!*" was raised in his honour. These examples leave no room to doubt the meaning of the Devonshire and Cornish expression "the neck," as applied to the last sheaf. The corn-spirit is conceived in human or animal form, and the last standing corn is part of its body—its neck, its head, or its tail. Sometimes, as we have seen, the last corn is regarded as the navel-string. Lastly, the Devonshire custom of drenching with water the person who brings in "the neck" is a rain-charm, such as we have had many examples of. Its parallel in the mysteries of Osiris was the custom of pouring water on the image of Osiris or on the person who represented him.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE CORN-SPIRIT AS AN ANIMAL

§ 1. *Animal Embodiments of the Corn-spirit*.—In some of the examples which I have cited to establish the meaning of the term "neck" as applied to the last sheaf, the corn-spirit appears in animal form as a gander, a goat, a hare, a cat, and a fox. This introduces us to a new aspect of the corn-spirit, which we must now examine. By doing so we shall not only have fresh examples of killing the god, but may hope also to clear up some points which remain obscure in the myths and worship of Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Dionysus, Demeter, and Virbius.

Amongst the many animals whose forms the corn-spirit is supposed to take are the wolf, dog, hare, fox, cock, goose, quail, cat, goat, cow (ox, bull), pig, and horse. In one or other of these shapes the corn-spirit is often believed to be present in the corn, and to be caught or killed in the last sheaf. As the corn is being cut the animal flees before the reapers, and if a reaper is taken ill on the field, he is supposed to have stumbled unwittingly on the corn-spirit, who has thus punished the profane intruder. It is said "The Rye-wolf has got hold of him," "The Harvest-goat has given him a push." The person who cuts the last corn or binds the last sheaf gets the name of the animal, as the Rye-wolf, the Rye-sow, the Oats-goat, and so forth, and retains the name sometimes for a year. Also the animal is frequently represented by a puppet made out of the last sheaf or of wood, flowers, and so on, which is carried home amid rejoicings on the last harvest-waggon. Even where the last sheaf is not made up in animal shape, it is often called the Rye-wolf, the Hare, Goat, and so forth. Generally each kind of crop is supposed to have its special animal, which is caught in the last sheaf, and called the Rye-wolf,

the Barley-wolf, the Oats-wolf, the Pea-wolf, or the Potato-wolf, according to the crop, but sometimes the figure of the animal is only made up once for all at getting in the last crop of the whole harvest. Sometimes the creature is believed to be killed by the last stroke of the sickle or scythe. But oftener it is thought to live so long as there is corn still unthreshed, and to be caught in the last sheaf threshed. Hence the man who gives the last stroke with the flail is told that he has got the Corn-sow, the Threshing-dog, or the like. When the threshing is finished, a puppet is made in the form of the animal, and this is carried by the thresher of the last sheaf to a neighbouring farm, where the threshing is still going on. This again shows that the corn-spirit is believed to live wherever the corn is still being threshed. Sometimes the thresher of the last sheaf himself represents the animal, and if the people of the next farm, who are still threshing, catch him, they treat him like the animal he represents, by shutting him up in the pig-sty, calling him with the cries commonly addressed to pigs, and so forth. These general statements will now be illustrated by examples.

§ 2 *The Corn-spirit as a Wolf or a Dog* —We begin with the corn-spirit conceived as a wolf or a dog. This conception is common in France, Germany, and Slavonic countries. Thus, when the wind sets the corn in wave-like motion the peasants often say, "The Wolf is going over, or through, the corn," "The Rye-wolf is rushing over the field," "The Wolf is in the corn," "The mad Dog is in the corn," "The big Dog is there." When children wish to go into the corn-fields to pluck ears or gather the blue corn-flowers, they are warned not to do so, for "The big Dog sits in the corn," or "The Wolf sits in the corn, and will tear you in pieces," "The Wolf will eat you." The wolf against whom the children are warned is not a common wolf, for he is often spoken of as the Corn-wolf, Rye-wolf, or the like, thus they say, "The Rye-wolf will come and eat you up, children," "The Rye-wolf will carry you off," and so forth. Still he has all the outward appearance of a wolf. For in the neighbourhood of Feilenhof (East Prussia), when a wolf was seen running through a field, the peasants used to watch whether he carried his tail in the air or dragged it on the ground. If he dragged it on the ground, they went after him, and thanked him for bringing them a blessing, and even set tit-bits before him. But if he carried his tail high, they cursed him and tried to kill him. Here the wolf is the corn-spirit whose fertilising power is in his tail.

Both dog and wolf appear as embodiments of the corn-spirit in harvest-customs. Thus in some parts of Silesia the person who cuts or binds the last sheaf is called the Wheat-dog or the Peas-pug. But it is in the harvest-customs of the north-east of France that the idea of the Corn-dog comes out most clearly. Thus when a harvester, through sickness, weariness, or laziness, cannot or will not keep up with the reaper in front of him, they say, "The White Dog passed near him," "He has the White Bitch," or "The White Bitch has

bitten him " In the Vosges the Harvest-May is called the " Dog of the harvest," and the person who cuts the last handful of hay or wheat is said to " kill the Dog " About Lons-le-Saulnier, in the Jura, the last sheaf is called the Bitch In the neighbourhood of Verdun the regular expression for finishing the reaping is, " They are going to kill the Dog ", and at Epinal they say, according to the crop, " We will kill the Wheat-dog, or the Rye-dog, or the Potato-dog " In Lorraine it is said of the man who cuts the last corn, " He is killing the Dog of the harvest " At Dux, in the Tyrol, the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is said to " strike down the Dog "; and at Ahnebergen, near Stade, he is called, according to the crop, Corn-pug, Rye-pug, Wheat-pug

So with the wolf In Silesia, when the reapers gather round the last patch of standing corn to reap it they are said to be about " to catch the Wolf " In various parts of Mecklenburg, where the belief in the Corn-wolf is particularly prevalent, every one fears to cut the last corn, because they say that the Wolf is sitting in it ; hence every reaper exerts himself to the utmost in order not to be the last, and every woman similarly fears to bind the last sheaf because " the Wolf is in it " So both among the reapers and the binders there is a competition not to be the last to finish And in Germany generally it appears to be a common saying that " the Wolf sits in the last sheaf " In some places they call out to the reaper, " Beware of the Wolf "; or they say, " He is chasing the Wolf out of the corn " In Mecklenburg the last bunch of standing corn is itself commonly called the Wolf, and the man who reaps it " has the Wolf," the animal being described as the Rye-wolf, the Wheat-wolf, the Barley-wolf, and so on according to the particular crop The reaper of the last corn is himself called Wolf or the Rye-wolf, if the crop is rye, and in many parts of Mecklenburg he has to support the character by pretending to bite the other harvesters or by howling like a wolf The last sheaf of corn is also called the Wolf or the Rye-wolf or the Oats-wolf according to the crop, and of the woman who binds it they say, " The Wolf is biting her," " She has the Wolf," " She must fetch the Wolf " (out of the corn) Moreover, she herself is called Wolf , they cry out to her, " Thou art the Wolf," and she has to bear the name for a whole year , sometimes, according to the crop, she is called the Rye-wolf or the Potato-wolf In the island of Rugen not only is the woman who binds the last sheaf called Wolf, but when she comes home she bites the lady of the house and the stewardess, for which she receives a large piece of meat Yet nobody likes to be the Wolf The same woman may be Rye-wolf, Wheat-wolf, and Oats-wolf, if she happens to bind the last sheaf of rye, wheat, and oats. At Buir, in the district of Cologne, it was formerly the custom to give to the last sheaf the shape of a wolf It was kept in the barn till all the corn was threshed Then it was brought to the farmer and he had to sprinkle it with beer or brandy. At Brunshaupten in Mecklenburg the young woman who bound the last sheaf of wheat

used to take a handful of stalks out of it and make "the Wheat-wolf" with them; it was the figure of a wolf about two feet long and half a foot high, the legs of the animal being represented by stiff stalks and its tail and mane by wheat-ears. This Wheat-wolf she carried back at the head of the harvesters to the village, where it was set up on a high place in the parlour of the farm and remained there for a long time. In many places the sheaf called the Wolf is made up in human form and dressed in clothes. This indicates a confusion of ideas between the corn-spirit conceived in human and in animal form. Generally the Wolf is brought home on the last waggon with joyful cries. Hence the last waggon-load itself receives the name of the Wolf.

Again, the Wolf is supposed to hide himself amongst the cut corn in the granary, until he is driven out of the last bundle by the strokes of the flail. Hence at Wanzleben, near Magdeburg, after the threshing the peasants go in procession, leading by a chain a man who is enveloped in the threshed-out straw and is called the Wolf. He represents the corn-spirit who has been caught escaping from the threshed corn. In the district of Treves it is believed that the Corn-wolf is killed at threshing. The men thresh the last sheaf till it is reduced to chopped straw. In this way they think that the Corn-wolf, who was lurking in the last sheaf, has been certainly killed.

In France also the Corn-wolf appears at harvest. Thus they call out to the reaper of the last corn, "You will catch the Wolf." Near Chambéry they form a ring round the last standing corn, and cry, "The Wolf is in there." In Finisterre, when the reaping draws near an end, the harvesters cry, "There is the Wolf, we will catch him." Each takes a swath to reap, and he who finishes first calls out, "I've caught the Wolf." In Guyenne, when the last corn has been reaped, they lead a wether all round the field. It is called "the Wolf of the field." Its horns are decked with a wreath of flowers and corn-ears, and its neck and body are also encircled with garlands and ribbons. All the reapers march, singing, behind it. Then it is killed on the field. In this part of France the last sheaf is called the *coujou-lage*, which, in the patois, means a wether. Hence the killing of the wether represents the death of the corn-spirit, considered as present in the last sheaf; but two different conceptions of the corn-spirit—as a wolf and as a wether—are mixed up together.

Sometimes it appears to be thought that the Wolf, caught in the last corn, lives during the winter in the farmhouse, ready to renew his activity as corn-spirit in the spring. Hence at midwinter, when the lengthening days begin to herald the approach of spring, the Wolf makes his appearance once more. In Poland a man, with a wolf's skin thrown over his head, is led about at Christmas, or a stuffed wolf is carried about by persons who collect money. There are facts which point to an old custom of leading about a man enveloped in leaves and called the Wolf, while his conductors collected money.

§ 3. *The Corn-spirit as a Cock*—Another form which the corn-

spirit often assumes is that of a cock. In Austria children are warned against straying in the corn-fields, because the Corn-cock sits there, and will peck their eyes out. In North Germany they say that "the Cock sits in the last sheaf", and at cutting the last corn the reapers cry, "Now we will chase out the Cock". When it is cut they say, "We have caught the Cock". At Braller, in Transylvania, when the reapers come to the last patch of corn, they cry, "Here we shall catch the Cock". At Furstenwalde, when the last sheaf is about to be bound, the master releases a cock, which he has brought in a basket, and lets it run over the field. All the harvesters chase it till they catch it. Elsewhere the harvesters all try to seize the last corn cut, he who succeeds in grasping it must crow, and is called Cock. Among the Wends it is or used to be customary for the farmer to hide a live cock under the last sheaf as it lay on the field, and when the corn was being gathered up, the harvester who lighted upon this sheaf had a right to keep the cock, provided he could catch it. This formed the close of the harvest-festival and was known as "the Cock-catching," and the beer which was served out to the reapers at this time went by the name of "Cock-beer". The last sheaf is called Cock, Cock-sheaf, Harvest-cock, Harvest-hen, Autumn-hen. A distinction is made between a Wheat-cock, Bean-cock, and so on, according to the crop. At Wunschensuhl, in Thuringen, the last sheaf is made into the shape of a cock, and called the Harvest-cock. A figure of a cock, made of wood, pasteboard, ears of corn, or flowers, is borne in front of the harvest-waggon, especially in Westphalia, where the cock carries in his beak fruits of the earth of all kinds. Sometimes the image of the cock is fastened to the top of a May-tree on the last harvest-waggon. Elsewhere a live cock, or a figure of one, is attached to a harvest-crown and carried on a pole. In Galicia and elsewhere this live cock is fastened to the garland of corn-ears or flowers, which the leader of the women-reapers carries on her head as she marches in front of the harvest procession. In Silesia a live cock is presented to the master on a plate. The harvest-supper is called Harvest-cock, Stubble-cock, etc., and a chief dish at it, at least in some places, is a cock. If a waggoner upsets a harvest-waggon, it is said that "he has spilt the Harvest cock," and he loses the cock, that is, the harvest-supper. The harvest-waggon, with the figure of the cock on it, is driven round the farmhouse before it is taken to the barn. Then the cock is nailed over or at the side of the house-door, or on the gable, and remains there till next harvest. In East Friesland the person who gives the last stroke at threshing is called the Clucking-hen, and grain is stiewed before him as if he were a hen.

Again, the corn-spirit is killed in the form of a cock. In parts of Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Picardy the reapers place a live cock in the corn which is to be cut last, and chase it over the field, or bury it up to the neck in the ground, afterwards they strike off its head with a sickle or scythe. In many parts of Westphalia, when the harvesters bring the wooden cock to the farmer, he gives them a

live cock, which they kill with whips or sticks, or behead with an old sword, or throw into the barn to the girls, or give to the mistress to cook. If the harvest-cock has not been spilt—that is, if no waggon has been upset—the harvesters have the right to kill the farmyard cock by throwing stones at it or beheading it. Where this custom has fallen into disuse, it is still common for the farmer's wife to make cockie-leekie for the harvesters, and to show them the head of the cock which has been killed for the soup. In the neighbourhood of Klausenburg, Transylvania, a cock is buried on the harvest-field in the earth, so that only its head appears. A young man then takes a scythe and cuts off the cock's head at a single sweep. If he fails to do this, he is called the Red Cock for a whole year, and people fear that next year's crop will be bad. Near Udvarhely, in Transylvania, a live cock is bound up in the last sheaf and killed with a spit. It is then skinned. The flesh is thrown away, but the skin and feathers are kept till next year, and in spring the grain from the last sheaf is mixed with the feathers of the cock and scattered on the field which is to be tilled. Nothing could set in a clearer light the identification of the cock with the spirit of the corn. By being tied up in the last sheaf and killed, the cock is identified with the corn, and its death with the cutting of the corn. By keeping its feathers till spring, then mixing them with the seed-corn taken from the very sheaf in which the bird had been bound, and scattering the feathers together with the seed over the field, the identity of the bird with the corn is again emphasised, and its quickening and fertilising power, as an embodiment of the corn-spirit, is intimated in the plainest manner. Thus the corn-spirit, in the form of a cock, is killed at harvest, but rises to fresh life and activity in spring. Again, the equivalence of the cock to the corn is expressed, hardly less plainly, in the custom of burying the bird in the ground, and cutting off its head (like the ears of corn) with the scythe.

§ 4 *The Corn-spirit as a Hare*—Another common embodiment of the corn-spirit is the hare. In Galloway the reaping of the last standing corn is called "cutting the Hare." The mode of cutting it is as follows. When the rest of the corn has been reaped, a handful is left standing to form the Hare. It is divided into three parts and plaited, and the ears are tied in a knot. The reapers then retire a few yards and each throws his or her sickle in turn at the Hare to cut it down. It must be cut below the knot, and the reapers continue to throw their sickles at it, one after the other, until one of them succeeds in severing the stalks below the knot. The Hare is then carried home and given to a maidservant in the kitchen, who places it over the kitchen-door on the inside. Sometimes the Hare used to be thus kept till the next harvest. In the parish of Minnigaff, when the Hare was cut, the unmarried reapers ran home with all speed, and the one who arrived first was the first to be married. In Germany also one of the names for the last sheaf is the Hare. Thus in some parts of Anhalt, when the corn has been reaped and only a few stalks are

left standing, they say, "The Hare will soon come," or the reapers cry to each other, "Look how the Hare comes jumping out" In East Prussia they say that the Hare sits in the last patch of standing corn, and must be chased out by the last reaper. The reapers hurry with their work, each being anxious not to have "to chase out the Hare"; for the man who does so, that is, who cuts the last corn, is much laughed at. At Aurich, as we have seen, an expression for cutting the last corn is "to cut off the Hare's tail" "He is killing the Hare" is commonly said of the man who cuts the last corn in Germany, Sweden, Holland, France, and Italy In Norway the man who is thus said to "kill the Hare" must give "hare's blood" in the form of brandy to his fellows to drink In Lesbos, when the reapers are at work in two neighbouring fields, each party tries to finish first in order to drive the Hare into their neighbour's field, the reapers who succeed in doing so believe that next year the crop will be better. A small sheaf of corn is made up and kept beside the holy picture till next harvest

§ 5 *The Corn-spirit as a Cat*—Again, the corn-spirit sometimes takes the form of a cat Near Kiel children are warned not to go into the corn-fields because "the Cat sits there." In the Eisenach Oberland they are told "The Corn-cat will come and fetch you," "The Corn-cat goes in the corn" In some parts of Silesia at mowing the last corn they say, "The Cat is caught", and at threshing, the man who gives the last stroke is called the Cat In the neighbourhood of Lyons the last sheaf and the harvest-supper are both called the Cat About Vesoul when they cut the last corn they say, "We have the Cat by the tail" At Briançon, in Dauphiné, at the beginning of reaping, a cat is decked out with ribbons, flowers, and ears of corn It is called the Cat of the ball-skin (*le chat de peau de balle*) If a reaper is wounded at his work, they make the cat lick the wound At the close of the reaping the cat is again decked out with ribbons and ears of corn, then they dance and make merry When the dance is over the girls solemnly strip the cat of its finery At Gruneberg, in Silesia, the reaper who cuts the last corn goes by the name of the Tom-cat He is enveloped in rye-stalks and green withes, and is furnished with a long plaited tail Sometimes as a companion he has a man similarly dressed, who is called the (female) Cat Their duty is to run after people whom they see and to beat them with a long stick Near Amiens the expression for finishing the harvest is, "They are going to kill the Cat", and when the last corn is cut they kill a cat in the farmyard At threshing, in some parts of France, a live cat is placed under the last bundle of corn to be threshed, and is struck dead with the flails Then on Sunday it is roasted and eaten as a holiday dish In the Vosges Mountains the close of haymaking or harvest is called "catching the cat," "killing the dog," or more rarely "catching the hare" The cat, the dog, or the hare is said to be fat or lean according as the crop is good or bad The man who cuts the last handful of hay or of wheat is said to catch the cat or the hare or to kill the dog.

§ 6. *The Corn-spirit as a Goat*—Further, the corn-spirit often appears in the form of a goat. In some parts of Prussia, when the corn bends before the wind, they say, "The Goats are chasing each other," "The wind is driving the Goats through the corn," "The Goats are browsing there," and they expect a very good harvest. Again they say, "The Oats-goat is sitting in the oats-field," "The Corn-goat is sitting in the rye-field." Children are warned not to go into the corn-fields to pluck the blue corn-flowers, or amongst the beans to pluck pods, because the Rye-goat, the Corn-goat, the Oats-goat, or the Bean-goat is sitting or lying there, and will carry them away or kill them. When a harvester is taken sick or lags behind his fellows at their work, they call out, "The Harvest-goat has pushed him," "He has been pushed by the Corn-goat." In the neighbourhood of Braunsberg (East Prussia) at binding the oats every harvester makes haste "lest the Corn-goat push him." At Oefoten, in Norway, each reaper has his allotted patch to reap. When a reaper in the middle has not finished reaping his piece after his neighbours have finished theirs, they say of him, "He remains on the island." And if the laggard is a man, they imitate the cry with which they call a he-goat, if a woman, the cry with which they call a she-goat. Near Straubing, in Lower Bavaria, it is said of the man who cuts the last corn that "he has the Corn-goat, or the Wheat-goat, or the Oats-goat," according to the crop. Moreover, two horns are set up on the last heap of corn, and it is called "the horned Goat." At Kreutzburg, East Prussia, they call out to the woman who is binding the last sheaf, "The Goat is sitting in the sheaf." At Gablingen, in Swabia, when the last field of oats upon a farm is being reaped, the reapers carve a goat out of wood. Ears of oats are inserted in its nostrils and mouth, and it is adorned with garlands of flowers. It is set up on the field and called the Oats-goat. When the reaping approaches an end, each reaper hastens to finish his piece first, he who is the last to finish gets the Oats-goat. Again, the last sheaf is itself called the Goat. Thus, in the valley of the Wiesent, Bavaria, the last sheaf bound on the field is called the Goat, and they have a proverb, "The field must bear a goat." At Spachbrucken, in Hesse, the last handful of corn which is cut is called the Goat, and the man who cuts it is much ridiculed. At Durrenbuchig and about Mosbach in Baden the last sheaf is also called the Goat. Sometimes the last sheaf is made up in the form of a goat, and they say, "The Goat is sitting in it." Again, the person who cuts or binds the last sheaf is called the Goat. Thus, in parts of Mecklenburg they call out to the woman who binds the last sheaf, "You are the Harvest-goat." Near Uelzen, in Hanover, the harvest festival begins with "the bringing of the Harvest-goat"; that is, the woman who bound the last sheaf is wrapt in straw, crowned with a harvest-wreath, and brought in a wheel-barrow to the village, where a round dance takes place. About Luneburg, also, the woman who binds the last corn is decked with a crown of corn-ears and is called the Corn-goat. At Munzesheim in Baden the reaper who cuts the last handful

of corn or oats is called the Corn-goat or the Oats-goat. In the Canton St. Gall, Switzerland, the person who cuts the last handful of corn on the field, or drives the last harvest-waggon to the barn, is called the Corn-goat or the Rye-goat, or simply the Goat. In the Canton Thurgau he is called Corn-goat, like a goat he has a bell hung round his neck, is led in triumph, and drenched with liquor. In parts of Styria, also, the man who cuts the last corn is called Corn-goat, Oats-goat, or the like. As a rule, the man who thus gets the name of Corn-goat has to bear it a whole year till the next harvest.

According to one view, the corn-spirit, who has been caught in the form of a goat or otherwise, lives in the farmhouse or barn over winter. Thus, each farm has its own embodiment of the corn-spirit. But, according to another view, the corn-spirit is the genius or deity, not of the corn of one farm only, but of all the corn. Hence when the corn on one farm is all cut, he flees to another where there is still corn left standing. This idea is brought out in a harvest-custom which was formerly observed in Skye. The farmer who first finished reaping sent a man or woman with a sheaf to a neighbouring farmer who had not finished, the latter in his turn, when he had finished, sent on the sheaf to his neighbour who was still reaping, and so the sheaf made the round of the farms till all the corn was cut. The sheaf was called the *goabbar bhacagh*, that is, the Cripple Goat. The custom appears not to be extinct at the present day, for it was reported from Skye not very many years ago. The corn-spirit was probably thus represented as lame because he had been crippled by the cutting of the corn. Sometimes the old woman who brings home the last sheaf must limp on one foot.

But sometimes the corn-spirit, in the form of a goat, is believed to be slain on the harvest-field by the sickle or scythe. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Bernkastel, on the Moselle, the reapers determine by lot the order in which they shall follow each other. The first is called the fore-reaper, the last the tail-bearer. If a reaper overtakes the man in front he reaps past him, bending round so as to leave the slower reaper in a patch by himself. This patch is called the Goat; and the man for whom "the Goat is cut" in this way, is laughed and jeered at by his fellows for the rest of the day. When the tail-bearer cuts the last ears of corn, it is said, "He is cutting the Goat's neck off." In the neighbourhood of Grenoble, before the end of the reaping, a live goat is adorned with flowers and ribbons and allowed to run about the field. The reapers chase it and try to catch it. When it is caught, the farmer's wife holds it fast while the farmer cuts off its head. The goat's flesh serves to furnish the harvest-supper. A piece of the flesh is pickled and kept till the next harvest, when another goat is killed. Then all the harvesters eat of the flesh. On the same day the skin of the goat is made into a cloak, which the farmer, who works with his men, must always wear at harvest-time if rain or bad weather sets in. But if a reaper gets pains in his back, the farmer gives him the goat-skin to wear. The reason for this seems to be that the pains in the

back, being inflicted by the corn-spirit, can also be healed by it. Similarly, we saw that elsewhere, when a reaper is wounded at reaping, a cat, as the representative of the corn-spirit, is made to lick the wound. Esthonian reapers in the island of Mon think that the man who cuts the first ears of corn at harvest will get pains in his back, probably because the corn-spirit is believed to resent especially the first wound, and, in order to escape pains in the back, Saxon reapers in Transylvania gird their loins with the first handful of ears which they cut. Here, again, the corn-spirit is applied to for healing or protection, but in his original vegetable form, not in the form of a goat or a cat.

Further, the corn-spirit under the form of a goat is sometimes conceived as lurking among the cut corn in the barn, till he is driven from it by the threshing-flail. Thus in Baden the last sheaf to be threshed is called the Corn-goat, the Spelt-goat, or the Oats-goat according to the kind of grain. Again, near Marktl, in Upper Bavaria, the sheaves are called Straw-goats or simply Goats. They are laid in a great heap on the open field and threshed by two rows of men standing opposite each other, who, as they ply their flails, sing a song in which they say that they see the Straw-goat amongst the corn-stalks. The last Goat, that is, the last sheaf, is adorned with a wreath of violets and other flowers and with cakes strung together. It is placed right in the middle of the heap. Some of the threshers rush at it and tear the best of it out, others lay on with their flails so recklessly that heads are sometimes broken. At Oberinntal, in the Tyrol, the last thresher is called Goat. So at Haselberg, in West Bohemia, the man who gives the last stroke at threshing oats is called the Oats-goat. At Tettnang, in Wurtemberg, the thresher who gives the last stroke to the last bundle of corn before it is turned goes by the name of the He-goat, and it is said, "He has driven the He-goat away." The person who, after the bundle has been turned, gives the last stroke of all, is called the She-goat. In this custom it is implied that the corn is inhabited by a pair of corn-spirits, male and female.

Further, the corn-spirit, captured in the form of a goat at threshing, is passed on to a neighbour whose threshing is not yet finished. In Franche Comté, as soon as the threshing is over, the young people set up a straw figure of a goat on the farmyard of a neighbour who is still threshing. He must give them wine or money in return. At Ellwangen, in Wurtemberg, the effigy of a goat is made out of the last bundle of corn at threshing, four sticks form its legs, and two its horns. The man who gives the last stroke with the flail must carry the Goat to the barn of a neighbour who is still threshing and throw it down on the floor, if he is caught in the act, they tie the Goat on his back. A similar custom is observed at Indersdorf, in Upper Bavaria, the man who throws the straw Goat into the neighbour's barn imitates the bleating of a goat, if they catch him, they blacken his face and tie the Goat on his back. At Saverne, in Alsace, when

a farmer is a week or more behind his neighbours with his threshing, they set a real stuffed goat or fox before his door.

Sometimes the spirit of the corn in goat form is believed to be killed at threshing. In the district of Traunstein, Upper Bavaria, they think that the Oats-goat is in the last sheaf of oats. He is represented by an old rake set up on end, with an old pot for a head. The children are then told to kill the Oats-goat.

§ 7 *The Corn-spirit as a Bull, Cow, or Ox*—Another form which the corn-spirit often assumes is that of a bull, cow, or ox. When the wind sweeps over the corn they say at Comitz, in West Prussia, "The Steer is running in the corn", when the corn is thick and strong in one spot, they say in some parts of East Prussia, "The Bull is lying in the corn". When a harvester has overstrained and lamed himself, they say in the Graudenz district of West Prussia, "The Bull pushed him", in Lorraine they say, "He has the Bull". The meaning of both expressions is that he has unwittingly lighted upon the divine corn-spirit, who has punished the profane intruder with lameness. So near Chambéry when a reaper wounds himself with his sickle, it is said that he has "the wound of the Ox." In the district of Bunzlau (Silesia) the last sheaf is sometimes made into the shape of a horned ox, stuffed with tow and wrapt in corn-ears. This figure is called the Old Man. In some parts of Bohemia the last sheaf is made up in human form and called the Buffalo-bull. These cases show a confusion of the human with the animal shape of the corn-spirit. The confusion is like that of killing a wether under the name of a wolf. All over Swabia the last bundle of corn on the field is called the Cow; the man who cuts the last ears "has the Cow," and is himself called Cow or Barley-cow or Oats-cow, according to the crop; at the harvest-supper he gets a nosegay of flowers and corn-ears and a more liberal allowance of drink than the rest. But he is teased and laughed at, so no one likes to be the Cow. The Cow was sometimes represented by the figure of a woman made out of ears of corn and corn-flowers. It was carried to the farmhouse by the man who had cut the last handful of corn. The children ran after him and the neighbours turned out to laugh at him, till the farmer took the Cow from him. Here again the confusion between the human and the animal form of the corn-spirit is apparent. In various parts of Switzerland the reaper who cuts the last ears of corn is called Wheat-cow, Corn-cow, Oats-cow, or Corn-steer, and is the butt of many a joke. On the other hand, in the district of Rosenheim, Upper Bavaria, when a farmer is later of getting in his harvest than his neighbours, they set up on his land a Straw-bull, as it is called. This is a gigantic figure of a bull made of stubble on a framework of wood and adorned with flowers and leaves. Attached to it is a label on which are scrawled doggerel verses in ridicule of the man on whose land the Straw-bull is set up.

Again, the corn-spirit in the form of a bull or ox is killed on the harvest-field at the close of the reaping. At Pouilly, near Dijon,

when the last ears of corn are about to be cut, an ox adorned with ribbons, flowers, and ears of corn is led all round the field, followed by the whole troop of reapers dancing. Then a man disguised as the Devil cuts the last ears of corn and immediately slaughters the ox. Part of the flesh of the animal is eaten at the harvest-supper; part is pickled and kept till the first day of sowing in spring. At Pont à Mousson and elsewhere on the evening of the last day of reaping, a calf adorned with flowers and ears of corn is led thrice round the farmyard, being allured by a bait or driven by men with sticks, or conducted by the farmer's wife with a rope. The calf chosen for this ceremony is the calf which was born first on the farm in the spring of the year. It is followed by all the reapers with their tools. Then it is allowed to run free, the reapers chase it, and whoever catches it is called King of the Calf. Lastly, it is solemnly killed, at Lunéville the man who acts as butcher is the Jewish merchant of the village.

Sometimes again the corn-spirit hides himself amongst the cut corn in the barn to reappear in bull or cow form at threshing. Thus at Wurmlingen, in Thuringen, the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is called the Cow, or rather the Barley-cow, Oats-cow, Peas-cow, or the like, according to the crop. He is entirely enveloped in straw, his head is surmounted by sticks in imitation of horns, and two lads lead him by ropes to the well to drink. On the way thither he must low like a cow, and for a long time afterwards he goes by the name of the Cow. At Obermedlingen, in Swabia, when the threshing draws near an end, each man is careful to avoid giving the last stroke. He who does give it "gets the Cow," which is a straw figure dressed in an old ragged petticoat, hood, and stockings. It is tied on his back with a straw-rope, his face is blackened, and being bound with straw-ropes to a wheelbarrow he is wheeled round the village. Here, again, we meet with that confusion between the human and animal shape of the corn-spirit which we have noted in other customs. In Canton Schaffhausen the man who threshes the last corn is called the Cow, in Canton Thurgau, the Corn-bull, in Canton Zurich, the Thresher-cow. In the last-mentioned district he is wrapt in straw and bound to one of the trees in the orchard. At Arad, in Hungary, the man who gives the last stroke at threshing is enveloped in straw and a cow's hide with the horns attached to it. At Pessnitz, in the district of Dresden, the man who gives the last stroke with the flail is called Bull. He must make a straw-man and set it up before a neighbour's window. Here, apparently, as in so many cases, the corn-spirit is passed on to a neighbour who has not finished threshing. So at Herbrechtingen, in Thuringen, the effigy of a ragged old woman is flung into the barn of the farmer who is last with his threshing. The man who throws it in cries, "There is the Cow for you." If the threshers catch him they detain him over night and punish him by keeping him from the harvest-supper. In these latter customs the confusion between the human and the animal shape of the corn-spirit meets us again.

Further, the corn-spirit in bull form is sometimes believed to be killed at threshing. At Auxerre, in threshing the last bundle of corn, they call out twelve times, "We are killing the Bull." In the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where a butcher kills an ox on the field immediately after the close of the reaping, it is said of the man who gives the last stroke at threshing that "he has killed the Bull." At Chambéry the last sheaf is called the sheaf of the Young Ox, and a race takes place to it in which all the reapers join. When the last stroke is given at threshing they say that "the Ox is killed", and immediately thereupon a real ox is slaughtered by the reaper who cut the last corn. The flesh of the ox is eaten by the threshers at supper.

We have seen that sometimes the young corn-spirit, whose task it is to quicken the corn of the coming year, is believed to be born as a Corn-baby on the harvest-field. Similarly in Berry the young corn-spirit is sometimes supposed to be born on the field in calf form, for when a binder has not rope enough to bind all the corn in sheaves, he puts aside the wheat that remains over and imitates the lowing of a cow. The meaning is that "the sheaf has given birth to a calf." In Puy-de-Dôme when a binder cannot keep up with the reaper whom he or she follows, they say "He (or she) is giving birth to the Calf." In some parts of Prussia, in similar circumstances, they call out to the woman, "The Bull is coming," and imitate the bellowing of a bull. In these cases the woman is conceived as the Corn-cow or old corn-spirit, while the supposed calf is the Corn-calf or young corn-spirit. In some parts of Austria a mythical calf (*Muhkalbchen*) is believed to be seen amongst the sprouting corn in spring and to push the children; when the corn waves in the wind they say, "The Calf is going about." Clearly, as Mannhardt observes, this calf of the spring-time is the same animal which is afterwards believed to be killed at reaping.

§ 8 *The Corn-spirit as a Horse or Mare* — Sometimes the corn-spirit appears in the shape of a horse or mare. Between Kalw and Stuttgart, when the corn bends before the wind, they say, "There runs the Horse." At Bohlingen, near Radolfzell in Baden, the last sheaf of oats is called the Oats-stallion. In Hertfordshire, at the end of the reaping, there is or used to be observed a ceremony called "crying the Mare." The last blades of corn left standing on the field are tied together and called the Mare. The reapers stand at a distance and throw their sickles at it, he who cuts it through "has the prize, with acciamations and good cheer." After it is cut the reapers cry thrice with a loud voice, "I have her!" Others answer thrice, "What have you?" — "A Mare! a Mare! a Mare!" — "Whose is she?" is next asked thrice. "A. B's," naming the owner thrice. "Whither will you send her?" — "To C. D.," naming some neighbour who has not reaped all his corn. In this custom the corn-spirit in the form of a mare is passed on from a farm where the corn is all cut to another farm where it is still standing, and where therefore the corn-spirit may be

supposed naturally to take refuge. In Shropshire the custom is similar. The farmer who finishes his harvest last, and who therefore cannot send the Mare to any one else, is said "to keep her all winter." The mocking offer of the Mare to a laggard neighbour was sometimes responded to by a mocking acceptance of her help. Thus an old man told an inquirer, "While we wun at supper, a mon cumm'd wi' a autar [halter] to fatch her away." At one place a real mare used to be sent, but the man who rode her was subjected to some rough treatment at the farmhouse to which he paid his unwelcome visit.

In the neighbourhood of Lille the idea of the corn-spirit in horse form is clearly preserved. When a harvester grows weary at his work, it is said, "He has the fatigue of the Horse." The first sheaf, called the "Cross of the Horse," is placed on a cross of boxwood in the barn, and the youngest horse on the farm must tread on it. The reapers dance round the last blades of corn, crying, "See the remains of the Horse." The sheaf made out of these last blades is given to the youngest horse of the parish (*commune*) to eat. This youngest horse of the parish clearly represents, as Mannhardt says, the corn-spirit of the following year, the Corn-foal, which absorbs the spirit of the old Corn-horse by eating the last corn cut; for, as usual, the old corn-spirit takes his final refuge in the last sheaf. The thrasher of the last sheaf is said to "beat the Horse."

§ 9 *The Corn-spirit as a Pig (Boar or Sow)*—The last animal embodiment of the corn-spirit which we shall notice is the pig (boar or sow). In Thuringen, when the wind sets the young corn in motion, they sometimes say, "The Boar is rushing through the corn." Amongst the Esthonians of the island of Oesel the last sheaf is called the Rye-boar, and the man who gets it is saluted with a cry of "You have the Rye-boar on your back!" In reply he strikes up a song, in which he prays for plenty. At Kohlerwinkel, near Augsburg, at the close of the harvest, the last bunch of standing corn is cut down, stalk by stalk, by all the reapers in turn. He who cuts the last stalk "gets the Sow," and is laughed at. In other Swabian villages also the man who cuts the last corn "has the Sow," or "has the Rye-sow." At Bohlingen, near Radolfzell in Baden, the last sheaf is called the Rye-sow or the Wheat-sow, according to the crop, and at Rohrenbach in Baden the person who brings the last armful for the last sheaf is called the Corn-sow or the Oats-sow. At Friedingen, in Swabia, the thrasher who gives the last stroke is called Sow—Barley-sow, Corn-sow, or the like, according to the crop. At Onstmettingen the man who gives the last stroke at threshing "has the Sow"; he is often bound up in a sheaf and dragged by a rope along the ground. And, generally, in Swabia the man who gives the last stroke with the flail is called Sow. He may, however, rid himself of this invidious distinction by passing on to a neighbour the straw-rope, which is the badge of his position as Sow. So he goes to a house and throws the straw-rope into it, crying, "There, I bring you the Sow." All the inmates give chase, and if they catch him they beat him, shut him

up for several hours in the pig-sty, and oblige him to take the "Sow" away again. In various parts of Upper Bavaria the man who gives the last stroke at threshing must "carry the Pig"—that is, either a straw effigy of a pig or merely a bundle of straw-ropes. This he carries to a neighbouring farm where the threshing is not finished, and throws it into the barn. If the threshers catch him they handle him roughly, beating him, blackening or dirtying his face, throwing him into filth, binding the Sow on his back, and so on, if the bearer of the Sow is a woman they cut off her hair. At the harvest supper or dinner the man who "carried the Pig" gets one or more dumplings made in the form of pigs. When the dumplings are served up by the maid-servant, all the people at table cry "Suz, suz, suz!" that being the cry used in calling pigs. Sometimes after dinner the man who "carried the Pig" has his face blackened, and is set on a cart and drawn round the village by his fellows, followed by a crowd crying "Suz, suz, suz!" as if they were calling swine. Sometimes, after being wheeled round the village, he is flung on the dunghill.

Again, the corn-spirit in the form of a pig plays his part at sowing-time as well as at harvest. At Neuhautz, in Courland, when barley is sown for the first time in the year, the farmer's wife boils the chine of a pig along with the tail, and brings it to the sower on the field. He eats of it, but cuts off the tail and sticks it in the field, it is believed that the ears of corn will then grow as long as the tail. Here the pig is the corn-spirit, whose fertilising power is sometimes supposed to lie especially in his tail. As a pig he is put in the ground at sowing-time, and as a pig he reappears amongst the ripe corn at harvest. For amongst the neighbouring Esthonians, as we have seen, the last sheaf is called the Rye-boar. Somewhat similar customs are observed in Germany. In the Salza district, near Meiningen, a certain bone in the pig is called "the Jew on the winnowing-fan". The flesh of this bone is boiled on Shrove Tuesday, but the bone is put amongst the ashes which the neighbours exchange as presents on St. Peter's Day (the twenty-second of February), and then mix with the seed-corn. In the whole of Hesse, Meiningen, and other districts, people eat pea-soup with dried pig-ribs on Ash Wednesday or Candlemas. The ribs are then collected and hung in the room till sowing-time, when they are inserted in the sown field or in the seed-bag amongst the flax seed. This is thought to be an infallible specific against earth-fleas and moles, and to cause the flax to grow well and tall.

But the idea of the corn-spirit as embodied in pig form is nowhere more clearly expressed than in the Scandinavian custom of the Yule Boar. In Sweden and Denmark at Yule (Christmas) it is the custom to bake a loaf in the form of a boar-pig. This is called the Yule Boar. The corn of the last sheaf is often used to make it. All through Yule the Yule Boar stands on the table. Often it is kept till the sowing-time in spring, when part of it is mixed with the seed-corn and part given to the ploughman and plough-horses or plough-oxen to eat, in the expectation of a good harvest. In this custom

the corn-spirit, immanent in the last sheaf, appears at midwinter in the form of a boar made from the corn of the last sheaf, and his quickening influence on the corn is shown by mixing part of the Yule Boar with the seed-corn, and giving part of it to the ploughman and his cattle to eat. Similarly we saw that the Corn-wolf makes his appearance at mid-winter, the time when the year begins to verge towards spring. Formerly a real boar was sacrificed at Christmas, and apparently also a man in the character of the Yule Boar. Thus, at least, may perhaps be inferred from a Christmas custom still observed in Sweden. A man is wrapt up in a skin, and carries a wisp of straw in his mouth, so that the projecting straws look like the bristles of a boar. A knife is brought, and an old woman, with her face blackened, pretends to sacrifice him.

On Christmas Eve in some parts of the Esthonian island of Oesel they bake a long cake with the two ends turned up. It is called the Christmas Boar, and stands on the table till the morning of New Year's Day, when it is distributed among the cattle. In other parts of the island the Christmas Boar is not a cake but a little pig born in March, which the housewife fattens secretly, often without the knowledge of the other members of the family. On Christmas Eve the little pig is secretly killed, then roasted in the oven, and set on the table standing on all-fours, where it remains in this posture for several days. In other parts of the island, again, though the Christmas cake has neither the name nor the shape of a boar, it is kept till the New Year, when half of it is divided among all the members and all the quadrupeds of the family. The other half of the cake is kept till sowing-time comes round, when it is similarly distributed in the morning among human beings and beasts. In other parts of Esthonia, again, the Christmas Boar, as it is called, is baked of the first rye cut at harvest, it has a conical shape and a cross is impressed on it with a pig's bone or a key, or three dints are made in it with a buckle or a piece of charcoal. It stands with a light beside it on the table all through the festal season. On New Year's Day and Epiphany, before sunrise, a little of the cake is crumbled with salt and given to the cattle. The rest is kept till the day when the cattle are driven out to pasture for the first time in spring. It is then put in the herdsman's bag, and at evening is divided among the cattle to guard them from magic and harm. In some places the Christmas Boar is partaken of by farm-servants and cattle at the time of the barley sowing, for the purpose of thereby producing a heavier crop.

§ 10 *On the Animal Embodiments of the Corn-spirit*—So much for the animal embodiments of the corn-spirit as they are presented to us in the folk-customs of Northern Europe. These customs bring out clearly the sacramental character of the harvest-supper. The corn-spirit is conceived as embodied in an animal, this divine animal is slain, and its flesh and blood are partaken of by the harvesters. Thus, the cock, the hare, the cat, the goat, and the ox are eaten sacramentally by the harvesters, and the pig is eaten sacramentally

by ploughmen in spring. Again, as a substitute for the real flesh of the divine being, bread or dumplings are made in his image and eaten sacramentally, thus, pig-shaped dumplings are eaten by the harvesters, and loaves made in boar-shape (the Yule Boar) are eaten in spring by the ploughman and his cattle.

The reader has probably remarked the complete parallelism between the conceptions of the corn-spirit in human and in animal form. The parallel may be here briefly resumed. When the corn waves in the wind it is said either that the Corn-mother or that the Corn-wolf, etc., is passing through the corn. Children are warned against straying in corn-fields either because the Corn-mother or because the Corn-wolf, etc., is there. In the last corn cut or the last sheaf threshed either the Corn-mother or the Corn-wolf, etc., is supposed to be present. The last sheaf is itself called either the Corn-mother or the Corn-wolf, etc., and is made up in the shape either of a woman or of a wolf, etc. The person who cuts, binds, or threshes the last sheaf is called either the Old Woman or the Wolf, etc., according to the name bestowed on the sheaf itself. As in some places a sheaf made in human form and called the Maiden, the Mother of the Maize, etc., is kept from one harvest to the next in order to secure a continuance of the corn-spirit's blessing, so in some places the Harvest-cock and in others the flesh of the goat is kept for a similar purpose from one harvest to the next. As in some places the grain taken from the Corn-mother is mixed with the seed-corn in spring to make the crop abundant, so in some places the feathers of the cock, and in Sweden the Yule Boar, are kept till spring and mixed with the seed-corn for a like purpose. As part of the Corn-mother or Maiden is given to the cattle at Christmas or to the horses at the first ploughing, so part of the Yule Boar is given to the ploughing horses or oxen in spring. Lastly, the death of the corn-spirit is represented by killing or pretending to kill either his human or his animal representative, and the worshippers partake sacramentally either of the actual body and blood of the representative of the divinity, or of bread made in his likeness.

Other animal forms assumed by the corn-spirit are the fox, stag, roe, sheep, bear, ass, mouse, quail, stork, swan, and kite. If it is asked why the corn-spirit should be thought to appear in the form of an animal and of so many different animals, we may reply that to primitive man the simple appearance of an animal or bird among the corn is probably enough to suggest a mysterious link between the creature and the corn; and when we remember that in the old days, before fields were fenced in, all kinds of animals must have been free to roam over them, we need not wonder that the corn-spirit should have been identified even with large animals like the horse and cow, which nowadays could not, except by a rare accident, be found straying in an English corn-field. This explanation applies with peculiar force to the very common case in which the animal embodiment of the corn-spirit is believed to lurk in the last standing corn. For at harvest a number

of wild animals, such as hares, rabbits, and partridges, are commonly driven by the progress of the reaping into the last patch of standing corn, and make their escape from it as it is being cut down. So regularly does this happen that reapers and others often stand round the last patch of corn armed with sticks or guns, with which they kill the animals as they dart out of their last refuge among the stalks. Now, primitive man, to whom magical changes of shape seem perfectly credible, finds it most natural that the spirit of the corn, driven from his home in the ripe grain, should make his escape in the form of the animal which is seen to rush out of the last patch of corn as it falls under the scythe of the reaper. Thus the identification of the corn-spirit with an animal is analogous to the identification of him with a passing stranger. As the sudden appearance of a stranger near the harvest-field or threshing-floor is, to the primitive mind, enough to identify him as the spirit of the corn escaping from the cut or threshed corn, so the sudden appearance of an animal issuing from the cut corn is enough to identify it with the corn-spirit escaping from his ruined home. The two identifications are so analogous that they can hardly be dissociated in any attempt to explain them. Those who look to some other principle than the one here suggested for the explanation of the latter identification are bound to show that their theory covers the former identification also.

CHAPTER XLIX

ANCIENT DEITIES OF VEGETATION AS ANIMALS

§ 1 *Dionysus, the Goat and the Bull* — However we may explain it, the fact remains that in peasant folk-lore the corn-spirit is very commonly conceived and represented in animal form. May not this fact explain the relation in which certain animals stood to the ancient deities of vegetation, Dionysus, Demeter, Adonis, Attis, and Osiris?

To begin with Dionysus. We have seen that he was represented sometimes as a goat and sometimes as a bull. As a goat he can hardly be separated from the minor divinities, the Pans, Satyrs, and Silenuses, all of whom are closely associated with him and are represented more or less completely in the form of goats. Thus, Pan was regularly portrayed in sculpture and painting with the face and legs of a goat. The Satyrs were depicted with pointed goat-ears, and sometimes with sprouting horns and short tails. They were sometimes spoken of simply as goats, and in the drama their parts were played by men dressed in goatskins. Silenus is represented in art clad in a goatskin. Further, the Fauns, the Italian counterpart of the Greek Pans and Satyrs, are described as being half goats, with goat-feet and goat-horns. Again, all these minor goat-formed divinities partake more or less clearly of the character of woodland

deities. Thus, Pan was called by the Arcadians the Lord of the Wood. The Silenuses kept company with the tree-nymphs. The Fauns are expressly designated as woodland deities; and their character as such is still further brought out by their association, or even identification, with Silvanus and the Silvanuses, who, as their name of itself indicates, are spirits of the woods. Lastly, the association of the Satyrs with the Silenuses, Fauns, and Silvanuses proves that the Satyrs also were woodland deities. These goat-formed spirits of the woods have their counterparts in the folk-lore of Northern Europe. Thus, the Russian wood-spirits, called *Ljeschue* (from *ljes*, "wood"), are believed to appear partly in human shape, but with the horns, ears, and legs of goats. The *Ljeschi* can alter his stature at pleasure, when he walks in the wood he is as tall as the trees, when he walks in the meadows he is no higher than the grass. Some of the *Ljeschue* are spirits of the corn as well as of the wood; before harvest they are as tall as the corn-stalks, but after it they shrink to the height of the stubble. This brings out—what we have remarked before—the close connexion between tree-spirits and corn-spirits, and shows how easily the former may melt into the latter. Similarly the Fauns, though wood-spirits, were believed to foster the growth of the crops. We have already seen how often the corn-spirit is represented in folk-custom as a goat. On the whole, then, as Mannhardt argues, the Pans, Satyrs, and Fauns perhaps belong to a widely diffused class of wood-spirits conceived in goat-form. The fondness of goats for straying in woods and nibbling the bark of trees, to which indeed they are most destructive, is an obvious and perhaps sufficient reason why wood-spirits should so often be supposed to take the form of goats. The inconsistency of a god of vegetation subsisting upon the vegetation which he personifies is not one to strike the primitive mind. Such inconsistencies arise when the deity, ceasing to be immanent in the vegetation, comes to be regarded as its owner or lord, for the idea of owning the vegetation naturally leads to that of subsisting on it. Sometimes the corn-spirit, originally conceived as immanent in the corn, afterwards comes to be regarded as its owner, who lives on it and is reduced to poverty and want by being deprived of it. Hence he is often known as "the Poor Man" or "the Poor Woman." Occasionally the last sheaf is left standing on the field for "the Poor Old Woman" or for "the Old Rye-woman."

Thus the representation of wood-spirits in the form of goats appears to be both widespread and, to the primitive mind, natural. Therefore when we find, as we have done, that Dionysus—a tree-god—is sometimes represented in goat-form, we can hardly avoid concluding that this representation is simply a part of his proper character as a tree-god and is not to be explained by the fusion of two distinct and independent worships, in one of which he originally appeared as a tree-god and in the other as a goat.

Dionysus was also figured, as we have seen, in the shape of a bull. After what has gone before we are naturally led to expect that his

bull form must have been only another expression for his character as a deity of vegetation, especially as the bull is a common embodiment of the corn-spirit in Northern Europe, and the close association of Dionysus with Demeter and Persephone in the mysteries of Eleusis shows that he had at least strong agricultural affinities.

The probability of this view will be somewhat increased if it can be shown that in other rites than those of Dionysus the ancients slew an ox as a representative of the spirit of vegetation. Thus they appear to have done in the Athenian sacrifice known as "the murder of the ox" (*bouphonia*). It took place about the end of June or beginning of July, that is, about the time when the threshing is nearly over in Attica. According to tradition the sacrifice was instituted to procure a cessation of drought and dearth which had afflicted the land. The ritual was as follows. Barley mixed with wheat, or cakes made of them, were laid upon the bronze altar of Zeus Polieus on the Acropolis. Oxen were driven round the altar, and the ox which went up to the altar and ate the offering on it was sacrificed. The axe and knife with which the beast was slain had been previously wetted with water brought by maidens called "water-carriers." The weapons were then sharpened and handed to the butchers, one of whom felled the ox with the axe and another cut its throat with the knife. As soon as he had felled the ox, the former threw the axe from him and fled, and the man who cut the beast's throat apparently imitated his example. Meantime the ox was skinned and all present partook of its flesh. Then the hide was stuffed with straw and sewed up, next the stuffed animal was set on its feet and yoked to a plough as if it were ploughing. A trial then took place in an ancient law-court presided over by the King (as he was called) to determine who had murdered the ox. The maidens who had brought the water accused the men who had sharpened the axe and knife; the men who had sharpened the axe and knife blamed the men who had handed these implements to the butchers; the men who had handed the implements to the butchers blamed the butchers, and the butchers laid the blame on the axe and knife, which were accordingly found guilty, condemned, and cast into the sea.

The name of this sacrifice,—"*the murder of the ox*,"—the pains taken by each person who had a hand in the slaughter to lay the blame on some one else, together with the formal trial and punishment of the axe or knife or both, prove that the ox was here regarded not merely as a victim offered to a god, but as itself a sacred creature, the slaughter of which was sacrilege or murder. This is borne out by a statement of Varro that to kill an ox was formerly a capital crime in Attica. The mode of selecting the victim suggests that the ox which tasted the corn was viewed as the corn-deity taking possession of his own. This interpretation is supported by the following custom. In Beauce, in the district of Orleans, on the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth of April they make a straw man called "*the great mondard*." For they say that the old *mondard* is now dead and it is necessary to make a new

one The straw man is carried in solemn procession up and down the village and at last is placed upon the oldest apple-tree. There he remains till the apples are gathered, when he is taken down and thrown into the water, or he is burned and his ashes cast into water. But the person who plucks the first fruit from the tree succeeds to the title of "the great *mondard*" Here the straw figure, called "the great *mondard*" and placed on the oldest apple-tree in spring, represents the spirit of the tree, who, dead in winter, revives when the apple-blossoms appear on the boughs. Thus the person who plucks the first fruit from the tree and thereby receives the name of "the great *mondard*" must be regarded as a representative of the tree-spirit. Primitive peoples are usually reluctant to taste the annual first-fruits of any crop, until some ceremony has been performed which makes it safe and pious for them to do so. The reason of this reluctance appears to be a belief that the first-fruits either belong to or actually contain a divinity. Therefore when a man or animal is seen boldly to appropriate the sacred first-fruits, he or it is naturally regarded as the divinity himself in human or animal form taking possession of his own. The time of the Athenian sacrifice, which fell about the close of the threshing, suggests that the wheat and barley laid upon the altar were a harvest offering; and the sacramental character of the subsequent repast—all partaking of the flesh of the divine animal—would make it parallel to the harvest-suppers of modern Europe, in which, as we have seen, the flesh of the animal which stands for the corn-spirit is eaten by the harvesters. Again, the tradition that the sacrifice was instituted in order to put an end to drought and famine is in favour of taking it as a harvest festival. The resurrection of the corn-spirit, enacted by setting up the stuffed ox and yoking it to the plough, may be compared with the resurrection of the tree-spirit in the person of his representative, the Wild Man.

The ox appears as a representative of the corn-spirit in other parts of the world. At Great Bassam, in Guinea, two oxen are slain annually to procure a good harvest. If the sacrifice is to be effectual, it is necessary that the oxen should weep. So all the women of the village sit in front of the beasts, chanting, "The ox will weep, yes, he will weep!" From time to time one of the women walks round the beasts, throwing manioc meal or palm wine upon them, especially into their eyes. When tears roll down from the eyes of the oxen, the people dance, singing, "The ox weeps! the ox weeps!" Then two men seize the tails of the beasts and cut them off at one blow. It is believed that a great misfortune will happen in the course of the year if the tails are not severed at one blow. The oxen are afterwards killed, and their flesh is eaten by the chiefs. Here the tears of the oxen, like those of the human victims amongst the Khonds and the Aztecs, are probably a rain-charm. We have already seen that the virtue of the corn-spirit, embodied in animal form, is sometimes supposed to reside in the tail, and that the last handful of corn is sometimes conceived as the tail of the corn-spirit. In the Mithraic religion this conception

is graphically set forth in some of the numerous sculptures which represent Mithras kneeling on the back of a bull and plunging a knife into its flank, for on certain of these monuments the tail of the bull ends in three stalks of corn, and in one of them corn-stalks instead of blood are seen issuing from the wound inflicted by the knife. Such representations certainly suggest that the bull, whose sacrifice appears to have formed a leading feature in the Mithraic ritual, was conceived, in one at least of its aspects, as an incarnation of the corn-spirit.

Still more clearly does the ox appear as a personification of the corn-spirit in a ceremony which is observed in all the provinces and districts of China to welcome the approach of spring. On the first day of spring, usually on the third or fourth of February, which is also the beginning of the Chinese New Year, the governor or prefect of the city goes in procession to the east gate of the city, and sacrifices to the Divine Husbandman, who is represented with a bull's head on the body of a man. A large effigy of an ox, cow, or buffalo has been prepared for the occasion, and stands outside of the east gate, with agricultural implements beside it. The figure is made of differently-coloured pieces of paper pasted on a framework either by a blind man or according to the directions of a necromancer. The colours of the paper prognosticate the character of the coming year, if red prevails, there will be many fires; if white, there will be floods and rain, and so with the other colours. The mandarins walk slowly round the ox, beating it severely at each step with rods of various hues. It is filled with five kinds of grain, which pour forth when the effigy is broken by the blows of the rods. The paper fragments are then set on fire, and a scramble takes place for the burning fragments, because the people believe that whoever gets one of them is sure to be fortunate throughout the year. A live buffalo is next killed, and its flesh is divided among the mandarins. According to one account, the effigy of the ox is made of clay, and, after being beaten by the governor, is stoned by the people till they break it in pieces, "from which they expect an abundant year." Here the corn-spirit appears to be plainly represented by the corn-filled ox, whose fragments may therefore be supposed to bring fertility with them.

On the whole we may perhaps conclude that both as a goat and as a bull Dionysus was essentially a god of vegetation. The Chinese and European customs which I have cited may perhaps shed light on the custom of rending a live bull or goat at the rites of Dionysus. The animal was torn in fragments, as the Khond victim was cut in pieces, in order that the worshippers might each secure a portion of the life-giving and fertilising influence of the god. The flesh was eaten raw as a sacrament, and we may conjecture that some of it was taken home to be buried in the fields, or otherwise employed so as to convey to the fruits of the earth the quickening influence of the god of vegetation. The resurrection of Dionysus, related in his myth, may have been enacted in his rites by stuffing and setting up the slain ox, as was done at the Athenian *bouphonia*.

§ 2 *Demeter, the Pig and the Horse*—Passing next to the corn goddess Demeter, and remembering that in European folk-lore the pig is a common embodiment of the corn-spirit, we may now ask whether the pig, which was so closely associated with Demeter, may not have been originally the goddess herself in animal form? The pig was sacred to her, in art she was portrayed carrying or accompanied by a pig; and the pig was regularly sacrificed in her mysteries, the reason assigned being that the pig injures the corn and is therefore an enemy of the goddess. But after an animal has been conceived as a god, or a god as an animal, it sometimes happens, as we have seen, that the god sloughs off his animal form and becomes purely anthropomorphic, and that then the animal, which at first had been slain in the character of the god, comes to be viewed as a victim offered to the god on the ground of its hostility to the deity, in short, the god is sacrificed to himself on the ground that he is his own enemy. This happened to Dionysus, and it may have happened to Demeter also. And in fact the rites of one of her festivals, the Thesmophoria, bear out the view that originally the pig was an embodiment of the corn-goddess herself, either Demeter or her daughter and double Persephone. The Attic Thesmophoria was an autumn festival, celebrated by women alone in October, and appears to have represented with mourning rites the descent of Persephone (or Demeter) into the lower world, and with joy her return from the dead. Hence the name Descent or Ascent variously applied to the first, and the name *Kalligeneia* (fair-born) applied to the third day of the festival. Now it was customary at the Thesmophoria to throw pigs, cakes of dough, and branches of pine-trees into "the chasms of Demeter and Persephone," which appear to have been sacred caverns or vaults. In these caverns or vaults there were said to be serpents, which guarded the caverns and consumed most of the flesh of the pigs and dough-cakes which were thrown in. Afterwards—apparently at the next annual festival—the decayed remains of the pigs, the cakes, and the pine-branches were fetched by women called "drawers," who, after observing rules of ceremonial purity for three days, descended into the caverns, and, frightening away the serpents by clapping their hands, brought up the remains and placed them on the altar. Whoever got a piece of the decayed flesh and cakes, and sowed it with the seed-corn in his field, was believed to be sure of a good crop.

To explain the rude and ancient ritual of the Thesmophoria the following legend was told. At the moment when Pluto carried off Persephone, a swineherd called Eubuleus chanced to be herding his swine on the spot, and his herd was engulfed in the chasm down which Pluto vanished with Persephone. Accordingly at the Thesmophoria pigs were annually thrown into caverns to commemorate the disappearance of the swine of Eubuleus. It follows from this that the casting of the pigs into the vaults at the Thesmophoria formed part of the dramatic representation of Persephone's descent into the lower world; and as no image of Persephone appears to have been

thrown in, we may infer that the descent of the pigs was not so much an accompaniment of her descent as the descent itself, in short, that the pigs were Peisephone. Afterwards when Persephone or Demeter (for the two are equivalent) took on human form, a reason had to be found for the custom of throwing pigs into caverns at her festival; and this was done by saying that when Pluto carried off Persephone there happened to be some swine browsing near, which were swallowed up along with her. The story is obviously a forced and awkward attempt to bridge over the gulf between the old conception of the corn-spirit as a pig and the new conception of her as an anthropomorphic goddess. A trace of the older conception survived in the legend that when the sad mother was searching for traces of the vanished Persephone the footprints of the lost one were obliterated by the footprints of a pig, originally, we may conjecture, the footprints of the pig were the footprints of Persephone and of Demeter herself. A consciousness of the intimate connexion of the pig with the corn lurks in the legend that the swineherd Eubuleus was a brother of Triptolemus, to whom Demeter first imparted the secret of the corn. Indeed, according to one version of the story, Eubuleus himself received, jointly with his brother Triptolemus, the gift of the corn from Demeter as a reward for revealing to her the fate of Persephone. Further, it is to be noted that at the Thesmophoria the women appear to have eaten swine's flesh. The meal, if I am right, must have been a solemn sacrament or communion, the worshippers partaking of the body of the god.

As thus explained, the Thesmophoria has its analogies in the folk-customs of Northern Europe which have been already described. Just as at the Thesmophoria—an autumn festival in honour of the corn-goddess—swine's flesh was partly eaten, partly kept in caverns till the following year, when it was taken up to be sown with the seed-corn in the fields for the purpose of securing a good crop, so in the neighbourhood of Grenoble the goat killed on the harvest-field is partly eaten at the harvest-supper, partly pickled and kept till the next harvest, so at Pouilly the ox killed on the harvest-field is partly eaten by the harvesters, partly pickled and kept till the first day of sowing in spring, probably to be then mixed with the seed, or eaten by the ploughmen, or both, so at Udvarhely the feathers of the cock which is killed in the last sheaf at harvest are kept till spring, and then sown with the seed on the field, so in Hesse and Meiningen the flesh of pigs is eaten on Ash Wednesday or Candlemas, and the bones are kept till sowing-time, when they are put into the field sown or mixed with the seed in the bag, so, lastly, the corn from the last sheaf is kept till Christmas, made into the Yule Boar, and afterwards broken and mixed with the seed-corn at sowing in spring. Thus, to put it generally, the corn-spirit is killed in animal form in autumn, part of his flesh is eaten as a sacrament by his worshippers; and part of it is kept till next sowing-time or harvest as a pledge and security for the continuance or renewal of the corn-spirit's energies.

If persons of fastidious taste should object that the Greeks never could have conceived Demeter and Persephone to be embodied in the form of pigs, it may be answered that in the cave of Phigalia in Arcadia the Black Demeter was portrayed with the head and mane of a horse on the body of a woman. Between the portrait of a goddess as a pig, and the portrait of her as a woman with a horse's head, there is little to choose in respect of barbarism. The legend told of the Phigalian Demeter indicates that the horse was one of the animal forms assumed in ancient Greece, as in modern Europe, by the corn-spirit. It was said that in her search for her daughter, Demeter assumed the form of a mare to escape the addresses of Poseidon, and that, offended at his importunity, she withdrew in dudgeon to a cave not far from Phigalia in the highlands of Western Arcadia. There, robed in black, she tarried so long that the fruits of the earth were perishing, and mankind would have died of famine if Pan had not soothed the angry goddess and persuaded her to quit the cave. In memory of this event, the Phigalians set up an image of the Black Demeter in the cave, it represented a woman dressed in a long robe, with the head and mane of a horse. The Black Demeter, in whose absence the fruits of the earth perish, is plainly a mythical expression for the bare wintry earth stripped of its summer mantle of green.

§ 3 *Attis, Adonis, and the Pig*—Passing now to Attis and Adonis, we may note a few facts which seem to show that these deities of vegetation had also, like other deities of the same class, their animal embodiments. The worshippers of Attis abstained from eating the flesh of swine. This appears to indicate that the pig was regarded as an embodiment of Attis. And the legend that Attis was killed by a boar points in the same direction. For after the examples of the goat Dionysus and the pig Demeter it may almost be laid down as a rule that an animal which is said to have injured a god was originally the god himself. Perhaps the cry of "Hyes Attis! Hyes Attis!" which was raised by the worshippers of Attis may be neither more nor less than "Pig Attis! Pig Attis!"—*hyes* being possibly a Phrygian form of the Greek *hys*, "a pig."

In regard to Adonis, his connexion with the boar was not always explained by the story that he had been killed by the animal. According to another story, a boar rent with his tusk the bark of the tree in which the infant Adonis was born. According to yet another story, he perished at the hands of Hephæstus on Mount Lebanon while he was hunting wild boars. These variations in the legend serve to show that, while the connexion of the boar with Adonis was certain, the reason of the connexion was not understood, and that consequently different stories were devised to explain it. Certainly the pig ranked as a sacred animal among the Syrians. At the great religious metropolis of Hierapolis on the Euphrates pigs were neither sacrificed nor eaten, and if a man touched a pig he was unclean for the rest of the day. Some people said this was because the pigs were unclean; others said it was because the pigs were sacred. This difference of opinion

points to a hazy state of religious thought in which the ideas of sanctity and uncleanness are not yet sharply distinguished, both being blent in a sort of vaporous solution to which we give the name of taboo. It is quite consistent with this that the pig should have been held to be an embodiment of the divine Adonis, and the analogies of Dionysus and Demeter make it probable that the story of the hostility of the animal to the god was only a late misapprehension of the old view of the god as embodied in a pig. The rule that pigs were not sacrificed or eaten by worshippers of Attis and presumably of Adonis does not exclude the possibility that in these rituals the pig was slain on solemn occasions as a representative of the god and consumed sacramentally by the worshippers. Indeed, the sacramental killing and eating of an animal implies that the animal is sacred, and that, as a general rule, it is spared.

The attitude of the Jews to the pig was as ambiguous as that of the heathen Syrians towards the same animal. The Greeks could not decide whether the Jews worshipped swine or abominated them. On the one hand they might not eat swine, but on the other hand they might not kill them. And if the former rule speaks for the uncleanness, the latter speaks still more strongly for the sanctity of the animal. For whereas both rules may, and one rule must, be explained on the supposition that the pig was sacred, neither rule must, and one rule cannot, be explained on the supposition that the pig was unclean. If, therefore, we prefer the former supposition, we must conclude that, originally at least, the pig was revered rather than abhorred by the Israelites. We are confirmed in this opinion by observing that down to the time of Isaiah some of the Jews used to meet secretly in gardens to eat the flesh of swine and mice as a religious rite. Doubtless this was a very ancient ceremony, dating from a time when both the pig and the mouse were venerated as divine, and when their flesh was partaken of sacramentally on rare and solemn occasions as the body and blood of gods. And in general it may perhaps be said that all so-called unclean animals were originally sacred, the reason for not eating them was that they were divine.

§ 4 *Osiris, the Pig and the Bull*—In ancient Egypt, within historical times, the pig occupied the same dubious position as in Syria and Palestine, though at first sight its uncleanness is more prominent than its sanctity. The Egyptians are generally said by Greek writers to have abhorred the pig as a foul and loathsome animal. If a man so much as touched a pig in passing, he stepped into the river with all his clothes on, to wash off the taint. To drink pig's milk was believed to cause leprosy to the drinker. Swineherds, though natives of Egypt, were forbidden to enter any temple, and they were the only men who were thus excluded. No one would give his daughter in marriage to a swineherd, or marry a swineherd's daughter, the swineherds married among themselves. Yet once a year the Egyptians sacrificed pigs to the moon and to Osiris, and not only sacrificed them, but ate of their flesh, though on any other

day of the year they would neither sacrifice them nor taste of their flesh. Those who were too poor to offer a pig on this day baked cakes of dough, and offered them instead. This can hardly be explained except by the supposition that the pig was a sacred animal which was eaten sacramentally by his worshippers once a year.

The view that in Egypt the pig was sacred is borne out by the very facts which, to moderns, might seem to prove the contrary. Thus the Egyptians thought, as we have seen, that to drink pig's milk produced leprosy. But exactly analogous views are held by savages about the animals and plants which they deem most sacred. Thus in the island of Wetar (between New Guinea and Celebes) people believe themselves to be variously descended from wild pigs, serpents, crocodiles, turtles, dogs, and eels; a man may not eat an animal of the kind from which he is descended, if he does so, he will become a leper, and go mad. Amongst the Omaha Indians of North America men whose totem is the elk believe that if they ate the flesh of the male elk they would break out in boils and white spots in different parts of their bodies. In the same tribe men whose totem is the red maize think that if they ate red maize they would have running sores all round their mouths. The Bush negroes of Surinam, who practise totemism, believe that if they ate the *capiai* (an animal like a pig) it would give them leprosy, perhaps the *capiai* is one of their totems. The Syrians, in antiquity, who esteemed fish sacred, thought that if they ate fish their bodies would break out in ulcers, and their feet and stomach would swell up. The Chasas of Orissa believe that if they were to injure their totemic animal they would be attacked by leprosy and their line would die out. These examples prove that the eating of a sacred animal is often believed to produce leprosy or other skin-diseases, so far, therefore, they support the view that the pig must have been sacred in Egypt, since the effect of drinking its milk was believed to be leprosy.

Again, the rule that, after touching a pig, a man had to wash himself and his clothes, also favours the view of the sanctity of the pig. For it is a common belief that the effect of contact with a sacred object must be removed, by washing or otherwise, before a man is free to mingle with his fellows. Thus the Jews wash their hands after reading the sacred scriptures. Before coming forth from the tabernacle after the sin-offering the high priest had to wash himself, and put off the garments which he had worn in the holy place. It was a rule of Greek ritual that, in offering an expiatory sacrifice, the sacrificer should not touch the sacrifice, and that, after the offering was made, he must wash his body and his clothes in a river or spring before he could enter a city or his own house. The Polynesians felt strongly the need of ridding themselves of the sacred contagion, if it may be so called, which they caught by touching sacred objects. Various ceremonies were performed for the purpose of removing this contagion. We have seen, for example, how in Tonga a man who happened to touch a sacred chief, or anything personally belonging to him, had to perform a certain ceremony before he could feed himself with his hands;

otherwise it was believed that he would swell up and die, or at least be afflicted with scrofula or some other disease. We have seen, too, what fatal effects are supposed to follow, and do actually follow, from contact with a sacred object in New Zealand. In short, primitive man believes that what is sacred is dangerous, it is pervaded by a sort of electrical sanctity which communicates a shock to, even if it does not kill, whatever comes in contact with it. Hence the savage is unwilling to touch or even to see that which he deems peculiarly holy. Thus Bechuanas, of the Crocodile clan, think it "hateful and unlucky" to meet or see a crocodile, the sight is thought to cause inflammation of the eyes. Yet the crocodile is their most sacred object; they call it their father, swear by it, and celebrate it in their festivals. The goat is the sacred animal of the Madenassana Bushmen, yet "to look upon it would be to render the man for the time impure, as well as to cause him undefined uneasiness." The Elk clan, among the Omaha Indians, believe that even to touch the male elk would be followed by an eruption of boils and white spots on the body. Members of the Reptile clan in the same tribe think that if one of them touches or smells a snake it will make his hair white. In Samoa people whose god was a butterfly believed that if they caught a butterfly it would strike them dead. Again, in Samoa the reddish-seared leaves of the banana-tree were commonly used as plates for handing food, but if any member of the Wild Pigeon family had used banana leaves for this purpose, it was supposed that he would suffer from rheumatic swellings or an eruption all over the body like chicken-pox. The Mori clan of the Bhils in Central India worship the peacock as their totem and make offerings of grain to it; yet members of the clan believe that were they even to set foot on the tracks of a peacock they would afterwards suffer from some disease, and if a woman sees a peacock she must veil her face and look away. Thus the primitive mind seems to conceive of holiness as a sort of dangerous virus, which a prudent man will shun as far as possible, and of which, if he should chance to be infected by it, he will carefully disinfect himself by some form of ceremonial purification.

In the light of these parallels the beliefs and customs of the Egyptians touching the pig are probably to be explained as based upon an opinion of the extreme sanctity rather than of the extreme uncleanness of the animal, or rather, to put it more correctly, they imply that the animal was looked on, not simply as a filthy and disgusting creature, but as a being endowed with high supernatural powers, and that as such it was regarded with that primitive sentiment of religious awe and fear in which the feelings of reverence and abhorrence are almost equally blended. The ancients themselves seem to have been aware that there was another side to the horror with which swine seemed to inspire the Egyptians. For the Greek astronomer and mathematician Eudoxus, who resided fourteen months in Egypt and conversed with the priests, was of opinion that the Egyptians spared the pig, not out of abhorrence, but from a regard to its utility

in agriculture ; for, according to him, when the Nile had subsided, herds of swine were turned loose over the fields to tread the seed down into the moist earth. But when a being is thus the object of mixed and implicitly contradictory feelings, he may be said to occupy a position of unstable equilibrium. In course of time one of the contradictory feelings is likely to prevail over the other, and according as the feeling which finally predominates is that of reverence or abhorrence, the being who is the object of it will rise into a god or sink into a devil. The latter, on the whole, was the fate of the pig in Egypt. For in historical times the fear and horror of the pig seem certainly to have outweighed the reverence and worship of which he may once have been the object, and of which, even in his fallen state, he never quite lost trace. He came to be looked on as an embodiment of Set or Typhon, the Egyptian devil and enemy of Osiris. For it was in the shape of a black pig that Typhon injured the eye of the god Horus, who burned him and instituted the sacrifice of the pig, the sun-god Ra having declared the beast abominable. Again, the story that Typhon was hunting a boar when he discovered and mangled the body of Osiris, and that this was the reason why pigs were sacrificed once a year, is clearly a modernised version of an older story that Osiris, like Adonis and Attis, was slain or mangled by a boar, or by Typhon in the form of a boar. Thus, the annual sacrifice of a pig to Osiris might naturally be interpreted as vengeance inflicted on the hostile animal that had slain or mangled the god. But, in the first place, when an animal is thus killed as a solemn sacrifice once and once only in the year, it generally or always means that the animal is divine, that he is spared and respected the rest of the year as a god and slain, when he is slain, also in the character of a god. In the second place, the examples of Dionysus and Demeter, if not of Attis and Adonis, have taught us that the animal which is sacrificed to a god on the ground that he is the god's enemy may have been, and probably was, originally the god himself. Therefore, the annual sacrifice of a pig to Osiris, coupled with the alleged hostility of the animal to the god, tends to show, first, that originally the pig was a god, and, second, that he was Osiris. At a later age, when Osiris became anthropomorphic and his original relation to the pig had been forgotten, the animal was first distinguished from him, and afterwards opposed as an enemy to him by mythologists who could think of no reason for killing a beast in connexion with the worship of a god except that the beast was the god's enemy, or, as Plutarch puts it, not that which is dear to the gods, but that which is the contrary, is fit to be sacrificed. At this later stage the havoc which a wild boar notoriously makes amongst the corn would supply a plausible reason for regarding him as the foe of the corn-spirit, though originally, if I am right, the very freedom with which the boar ranged at will through the corn led people to identify him with the corn-spirit, to whom he was afterwards opposed as an enemy.

The view which identifies the pig with Osiris derives not a little

support from the sacrifice of pigs to him on the very day on which, according to tradition, Osiris himself was killed, for thus the killing of the pig was the annual representation of the killing of Osiris, just as the throwing of the pigs into the caverns at the Thesmophoria was an annual representation of the descent of Persephone into the lower world, and both customs are parallel to the European practice of killing a goat, cock, and so forth, at harvest as a representative of the corn-spirit

Again, the theory that the pig, originally Osiris himself, afterwards came to be regarded as an embodiment of his enemy Typhon, is supported by the similar relation of red-haired men and red oxen to Typhon. For in regard to the red-haired men who were burned and whose ashes were scattered with winnowing-fans, we have seen fair grounds for believing that originally, like the red-haired puppies killed at Rome in spring, they were representatives of the corn-spirit himself, that is, of Osiris, and were slain for the express purpose of making the corn turn red or golden. Yet at a later time these men were explained to be representatives, not of Osiris, but of his enemy Typhon, and the killing of them was regarded as an act of vengeance inflicted on the enemy of the god. Similarly, the red oxen sacrificed by the Egyptians were said to be offered on the ground of their resemblance to Typhon, though it is more likely that originally they were slain on the ground of their resemblance to the corn-spirit Osiris. We have seen that the ox is a common representative of the corn-spirit and is slain as such on the harvest-field.

Osiris was regularly identified with the bull Apis of Memphis and the bull Mnevis of Heliopolis. But it is hard to say whether these bulls were embodiments of him as the corn-spirit, as the red oxen appear to have been, or whether they were not in origin entirely distinct deities who came to be fused with Osiris at a later time. The universality of the worship of these two bulls seems to put them on a different footing from the ordinary sacred animals whose worships were purely local. But whatever the original relation of Apis to Osiris may have been, there is one fact about the former which ought not to be passed over in a disquisition on the custom of killing a god. Although the bull Apis was worshipped as a god with much pomp and profound reverence, he was not suffered to live beyond a certain length of time which was prescribed by the sacred books, and on the expiry of which he was drowned in a holy spring. The limit, according to Plutarch, was twenty-five years, but it cannot always have been enforced, for the tombs of the Apis bulls have been discovered in modern times, and from the inscriptions on them it appears that in the twenty-second dynasty two of the holy steers lived more than twenty-six years.

§ 5 *Virbius and the Horse* —We are now in a position to hazard a conjecture as to the meaning of the tradition that Virbius, the first of the divine Kings of the Wood at Aricia, had been killed in the character of Hippolytus by horses. Having found, first, that spirits

of the corn are not infrequently represented in the form of horses, and, second, that the animal which in later legends is said to have injured the god was sometimes originally the god himself, we may conjecture that the horses by which Virbius or Hippolytus was said to have been slain were really embodiments of him as a deity of vegetation. The myth that he had been killed by horses was probably invented to explain certain features in his worship, amongst others the custom of excluding horses from his sacred grove. For myth changes while custom remains constant, men continue to do what their fathers did before them, though the reasons on which their fathers acted have been long forgotten. The history of religion is a long attempt to reconcile old custom with new reason, to find a sound theory for an absurd practice. In the case before us we may be sure that the myth is more modern than the custom and by no means represents the original reason for excluding horses from the grove. From their exclusion it might be inferred that horses could not be the sacred animals or embodiments of the god of the grove. But the inference would be rash. The goat was at one time a sacred animal or embodiment of Athena, as may be inferred from the practice of representing the goddess clad in a goat-skin (*aegis*). Yet the goat was neither sacrificed to her as a rule, nor allowed to enter her great sanctuary, the Acropolis at Athens. The reason alleged for this was that the goat injured the olive, the sacred tree of Athena. So far, therefore, the relation of the goat to Athena is parallel to the relation of the horse to Virbius, both animals being excluded from the sanctuary on the ground of injury done by them to the god. But from Varro we learn that there was an exception to the rule which excluded the goat from the Acropolis. Once a year, he says, the goat was driven on to the Acropolis for a necessary sacrifice. Now, as has been remarked before, when an animal is sacrificed once and once only in the year, it is probably slain, not as a victim offered to the god, but as a representative of the god himself. Therefore we may infer that if a goat was sacrificed on the Acropolis once a year, it was sacrificed in the character of Athena herself, and it may be conjectured that the skin of the sacrificed animal was placed on the statue of the goddess and formed the *aegis*, which would thus be renewed annually. Similarly at Thebes in Egypt rams were sacred and were not sacrificed. But on one day in the year a ram was killed, and its skin was placed on the statue of the god Ammon. Now, if we knew the ritual of the Arician grove better, we might find that the rule of excluding horses from it, like the rule of excluding goats from the Acropolis at Athens, was subject to an annual exception, a horse being once a year taken into the grove and sacrificed as an embodiment of the god Virbius. By the usual misunderstanding the horse thus killed would come in time to be regarded as an enemy offered up in sacrifice to the god whom he had injured, like the pig which was sacrificed to Demeter and Osiris or the goat which was sacrificed to Dionysus, and possibly to Athena. It is so easy for a writer to record a rule without noticing

an exception that we need not wonder at finding the rule of the Arician grove recorded without any mention of an exception such as I suppose. If we had had only the statements of Athenaeus and Pliny, we should have known only the rule which forbade the sacrifice of goats to Athena and excluded them from the Acropolis, without being aware of the important exception which the fortunate preservation of Varro's work has revealed to us.

The conjecture that once a year a horse may have been sacrificed in the Arician grove as a representative of the deity of the grove derives some support from the similar sacrifice of a horse which took place once a year at Rome. On the fifteenth of October in each year a chariot-race was run on the Field of Mars. Stabbed with a spear, the right-hand horse of the victorious team was then sacrificed to Mars for the purpose of ensuring good crops, and its head was cut off and adorned with a string of loaves. Thereupon the inhabitants of two wards—the Sacred Way and the Subura—contended with each other who should get the head. If the people of the Sacred Way got it, they fastened it to a wall of the king's house, if the people of the Subura got it, they fastened it to the Mamilian tower. The horse's tail was cut off and carried to the king's house with such speed that the blood dripped on the hearth of the house. Further, it appears that the blood of the horse was caught and preserved till the twenty-first of April, when the Vestal Virgins mixed it with the blood of the unborn calves which had been sacrificed six days before. The mixture was then distributed to shepherds, and used by them for fumigating their flocks.

In this ceremony the decoration of the horse's head with a string of loaves, and the alleged object of the sacrifice, namely, to procure a good harvest, seem to indicate that the horse was killed as one of those animal representatives of the corn-spirit of which we have found so many examples. The custom of cutting off the horse's tail is like the African custom of cutting off the tails of the oxen and sacrificing them to obtain a good crop. In both the Roman and the African custom the animal apparently stands for the corn-spirit, and its fructifying power is supposed to reside especially in its tail. The latter idea occurs, as we have seen, in European folk-lore. Again, the practice of fumigating the cattle in spring with the blood of the horse may be compared with the practice of giving the Old Wife, the Maiden, or the *cliyack* sheaf as fodder to the horses in spring or the cattle at Christmas, and giving the Yule Boar to the ploughing oxen or horses to eat in spring. All these usages aim at ensuring the blessing of the corn-spirit on the homestead and its inmates and storing it up for another year.

The Roman sacrifice of the October horse, as it was called, carries us back to the early days when the Subura, afterwards a low and squalid quarter of the great metropolis, was still a separate village, whose inhabitants engaged in a friendly contest on the harvest-field with their neighbours of Rome, then a little rural town. The Field

of Mars on which the ceremony took place lay beside the Tiber, and formed part of the king's domain down to the abolition of the monarchy. For tradition ran that at the time when the last of the kings was driven from Rome the corn stood ripe for the sickle on the crown lands beside the river, but no one would eat the accursed grain and it was flung into the river in such heaps that, the water being low with the summer heat, it formed the nucleus of an island. The horse sacrifice was thus an old autumn custom observed upon the king's corn-fields at the end of the harvest. The tail and blood of the horse, as the chief parts of the corn-spirit's representative, were taken to the king's house and kept there; just as in Germany the harvest-cock is nailed on the gable or over the door of the farmhouse, and as the last sheaf, in the form of the Maiden, is carried home and kept over the fireplace in the Highlands of Scotland. Thus the blessing of the corn-spirit was brought to the king's house and hearth and, through them, to the community of which he was the head. Similarly in the spring and autumn customs of Northern Europe the Maypole is sometimes set up in front of the house of the mayor or burgomaster, and the last sheaf at harvest is brought to him as the head of the village. But while the tail and blood fell to the king, the neighbouring village of the Subura, which no doubt once had a similar ceremony of its own, was gratified by being allowed to compete for the prize of the horse's head. The Mamilian tower, to which the Suburans nailed the horse's head when they succeeded in carrying it off, appears to have been a peel-tower or keep of the old Mamilian family, the magnates of the village. The ceremony thus performed on the king's fields and at his house on behalf of the whole town and of the neighbouring village presupposes a time when each township performed a similar ceremony on its own fields. In the rural districts of Latium the villages may have continued to observe the custom, each on its own land, long after the Roman hamlets had merged their separate harvest-homes in the common celebration on the king's lands. There is no intrinsic improbability in the supposition that the sacred grove of Aricia, like the Field of Mars at Rome, may have been the scene of a common harvest celebration, at which a horse was sacrificed with the same rude rites on behalf of the neighbouring villages. The horse would represent the fructifying spirit both of the tree and of the corn, for the two ideas melt into each other, as we see in customs like the Harvest-May.

CHAPTER L

EATING THE GOD

§ 1. *The Sacrament of First-Fruits*—We have now seen that the corn-spirit is represented sometimes in human, sometimes in animal form, and that in both cases he is killed in the person of his repre-

sentative and eaten sacramentally. To find examples of actually killing the human representative of the corn-spirit we had naturally to go to savage races, but the harvest-suppers of our European peasants have furnished unmistakable examples of the sacramental eating of animals as representatives of the corn-spirit. But further, as might have been anticipated, the new corn is itself eaten sacramentally, that is, as the body of the corn-spirit. In Wermland, Sweden, the farmer's wife uses the grain of the last sheaf to bake a loaf in the shape of a little girl; this loaf is divided amongst the whole household and eaten by them. Here the loaf represents the corn-spirit conceived as a maiden; just as in Scotland the corn-spirit is similarly conceived and represented by the last sheaf made up in the form of a woman and bearing the name of the Maiden. As usual, the corn-spirit is believed to reside in the last sheaf, and to eat a loaf made from the last sheaf is, therefore, to eat the corn-spirit itself. Similarly at La Palisse, in France, a man made of dough is hung upon the fir-tree which is carried on the last harvest-waggon. The tree and the dough-man are taken to the mayor's house and kept there till the vintage is over. Then the close of the harvest is celebrated by a feast at which the mayor breaks the dough-man in pieces and gives the pieces to the people to eat.

In these examples the corn-spirit is represented and eaten in human shape. In other cases, though the new corn is not baked in loaves of human shape, still the solemn ceremonies with which it is eaten suffice to indicate that it is partaken of sacramentally, that is, as the body of the corn-spirit. For example, the following ceremonies used to be observed by Lithuanian peasants at eating the new corn. About the time of the autumn sowing, when all the corn had been got in and the threshing had begun, each farmer held a festival called Sabarios, that is, "the mixing or throwing together." He took nine good handfuls of each kind of crop—wheat, barley, oats, flax, beans, lentils, and the rest, and each handful he divided into three parts. The twenty-seven portions of each grain were then thrown on a heap and all mixed up together. The grain used had to be that which was first threshed and winnowed and which had been set aside and kept for this purpose. A part of the grain thus mixed was employed to bake little loaves, one for each of the household, the rest was mixed with more barley or oats and made into beer. The first beer brewed from this mixture was for the drinking of the farmer, his wife, and children, the second brew was for the servants. The beer being ready, the farmer chose an evening when no stranger was expected. Then he knelt down before the barrel of beer, drew a jugful of the liquor and poured it on the bung of the barrel, saying, "O fruitful earth, make rye and barley and all kinds of corn to flourish." Next he took the jug to the parlour, where his wife and children awaited him. On the floor of the parlour lay bound a black or white or speckled (not a red) cock and a hen of the same colour and of the same brood, which must have been hatched within the year. Then the farmer knelt down, with the jug in his

hand, and thanked God for the harvest and prayed for a good crop next year. Next all lifted up their hands and said, "O God, and thou, O earth, we give you this cock and hen as a free-will offering." With that the farmer killed the fowls with the blows of a wooden spoon for he might not cut their heads off. After the first prayer and after killing each of the birds he poured out a third of the beer. Then his wife boiled the fowls in a new pot which had never been used before. After that, a bushel was set, bottom upwards, on the floor, and on it were placed the little loaves mentioned above and the boiled fowls. Next the new beer was fetched, together with a ladle and three mugs, none of which was used except on this occasion. When the farmer had ladled the beer into the mugs, the family knelt down round the bushel. The father then uttered a prayer and drank off the three mugs of beer. The rest followed his example. Then the loaves and the flesh of the fowls were eaten, after which the beer went round again, till every one had emptied each of the three mugs nine times. None of the food should remain over, but if anything did happen to be left, it was consumed next morning with the same ceremonies. The bones were given to the dog to eat, if he did not eat them all up, the remains were buried under the dung in the cattle-stall. This ceremony was observed at the beginning of December. On the day on which it took place no bad word might be spoken.

Such was the custom about two hundred years or more ago. At the present day in Lithuania, when new potatoes or loaves made from the new corn are being eaten, all the people at table pull each other's hair. The meaning of this last custom is obscure, but a similar custom was certainly observed by the heathen Lithuanians at their solemn sacrifices. Many of the Esthonians of the island of Oesel will not eat bread baked of the new corn till they have first taken a bite at a piece of iron. The iron is here plainly a charm, intended to render harmless the spirit that is in the corn. In Sutherlandshire at the present day, when the new potatoes are dug all the family must taste them, otherwise "the spirits in them [the potatoes] take offence, and the potatoes would not keep." In one part of Yorkshire it is still customary for the clergyman to cut the first corn; and my informant believes that the corn so cut is used to make the communion bread. If the latter part of the custom is correctly reported (and analogy is all in its favour), it shows how the Christian communion has absorbed within itself a sacrament which is doubtless far older than Christianity.

The Aino or Ainu of Japan are said to distinguish various kinds of millet as male and female respectively, and these kinds, taken together, are called "the divine husband and wife cereal" (*Umurek haru kamui*). "Therefore before millet is pounded and made into cakes for general eating, the old men have a few made for themselves first to worship. When they are ready they pray to them very earnestly and say: 'O thou cereal deity, we worship thee. Thou hast grown very well this year, and thy flavour will be sweet. Thou art good. The goddess of fire will be glad, and we also shall rejoice greatly. O thou god, O

thou divine cereal, do thou nourish the people I now partake of thee. I worship thee and give thee thanks' After having thus prayed, they, the worshippers, take a cake and eat it, and from this time the people may all partake of the new millet. And so with many gestures of homage and words of prayer this kind of food is dedicated to the well-being of the Annu No doubt the cereal offering is regarded as a tribute paid to god, but that god is no other than the seed itself; and it is only a god in so far as it is beneficial to the human body "

At the close of the rice harvest in the East Indian island of Buru, each clan meets at a common sacramental meal, to which every member of the clan is bound to contribute a little of the new rice This meal is called "eating the soul of the rice," a name which clearly indicates the sacramental character of the repast Some of the rice is also set apart and offered to the spirits Amongst the Alfoors of Minahassa, in Celebes, the priest sows the first rice-seed and plucks the first ripe rice in each field This rice he roasts and grinds into meal, and gives some of it to each of the household Shortly before the rice-harvest in Bolang Mongondo, another district of Celebes, an offering is made of a small pig or a fowl Then the priest plucks a little rice, first on his own field and next on those of his neighbours All the rice thus plucked by him he dries along with his own, and then gives it back to the respective owners, who have it ground and boiled When it is boiled the women take it back, with an egg, to the priest, who offers the egg in sacrifice and returns the rice to the women. Of this rice every member of the family, down to the youngest child, must partake. After this ceremony every one is free to get in his rice

Amongst the Burghers or Badagas, a tribe of the Neilgherry Hills in Southern India, the first handful of seed is sown and the first sheaf reaped by a Curumbar, a man of a different tribe, the members of which the Burghers regard as sorcerers The grain contained in the first sheaf "is that day reduced to meal, made into cakes, and, being offered as a first-fruit oblation, is, together with the remainder of the sacrificed animal, partaken of by the Burgher and the whole of his family, as the meat of a federal offering and sacrifice" Among the Hindoos of Southern India the eating of the new rice is the occasion of a family festival called Pongol The new rice is boiled in a new pot on a fire which is kindled at noon on the day when, according to Hindoo astrologers, the sun enters the tropic of Capricorn The boiling of the pot is watched with great anxiety by the whole family, for as the milk boils, so will the coming year be If the milk boils rapidly, the year will be prosperous; but it will be the reverse if the milk boils slowly Some of the new boiled rice is offered to the image of Ganesa, then every one partakes of it In some parts of Northern India the festival of the new crop is known as *Navan*, that is, "new grain." When the crop is ripe, the owner takes the omens, goes to the field, plucks five or six ears of barley in the spring crop and one of the millets in the autumn harvest This is brought home, parched, and mixed with coarse sugar, butter, and curds. Some of it is thrown

on the fire in the name of the village gods and deceased ancestors : the rest is eaten by the family.

The ceremony of eating the new yams at Onitsha, on the Niger, is thus described " Each headman brought out six yams, and cut down young branches of palm-leaves and placed them before his gate, roasted three of the yams, and got some kola-nuts and fish After the yam is roasted, the *Libia*, or country doctor, takes the yam, scrapes it into a sort of meal, and divides it into halves, he then takes one piece, and places it on the lips of the person who is going to eat the new yam. The eater then blows up the steam from the hot yam, and afterwards pokes the whole into his mouth, and says, ' I thank God for being permitted to eat the new yam ' , he then begins to chew it heartily, with fish likewise "

Among the Nandi of British East Africa, when the eleusine grain is ripening in autumn, every woman who owns a cornfield goes out into it with her daughters, and they all pluck some of the ripe grain Each of the women then fixes one grain in her necklace and chews another, which she rubs on her forehead, throat, and breast No mark of joy escapes them ; sorrowfully they cut a basketful of the new corn, and carrying it home place it in the loft to dry As the ceiling is of wickerwork, a good deal of the grain drops through the crevices and falls into the fire, where it explodes with a crackling noise The people make no attempt to prevent this waste, for they regard the crackling of the grain in the fire as a sign that the souls of the dead are partaking of it A few days later porridge is made from the new grain and served up with milk at the evening meal All the members of the family take some of the porridge and dab it on the walls and roofs of the huts, also they put a little in their mouths and spit it out towards the east and on the outside of the huts Then, holding up some of the grain in his hand, the head of the family prays to God for health and strength, and likewise for milk, and everybody present repeats the words of the prayer after him

Amongst the Caffres of Natal and Zululand, no one may eat of the new fruits till after a festival which marks the beginning of the Caffre year and falls at the end of December or the beginning of January All the people assemble at the king's kraal, where they feast and dance Before they separate the " dedication of the people " takes place Various fruits of the earth, as corn, mealies, and pumpkins, mixed with the flesh of a sacrificed animal and with " medicine," are boiled in great pots, and a little of this food is placed in each man's mouth by the king himself After thus partaking of the sanctified fruits, a man is himself sanctified for the whole year, and may immediately get in his crops It is believed that if any man were to partake of the new fruits before the festival, he would die, if he were detected, he would be put to death, or at least all his cattle would be taken from him The holness of the new fruits is well marked by the rule that they must be cooked in a special pot

which is used only for this purpose, and on a new fire kindled by a magician through the friction of two sticks which are called "husband and wife"

° Among the Bechuanas it is a rule that before they partake of the new crops they must purify themselves. The purification takes place at the commencement of the new year on a day in January which is fixed by the chief. It begins in the great kraal of the tribe, where all the adult males assemble. Each of them takes in his hand leaves of a gourd called by the natives *lerotse* (described as something between a pumpkin and a vegetable marrow), and having crushed the leaves he anoints with the expressed juice his big toes and his navel, many people indeed apply the juice to all the joints of their body, but the better-informed say that this is a vulgar departure from ancient custom. After this ceremony in the great kraal every man goes home to his own kraal, assembles all the members of his family, men, women, and children, and smears them all with the juice of the *lerotse* leaves. Some of the leaves are also pounded, mixed with milk in a large wooden dish, and given to the dogs to lap up. Then the porridge plate of each member of the family is rubbed with the *lerotse* leaves. When this purification has been completed, but not before, the people are free to eat of the new crops.

The Bororo Indians of Brazil think that it would be certain death to eat the new maize before it has been blessed by the medicine-man. The ceremony of blessing it is as follows. The half-ripe husk is washed and placed before the medicine-man, who by dancing and singing for several hours, and by incessant smoking, works himself up into a state of ecstasy, whereupon he bites into the husk, trembling in every limb and uttering shrieks from time to time. A similar ceremony is performed whenever a large animal or a large fish is killed. The Bororo are firmly persuaded that were any man to touch unconsecrated maize or meat, before the ceremony had been completed, he and his whole tribe would perish.

Amongst the Creek Indians of North America, the *busk* or festival of first-fruits was the chief ceremony of the year. It was held in July or August, when the corn was ripe, and marked the end of the old year and the beginning of the new one. Before it took place, none of the Indians would eat or even handle any part of the new harvest. Sometimes each town had its own busk, sometimes several towns united to hold one in common. Before celebrating the busk, the people provided themselves with new clothes and new household utensils and furniture, they collected their old clothes and rubbish, together with all the remaining grain and other old provisions, cast them together in one common heap, and consumed them with fire. As a preparation for the ceremony, all the fires in the village were extinguished, and the ashes swept clean away. In particular, the hearth or altar of the temple was dug up and the ashes carried out. Then the chief priest put some roots of the button-snake plant, with some green tobacco leaves and a little of the new fruits, at the bottom

of the fireplace, which he afterwards commanded to be covered up with white clay, and wetted over with clean water. A thick arbour of green branches of young trees was then made over the altar. Meanwhile the women at home were cleaning out their houses, renewing the old hearths, and scouring all the cooking vessels that they might be ready to receive the new fire and the new fruits. The public or sacred square was carefully swept of even the smallest crumbs of previous feasts, "for fear of polluting the first-fruit offerings." Also every vessel that had contained or had been used about any food during the expiring year was removed from the temple before sunset. Then all the men who were not known to have violated the law of the first-fruit offering and that of marriage during the year were summoned by a crier to enter the holy square and observe a solemn fast. But the women (except six old ones), the children, and all who had not attained the rank of warriors were forbidden to enter the square. Sentinels were also posted at the corners of the square to keep out all persons deemed impure and all animals. A strict fast was then observed for two nights and a day, the devotees drinking a bitter decoction of button-snake root "in order to vomit and purge their sinful bodies." That the people outside the square might also be purified, one of the old men laid down a quantity of green tobacco at a corner of the square, this was carried off by an old woman and distributed to the people without, who chewed and swallowed it "in order to afflict their souls." During this general fast, the women, children, and men of weak constitution were allowed to eat after mid-day, but not before. On the morning when the fast ended, the women brought a quantity of the old year's food to the outside of the sacred square. These provisions were then fetched in and set before the famished multitude, but all traces of them had to be removed before noon. When the sun was declining from the meridian, all the people were commanded by the voice of a crier to stay within doors, to do no bad act, and to be sure to extinguish and throw away every spark of the old fire. Universal silence now reigned. Then the high priest made the new fire by the friction of two pieces of wood, and placed it on the altar under the green arbour. This new fire was believed to atone for all past crimes except murder. Next a basket of new fruits was brought, the high priest took out a little of each sort of fruit, rubbed it with bear's oil, and offered it, together with some flesh, "to the bountiful holy spirit of fire, as a first-fruit offering, and an annual oblation for sin." He also consecrated the sacred emetics (the button-snake root and the cassina or black-drink) by pouring a little of them into the fire. The persons who had remained outside now approached, without entering, the sacred square, and the chief priest thereupon made a speech, exhorting the people to observe their old rites and customs, announcing that the new divine fire had purged away the sins of the past year, and earnestly warning the women that, if any of them had not extinguished the old fire, or had contracted any impurity, they must forthwith depart,

“lest the divine fire should spoil both them and the people” Some of the new fire was then set down outside the holy square, the women carried it home joyfully, and laid it on their unpolluted hearths. When several towns had united to celebrate the festival, the new fire might thus be carried for several miles. The new fruits were then dressed on the new fires and eaten with bear’s oil, which was deemed indispensable. At one point of the festival the men rubbed the new corn between their hands, then on their faces and breasts. During the festival which followed, the warriors, dressed in their wild martial array, their heads covered with white down and carrying white feathers in their hands, danced round the sacred arbour, under which burned the new fire. The ceremonies lasted eight days, during which the strictest continence was practised. Towards the conclusion of the festival the warriors fought a mock battle, then the men and women together, in three circles, danced round the sacred fire. Lastly, all the people smeared themselves with white clay and bathed in running water. They came out of the water believing that no evil could now befall them for what they had done amiss in the past. So they departed in joy and peace.

To this day, also, the remnant of the Seminole Indians of Florida, a people of the same stock as the Creeks, hold an annual purification and festival called the Green Corn Dance, at which the new corn is eaten. On the evening of the first day of the festival they quaff a nauseous “Black Drink,” as it is called, which acts both as an emetic and a purgative, they believe that he who does not drink of this liquor cannot safely eat the new green corn, and besides that he will be sick at some time in the year. While the liquor is being drunk, the dancing begins, and the medicine-men join in it. Next day they eat of the green corn, the following day they fast, probably from fear of polluting the sacred food in their stomachs by contact with common food; but the third day they hold a great feast.

Even tribes which do not till the ground sometimes observe analogous ceremonies when they gather the first wild fruits or dig the first roots of the season. Thus among the Salish and Tinneh Indians of North-West America, “before the young people eat the first berries or roots of the season, they always addressed the fruit or plant, and begged for its favour and aid. In some tribes regular First-fruit ceremonies were annually held at the time of picking the wild fruit or gathering the roots, and also among the salmon-eating tribes when the run of the ‘sockeye’ salmon began. These ceremonies were not so much thanksgivings, as performances to ensure a plentiful crop or supply of the particular object desired, for if they were not properly and reverently carried out there was danger of giving offence to the ‘spirits’ of the objects, and being deprived of them.” For example, these Indians are fond of the young shoots or suckers of the wild raspberry, and they observe a solemn ceremony at eating the first of them in season. The shoots are cooked in a new pot, the people assemble and stand in a great circle with closed eyes, while the pre-

siding chief or medicine-man invokes the spirit of the plant, begging that it will be propitious to them and grant them a good supply of suckers. After this part of the ceremony is over the cooked suckers are handed to the presiding officer in a newly carved dish, and a small portion is given to each person present, who reverently and decorously eats it.

The Thompson Indians of British Columbia cook and eat the sunflower root (*Balsamorhiza sagittata*, Nutt), but they used to regard it as a mysterious being, and observed a number of taboos in connexion with it, for example, women who were engaged in digging or cooking the root must practise continence, and no man might come near the oven where the women were baking the root. When young people ate the first berries, roots, or other products of the season, they addressed a prayer to the Sunflower-Root as follows: "I inform thee that I intend to eat thee. Mayest thou always help me to ascend, so that I may always be able to reach the tops of mountains, and may I never be clumsy! I ask this from thee, Sunflower-Root. Thou art the greatest of all in mystery." To omit this prayer would make the eater lazy and cause him to sleep long in the morning.

These customs of the Thompson and other Indian tribes of North-West America are instructive, because they clearly indicate the motive, or at least one of the motives, which underlies the ceremonies observed at eating the first fruits of the season. That motive in the case of these Indians is simply a belief that the plant itself is animated by a conscious and more or less powerful spirit, who must be propitiated before the people can safely partake of the fruits or roots which are supposed to be part of his body. Now if this is true of wild fruits and roots, we may infer with some probability that it is also true of cultivated fruits and roots, such as yams, and in particular that it holds good of the cereals, such as wheat, barley, oats, rice, and maize. In all cases it seems reasonable to infer that the scruples which savages manifest at eating the first fruits of any crop, and the ceremonies which they observe before they overcome their scruples, are due at least in large measure to a notion that the plant or tree is animated by a spirit or even a deity, whose leave must be obtained, or whose favour must be sought, before it is possible to partake with safety of the new crop. This indeed is plainly affirmed of the Aino—they call the millet "the divine cereal," "the cereal deity," and they pray to and worship him before they will eat of the cakes made from the new millet. And even where the indwelling divinity of the first fruits is not expressly affirmed, it appears to be implied both by the solemn preparations made for eating them and by the danger supposed to be incurred by persons who venture to partake of them without observing the prescribed ritual. In all such cases, accordingly, we may not improperly describe the eating of the new fruits as a sacrament or communion with a deity, or at all events with a powerful spirit.

Among the usages which point to this conclusion are the custom of employing either new or specially reserved vessels to hold the new

fruits, and the practice of purifying the persons of the communicants before it is lawful to engage in the solemn act of communion with the divinity. Of all the modes of purification adopted on these occasions none perhaps brings out the sacramental virtue of the rite so clearly as the Creek and Seminole practice of taking a purgative before swallowing the new corn. The intention is thereby to prevent the sacred food from being polluted by contact with common food in the stomach of the eater. For the same reason Catholics partake of the Eucharist fasting, and among the pastoral Masai of Eastern Africa the young warriors, who live on meat and milk exclusively, are obliged to eat nothing but milk for so many days and then nothing but meat for so many more, and before they pass from the one food to the other they must make sure that none of the old food remains in their stomachs, this they do by swallowing a very powerful purgative and emetic.

In some of the festivals which we have examined, the sacrament of first-fruits is combined with a sacrifice or presentation of them to gods or spirits, and in course of time the sacrifice of first-fruits tends to throw the sacrament into the shade, if not to supersede it. The mere fact of offering the first-fruits to the gods or spirits comes now to be thought a sufficient preparation for eating the new corn, the higher powers having received their share, man is free to enjoy the rest. This mode of viewing the new fruits implies that they are regarded no longer as themselves instinct with divine life, but merely as a gift bestowed by the gods upon man, who is bound to express his gratitude and homage to his divine benefactors by returning to them a portion of their bounty.

§ 2 *Eating the God among the Aztecs* —The custom of eating bread sacramentally as the body of a god was practised by the Aztecs before the discovery and conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. Twice a year, in May and December, an image of the great Mexican god Huitzilopochtli or Vitzilipuztli was made of dough, then broken in pieces, and solemnly eaten by his worshippers. The May ceremony is thus described by the historian Acosta. "The Mexicans in the month of May made their principal feast to their god Vitzilipuztli, and two days before this feast, the virgins whereof I have spoken (the which were shut up and secluded in the same temple and were as it were religious women) did mingle a quantity of the seed of beets with roasted maize, and then they did mould it with honey, making an idol of that paste in bigness like to that of wood, putting instead of eyes grains of green glass, of blue or white, and for teeth grains of maize set forth with all the ornament and furniture that I have said. This being finished, all the noblemen came and brought it an exquisite and rich garment, like unto that of the idol, wherewith they did attire it. Being thus clad and deckt, they did set it in an azured chair and in a litter to carry it on their shoulders. The morning of this feast being come, an hour before day all the maidens came forth attired in white, with new ornaments, the which that day were called the Sisters of their god

Vitzilpuzth, they came crowned with garlands of maize roasted and parched, being like unto azahar or the flower of orange, and about their necks they had great chains of the same, which went bauldrick-wise under their left arm. Their cheeks were dyed with vermilion, their arms from the elbow to the wrist were covered with red parrots' feathers." Young men, dressed in red robes and crowned like the virgins with maize, then carried the idol in its litter to the foot of the great pyramid-shaped temple, up the steep and narrow steps of which it was drawn to the music of flutes, trumpets, cornets, and drums. "While they mounted up the idol all the people stood in the court with much reverence and fear. Being mounted to the top, and that they had placed it in a little lodge of roses which they held ready, presently came the young men, which strewed many flowers of sundry kinds, wherewith they filled the temple both within and without. This done, all the virgins came out of their convent, bringing pieces of paste compounded of beets and roasted maize, which was of the same paste whereof their idol was made and compounded, and they were of the fashion of great bones. They delivered them to the young men, who carried them up and laid them at the idol's feet, wherewith they filled the whole place that it could receive no more. They called these morsels of paste the flesh and bones of Vitzilpuzth. Having laid abroad these bones, presently came all the ancients of the temple, priests, Levites, and all the rest of the ministers, according to their dignities and antiquities (for herein there was a strict order amongst them) one after another, with their veils of diverse colours and works, every one according to his dignity and office, having garlands upon their heads and chains of flowers about their necks, after them came their gods and goddesses whom they worshipped, of diverse figures, attired in the same livery, then putting themselves in order about those morsels and pieces of paste, they used certain ceremonies with singing and dancing. By means whereof they were blessed and consecrated for the flesh and bones of this idol. This ceremony and blessing (whereby they were taken for the flesh and bones of the idol) being ended, they honoured those pieces in the same sort as their god. All the city came to this goodly spectacle, and there was a commandment very strictly observed throughout all the land, that the day of the feast of the idol of Vitzilpuzth they should eat no other meat but this paste, with honey, whereof the idol was made. And this should be eaten at the point of day, and they should drink no water nor any other thing till after noon. they held it for an ill sign, yea, for sacrilege to do the contrary. but after the ceremonies ended, it was lawful for them to eat anything. During the time of this ceremony they hid the water from their little children, admonishing all such as had the use of reason not to drink any water, which, if they did, the anger of God would come upon them, and they should die, which they did observe very carefully and strictly. The ceremonies, dancing, and sacrifice ended, they went to unclothe themselves, and the priests and superiors of the temple took the idol of paste, which they spoiled of all the

ornaments it had, and made many pieces, as well of the idol itself as of the truncheons which they consecrated, and then they gave them to the people in manner of a communion, beginning with the greater, and continuing unto the rest, both men, women, and little children, who received it with such tears, fear, and reverence as it was an admirable thing, saying that they did eat the flesh and bones of God, wherewith they were grieved. Such as had any sick folks demanded thereof for them, and carried it with great reverence and veneration."

From this interesting passage we learn that the ancient Mexicans, even before the arrival of Christian missionaries, were fully acquainted with the doctrine of transubstantiation and acted upon it in the solemn rites of their religion. They believed that by consecrating bread their priests could turn it into the very body of their god, so that all who thereupon partook of the consecrated bread entered into a mystic communion with the deity by receiving a portion of his divine substance into themselves. The doctrine of transubstantiation, or the magical conversion of bread into flesh, was also familiar to the Aryans of ancient India long before the spread and even the rise of Christianity. The Brahmans taught that the rice-cakes offered in sacrifice were substitutes for human beings, and that they were actually converted into the real bodies of men by the manipulation of the priest. We read that "when it (the rice-cake) still consists of rice-meal, it is the hair. When he pours water on it, it becomes skin. When he mixes it, it becomes flesh. for then it becomes consistent; and consistent also is the flesh. When it is baked, it becomes bone. for then it becomes somewhat hard, and hard is the bone. And when he is about to take it off (the fire) and sprinkles it with butter, he changes it into marrow. This is the completeness which they call the fivefold animal sacrifice."

Now, too, we can perfectly understand why on the day of their solemn communion with the deity the Mexicans refused to eat any other food than the consecrated bread which they revered as the very flesh and bones of their God, and why up till noon they might drink nothing at all, not even water. They feared no doubt to defile the portion of God in their stomachs by contact with common things. A similar pious fear led the Creek and Seminole Indians, as we saw, to adopt the more thoroughgoing expedient of rinsing out their bodies by a strong purgative before they dared to partake of the sacrament of first-fruits.

At the festival of the winter solstice in December the Aztecs killed their god Huitzilopochtli in effigy first and ate him afterwards. As a preparation for this solemn ceremony an image of the deity in the likeness of a man was fashioned out of seeds of various sorts, which were kneaded into a dough with the blood of children. The bones of the god were represented by pieces of acacia wood. This image was placed on the chief altar of the temple, and on the day of the festival the king offered incense to it. Early next day it was taken down and set on its feet in a great hall. Then a priest, who bore the name

ted the part of the god Quetzalcoatl, took a flint-tipped dart and it into the breast of the dough-image, piercing it through and h This was called "killing the god Huitzilopochtli so that his might be eaten" One of the priests cut out the heart of the and gave it to the king to eat. The rest of the image was l into minute pieces, of which every man great and small, down male children in the cradle, receive one to eat. But no woman taste a morsel The ceremony was called *teoqualo*, that is, s eaten "

another festival the Mexicans made little images like men, stood for the cloud-capped mountains These images were d of a paste of various seeds and were dressed in paper orna- Some people fashioned five, others ten, others as many as of them Having been made, they were placed in the oratory house and worshipped Four times in the course of the night gs of food were brought to them in tiny vessels, and people nd played the flute before them through all the hours of dark- At break of day the priests stabbed the images with a weaver's ment, cut off their heads, and tore out their hearts, which they ed to the master of the house on a green saucer. The bodies images were then eaten by all the family, especially by the s, "in order that by eating them they might be preserved from distempers, to which those persons who were negligent of o to those deities conceived themselves to be subject "

Many Mann at Aricia —We are now able to suggest an explana- the proverb "There are many Mann at Aricia" Certain made in the shape of men were called by the Romans *maniae*, appears that this kind of loaf was especially made at Aricia. Mania, the name of one of these loaves, was also the name of ther or Grandmother of Ghosts, to whom woollen effigies of nd women were dedicated at the festival of the Compitalia. effigies were hung at the doors of all the houses in Rome; gy was hung up for every free person in the house, and one of a different kind, for every slave The reason was that day the ghosts of the dead were believed to be going about, was hoped that, either out of good nature or through simple tence, they would carry off the effigies at the door instead of ng people in the house According to tradition, these woollen were substitutes for a former custom of sacrificing human

Upon data so fragmentary and uncertain, it is impossible d with confidence, but it seems worth suggesting that the m human form, which appear to have been baked at Aricia, sacramental bread, and that in the old days, when the divine i the Wood was annually slain, loaves were made in his image, e paste figures of the gods in Mexico, and were eaten sacra- y by his worshippers The Mexican sacraments in honour of opochtli were also accompanied by the sacrifice of human . The tradition that the founder of the sacred grove at Aricia

was a man named Manius, from whom many Manu were descended, would thus be an etymological myth invented to explain the name *maniae* as applied to these sacramental loaves. A dim recollection of the original connexion of the loaves with human sacrifices may perhaps be traced in the story that the effigies dedicated to Mania at the Compitalia were substitutes for human victims. The story itself, however, is probably devoid of foundation, since the practice of putting up dummies to divert the attention of ghosts or demons from living people is not uncommon.

For example, the Tibetans stand in fear of innumerable earth-demons, all of whom are under the authority of Old Mother Khon-ma. This goddess, who may be compared to the Roman Mania, the Mother or Grandmother of Ghosts, is dressed in golden-yellow robes, holds a golden noose in her hand, and rides on a ram. In order to bar the dwelling-house against the foul fiends, of whom Old Mother Khon-ma is mistress, an elaborate structure somewhat resembling a chandelier is fixed above the door on the outside of the house. It contains a ram's skull, a variety of precious objects such as gold-leaf, silver, and turquoise, also some dry food, such as rice, wheat, and pulse, and finally images or pictures of a man, a woman, and a house. "The object of these figures of a man, wife, and house is to deceive the demons should they still come in spite of this offering, and to mislead them into the belief that the foregoing pictures are the inmates of the house, so that they may wreak their wrath on these bits of wood and so save the real human occupants." When all is ready, a priest prays to Old Mother Khon-ma that she would be pleased to accept these dainty offerings and to close the open doors of the earth, in order that the demons may not come forth to infest and injure the household.

Again, effigies are often employed as a means of preventing or curing sickness, the demons of disease either mistake the effigies for living people or are persuaded or compelled to enter them, leaving the real men and women well and whole. Thus the Alfoors of Minahassa, in Celebes, will sometimes transport a sick man to another house, while they leave on his bed a dummy made up of a pillow and clothes. This dummy the demon is supposed to mistake for the sick man, who consequently recovers. Cure or prevention of this sort seems to find especial favour with the natives of Borneo. Thus, when an epidemic is raging among them, the Dyaks of the Katoengouw river set up wooden images at their doors in the hope that the demons of the plague may be deluded into carrying off the effigies instead of the people. Among the Oloh Ngadju of Borneo, when a sick man is supposed to be suffering from the assaults of a ghost, puppets of dough or rice-meal are made and thrown under the house as substitutes for the patient, who thus rids himself of the ghost. In certain of the western districts of Borneo if a man is taken suddenly and violently sick, the physician, who in this part of the world is generally an old woman, fashions a wooden image and brings it seven times into contact with the sufferer's head, while she says "This image serves to take the place of the sick man,

sickness, pass over into the image " Then, with some rice, salt, and tobacco in a little basket, the substitute is carried to the spot where the evil spirit is supposed to have entered into the man There it is set upright on the ground, after the physician has invoked the spirit as follows " O devil, here is an image which stands instead of the sick man Release the soul of the sick man and plague the image, for it is indeed prettier and better than he " Batak magicians can conjure the demon of disease out of the patient's body into an image made out of a banana-tree with a human face and wrapt up in magic herbs , the image is then hurriedly removed and thrown away or buried beyond the boundaries of the village Sometimes the image, dressed as a man or a woman according to the sex of the patient, is deposited at a cross-road or other thoroughfare, in the hope that some passer-by, seeing it, may start and cry out, " Ah ! So-and-So is dead " , for such an exclamation is supposed to delude the demon of disease into a belief that he has accomplished his fell purpose, so he takes himself off and leaves the sufferer to get well The Mai Darat, a Sakai tribe of the Malay Peninsula, attribute all kinds of diseases to the agency of spirits which they call *nyam* , fortunately, however, the magician can induce these maleficent beings to come out of the sick person and take up their abode in rude figures of grass, which are hung up outside the houses in little bell-shaped shrines decorated with peeled sticks During an epidemic of small-pox the Ewe negroes will sometimes clear a space outside of the town, where they erect a number of low mounds and cover them with as many little clay figures as there are people in the place Pots of food and water are also set out for the refreshment of the spirit of small-pox, who, it is hoped, will take the clay figures and spare the living folk , and to make assurance doubly sure the road into the town is barricaded against him

With these examples before us we may surmise that the woollen effigies, which at the festival of the Compitalia might be seen hanging at the doors of all the houses in ancient Rome, were not substitutes for human victims who had formerly been sacrificed at this season, but rather vicarious offerings presented to the Mother or Grandmother of Ghosts, in the hope that on her rounds through the city she would accept or mistake the effigies for the inmates of the house and so spare the living for another year It is possible that the puppets made of rushes, which in the month of May the pontiffs and Vestal Virgins annually threw into the Tiber from the old Sublician bridge at Rome, had originally the same significance , that is, they may have been designed to purge the city from demoniac influence by diverting the attention of the demons from human beings to the puppets and then toppling the whole uncanny crew, neck and crop, into the river, which would soon sweep them far out to sea In precisely the same way the natives of Old Calabar used periodically to rid their town of the devils which infested it by luring the unwary demons into a number of lamentable scarecrows, which they afterwards flung into the river. This interpretation of the Roman custom is supported to some extent

by the evidence of Plutarch, who speaks of the ceremony as "the greatest of purifications."

CHAPTER LI

HOMOEOPATHIC MAGIC OF A FLESH DIET

THE practice of killing a god has now been traced amongst peoples who have reached the agricultural stage of society. We have seen that the spirit of the corn, or of other cultivated plants, is commonly represented either in human or in animal form, and that in some places a custom has prevailed of killing annually either the human or the animal representative of the god. One reason for thus killing the corn-spirit in the person of his representative has been given implicitly in an earlier part of this work. we may suppose that the intention was to guard him or her (for the corn-spirit is often feminine) from the enfeeblement of old age by transferring the spirit, while still hale and hearty, to the person of a youthful and vigorous successor. Apart from the desirability of renewing his divine energies, the death of the corn-spirit may have been deemed inevitable under the sickles or the knives of the reapers, and his worshippers may accordingly have felt bound to acquiesce in the sad necessity. But, further, we have found a widespread custom of eating the god sacramentally, either in the shape of the man or animal who represents the god, or in the shape of bread made in human or animal form. The reasons for thus partaking of the body of the god are, from the primitive standpoint, simple enough. The savage commonly believes that by eating the flesh of an animal or man he acquires not only the physical, but even the moral and intellectual qualities which were characteristic of that animal or man, so when the creature is deemed divine, our simple savage naturally expects to absorb a portion of its divinity along with its material substance. It may be well to illustrate by instances this common faith in the acquisition of virtues or vices of many kinds through the medium of animal food, even when there is no pretence that the viands consist of the body or blood of a god. The doctrine forms part of the widely ramified system of sympathetic or homoeopathic magic.

Thus, for example, the Creeks, Cherokee, and kindred tribes of North American Indians "believe that nature is possest of such a property, as to transfuse into men and animals the qualities, either of the food they use, or of those objects that are presented to their senses, he who feeds on venison is, according to their physical system, swifter and more sagacious than the man who lives on the flesh of the clumsy bear, or helpless dunghill fowls, the slow-footed tame cattle, or the heavy wallowing swine. This is the reason that several of their old men recommend, and say, that formerly their greatest chieftains observed a constant rule in their diet, and seldom ate of any animal

of a gross quality, or heavy motion of body, fancying it conveyed a dullness through the whole system, and disabled them from exerting themselves with proper vigour in their martial, civil, and religious duties " The Zaparo Indians of Ecuador " will, unless from necessity, in most cases not eat any heavy meats, such as tapir and peccary, but confine themselves to birds, monkeys, deer, fish, etc , principally because they argue that the heavier meats make them unwieldy, like the animals who supply the flesh, impeding their agility, and unfitting them for the chase " Similarly some of the Brazilian Indians would eat no beast, bird, or fish that ran, flew, or swam slowly, lest by partaking of its flesh they should lose their agility and be unable to escape from their enemies. The Caribs abstained from the flesh of pigs lest it should cause them to have small eyes like pigs , and they refused to partake of tortoises from a fear that if they did so they would become heavy and stupid like the animal Among the Fans of West Africa men in the prime of life never eat tortoises for a similar reason , they imagine that if they did so, their vigour and fleetness of foot would be gone But old men may eat tortoises freely, because having already lost the power of running they can take no harm from the flesh of the slow-footed creature

While many savages thus fear to eat the flesh of slow-footed animals lest they should themselves become slow-footed, the Bushmen of South Africa purposely ate the flesh of such creatures, and the reason which they gave for doing so exhibits a curious refinement of savage philosophy They imagined that the game which they pursued would be influenced sympathetically by the food in the body of the hunter, so that if he had eaten of swift-footed animals, the quarry would be swift-footed also and would escape him , whereas if he had eaten of slow-footed animals, the quarry would also be slow-footed, and he would be able to overtake and kill it. For that reason hunters of gemsbok particularly avoided eating the flesh of the swift and agile springbok , indeed they would not even touch it with their hands, because they believed the springbok to be a very lively creature which did not go to sleep at night, and they thought that if they ate springbok, the gemsbok which they hunted would likewise not be willing to go to sleep, even at night How, then, could they catch it ?

The Namaquas abstain from eating the flesh of hares, because they think it would make them faint-hearted as a hare But they eat the flesh of the lion, or drink the blood of the leopard or lion, to get the courage and strength of these beasts The Bushmen will not give their children a jackal's heart to eat, lest it should make them timid like the jackal , but they give them a leopard's heart to eat to make them brave like the leopard When a Wagogo man of East Africa kills a lion, he eats the heart in order to become brave like a lion , but he thinks that to eat the heart of a hen would make him timid When a serious disease has attacked a Zulu kraal, the medicine-man takes the bone of a very old dog, or the bone of an old cow, bull, or other very old animal, and administers it to the

healthy as well as to the sick people, in order that they may live to be as old as the animal of whose bone they have partaken. So to restore the aged Aeson to youth, the witch Medea infused into his veins a decoction of the liver of the long-lived deer and the head of a crow that had outlived nine generations of men.

Among the Dyaks of North-West Borneo young men and warriors may not eat venison, because it would make them as timid as deer, but the women and very old men are free to eat it. However, among the Kayans of the same region, who share the same view as to the ill effect of eating venison, men will partake of the dangerous viand provided it is cooked in the open air, for then the timid spirit of the animal is supposed to escape at once into the jungle and not to enter into the eater. The Aino believe that the heart of the water-ousel is exceedingly wise, and that in speech the bird is most eloquent. Therefore whenever he is killed, he should be at once torn open and his heart wrenched out and swallowed before it has time to grow cold or suffer damage of any kind. If a man swallows it thus, he will become very fluent and wise, and will be able to argue down all his adversaries. In Northern India people fancy that if you eat the eyeballs of an owl you will be able like an owl to see in the dark.

When the Kansas Indians were going to war, a feast used to be held in the chief's hut, and the principal dish was dog's flesh, because, said the Indians, the animal who is so brave that he will let himself be cut in pieces in defence of his master, must needs inspire valour. Men of the Buru and Aru Islands, East Indies, eat the flesh of dogs in order to be bold and nimble in war. Amongst the Papuans of the Port Moresby and Motumotu districts, New Guinea, young lads eat strong pig, wallaby, and large fish, in order to acquire the strength of the animal or fish. Some of the natives of Northern Australia fancy that by eating the flesh of the kangaroo or emu they are enabled to jump or run faster than before. The Miris of Assam prize tiger's flesh as food for men, it gives them strength and courage. But "it is not suited for women, it would make them too strong-minded." In Corea the bones of tigers fetch a higher price than those of leopards as a means of inspiring courage. A Chinaman in Seoul bought and ate a whole tiger to make himself brave and fierce. In Norse legend, Ingiald, son of King Aunund, was timid in his youth, but after eating the heart of a wolf he became very bold, Hialto gained strength and courage by eating the heart of a bear and drinking its blood.

In Morocco lethargic patients are given ants to swallow, and to eat lion's flesh will make a coward brave, but people abstain from eating the hearts of fowls, lest thereby they should be rendered timid. When a child is late in learning to speak, the Turks of Central Asia will give it the tongues of certain birds to eat. A North American Indian thought that brandy must be a decoction of hearts and tongues, "because," said he, "after drinking it I fear nothing, and I talk wonderfully." In Java there is a tiny earthworm which now and then utters a shrill sound like that of the alarum of a small clock.

Hence when a public dancing girl has screamed herself hoarse in the exercise of her calling, the leader of the troop makes her eat some of these worms, in the belief that thus she will regain her voice and will, after swallowing them, be able to scream as shrilly as ever. The people of Darfur, in Central Africa, think that the liver is the seat of the soul, and that a man may enlarge his soul by eating the liver of an animal. "Whenever an animal is killed its liver is taken out and eaten, but the people are most careful not to touch it with their hands, as it is considered sacred; it is cut up in small pieces and eaten raw, the bits being conveyed to the mouth on the point of a knife, or the sharp point of a stick. Any one who may accidentally touch the liver is strictly forbidden to partake of it, which prohibition is regarded as a great misfortune for him." Women are not allowed to eat liver, because they have no soul.

Again, the flesh and blood of dead men are commonly eaten and drunk to inspire bravery, wisdom, or other qualities for which the men themselves were remarkable, or which are supposed to have their special seat in the particular part eaten. Thus among the mountain tribes of South-eastern Africa there are ceremonies by which the youths are formed into guilds or lodges, and among the rites of initiation there is one which is intended to infuse courage, intelligence, and other qualities into the novices. Whenever an enemy who has behaved with conspicuous bravery is killed, his liver, which is considered the seat of valour, his ears, which are supposed to be the seat of intelligence, the skin of his forehead, which is regarded as the seat of perseverance, his testicles, which are held to be the seat of strength, and other members, which are viewed as the seat of other virtues, are cut from his body and baked to cinders. The ashes are carefully kept in the horn of a bull, and, during the ceremonies observed at circumcision, are mixed with other ingredients into a kind of paste, which is administered by the tribal priest to the youths. By this means the strength, valour, intelligence, and other virtues of the slain are believed to be imparted to the eaters. When Basutos of the mountains have killed a very brave foe, they immediately cut out his heart and eat it, because this is supposed to give them his courage and strength in battle. When Sir Charles M'Carthy was killed by the Ashantees in 1824, it is said that his heart was devoured by the chiefs of the Ashantee army, who hoped by this means to imbibe his courage. His flesh was dried and parcelled out among the lower officers for the same purpose, and his bones were long kept at Coomassie as national fetishes. The Nauras Indians of New Granada ate the hearts of Spaniards when they had the opportunity, hoping thereby to make themselves as dauntless as the dreaded Castilian chivalry. The Sioux Indians used to reduce to powder the heart of a valiant enemy and swallow the powder, hoping thus to appropriate the dead man's valour.

But while the human heart is thus commonly eaten for the sake of imbuing the eater with the qualities of its original owner, it is not,

as we have already seen, the only part of the body which is consumed for this purpose. Thus warriors of the Theddora and Ngarigo tribes of South-eastern Australia used to eat the hands and feet of their slain enemies, believing that in this way they acquired some of the qualities and courage of the dead. The Kamilaroi of New South Wales ate the liver as well as the heart of a brave man to get his courage. In Tonquin also there is a popular superstition that the liver of a brave man makes brave any who partake of it. With a like intent the Chinese swallow the bile of notorious bandits who have been executed. The Dyaks of Sarawak used to eat the palms of the hands and the flesh of the knees of the slain in order to steady their own hands and strengthen their own knees. The Tolalaki, notorious head-hunters of Central Celebes, drink the blood and eat the brains of their victims that they may become brave. The Italones of the Philippine Islands drink the blood of their slain enemies, and eat part of the back of their heads and of their entrails raw to acquire their courage. For the same reason the Efugaos, another tribe of the Philippines, suck the brains of their foes. In like manner the Kai of German New Guinea eat the brains of the enemies they kill in order to acquire their strength. Among the Kimbunda of Western Africa, when a new king succeeds to the throne, a brave prisoner of war is killed in order that the king and nobles may eat his flesh, and so acquire his strength and courage. The notorious Zulu chief Matuana drank the gall of thirty chiefs, whose people he had destroyed, in the belief that it would make him strong. It is a Zulu fancy that by eating the centre of the forehead and the eyebrow of an enemy they acquire the power of looking steadfastly at a foe. Before every warlike expedition the people of Minahassa in Celebes used to take the locks of hair of a slain foe and dabble them in boiling water to extract the courage; this infusion of bravery was then drunk by the warriors. In New Zealand "the chief was an *atua* [god], but there were powerful and powerless gods, each naturally sought to make himself one of the former; the plan therefore adopted was to incorporate the spirits of others with their own, thus, when a warrior slew a chief, he immediately gouged out his eyes and swallowed them, the *atua tonga*, or divinity, being supposed to reside in that organ; thus he not only killed the body, but also possessed himself of the soul of his enemy, and consequently the more chiefs he slew the greater did his divinity become."

It is now easy to understand why a savage should desire to partake of the flesh of an animal or man whom he regards as divine. By eating the body of the god he shares in the god's attributes and powers. And when the god is a corn-god, the corn is his proper body, when he is a vine-god, the juice of the grape is his blood, and so by eating the bread and drinking the wine the worshipper partakes of the real body and blood of his god. Thus the drinking of wine in the rites of a vine-god like Dionysus is not an act of revelry, it is a solemn sacrament. Yet a time comes when reasonable men find it

hard to understand how any one in his senses can suppose that by eating bread or drinking wine he consumes the body or blood of a deity. "When we call corn Ceres and wine Bacchus," says Cicero, "we use a common figure of speech, but do you imagine that anybody is so insane as to believe that the thing he feeds upon is a god?"

CHAPTER LII

KILLING THE DIVINE ANIMAL

§ 1 *Killing the Sacred Buzzard*—In the preceding chapters we saw that many communities which have progressed so far as to subsist mainly by agriculture have been in the habit of killing and eating their farinaceous deities either in their proper form of corn, rice, and so forth, or in the borrowed shapes of animals and men. It remains to show that hunting and pastoral tribes, as well as agricultural peoples, have been in the habit of killing the beings whom they worship. Among the worshipful beings or gods, if indeed they deserve to be dignified by that name, whom hunters and shepherds adore and kill are animals pure and simple, not animals regarded as embodiments of other supernatural beings. Our first example is drawn from the Indians of California, who living in a fertile country under a serene and temperate sky, nevertheless rank near the bottom of the savage scale. The Acagchemem tribe adored the great buzzard, and once a year they celebrated a great festival called *Panes* or bird-feast in its honour. The day selected for the festival was made known to the public on the evening before its celebration and preparations were at once made for the erection of a special temple (*vanquech*), which seems to have been a circular or oval enclosure of stakes with the stuffed skin of a coyote or prairie-wolf set up on a hurdle to represent the god Chinigchinich. When the temple was ready, the bird was carried into it in solemn procession and laid on an altar erected for the purpose. Then all the young women, whether married or single, began to run to and fro, as if distracted, some in one direction and some in another, while the elders of both sexes remained silent spectators of the scene, and the captains, tricked out in paint and feathers, danced round their adored bird. These ceremonies being concluded, they seized upon the bird and carried it to the principal temple, all the assembly uniting in the grand display, and the captains dancing and singing at the head of the procession. Arrived at the temple, they killed the bird without losing a drop of its blood. The skin was removed entire and preserved with the feathers as a relic or for the purpose of making the festal garment or *paelt*. The carcase was buried in a hole in the temple, and the old women gathered round the grave weeping and moaning bitterly, while they threw various kinds of seeds or pieces of food on it, crying out, "Why did you run

away? Would you not have been better with us? you would have made *pinole* (a kind of gruel) as we do, and if you had not run away, you would not have become a *Panes*," and so on. When this ceremony was concluded, the dancing was resumed and kept up for three days and nights. They said that the *Panes* was a woman who had run off to the mountains and there been changed into a bird by the god Chinigchinich. They believed that though they sacrificed the bird annually, she came to life again and returned to her home in the mountains. Moreover they thought that "as often as the bird was killed, it became multiplied, because every year all the different Capitanes celebrated the same feast of *Panes*, and were firm in the opinion that the birds sacrificed were but one and the same female."

The unity in multiplicity thus postulated by the Californians is very noticeable and helps to explain their motive for killing the divine bird. The notion of the life of a species as distinct from that of an individual, easy and obvious as it seems to us, appears to be one which the Californian savage cannot grasp. He is unable to conceive the life of the species otherwise than as an individual life, and therefore as exposed to the same dangers and calamities which menace and finally destroy the life of the individual. Apparently he imagines that a species left to itself will grow old and die like an individual, and that therefore some step must be taken to save from extinction the particular species which he regards as divine. The only means he can think of to avert the catastrophe is to kill a member of the species in whose veins the tide of life is still running strong and has not yet stagnated among the fens of old age. The life thus diverted from one channel will flow, he fancies, more freshly and freely in a new one, in other words, the slain animal will revive and enter on a new term of life with all the spring and energy of youth. To us this reasoning is transparently absurd, but so too is the custom. A similar confusion, it may be noted, between the individual life and the life of the species was made by the Samoans. Each family had for its god a particular species of animal, yet the death of one of these animals, for example an owl, was not the death of the god, "he was supposed to be yet alive, and incarnate in all the owls in existence."

§ 2 *Killing the Sacred Ram*—The rude Californian rite which we have just considered has a close parallel in the religion of ancient Egypt. The Thebans and all other Egyptians who worshipped the Theban god Ammon held rams to be sacred, and would not sacrifice them. But once a year at the festival of Ammon they killed a ram, skinned it, and clothed the image of the god in the skin. Then they mourned over the ram and buried it in a sacred tomb. The custom was explained by a story that Zeus had once exhibited himself to Hercules clad in the fleece and wearing the head of a ram. Of course the ram in this case was simply the beast-god of Thebes, as the wolf was the beast-god of Lycopolis, and the goat was the beast-god of Mendes. In other words, the ram was Ammon himself. On the monuments, it is true, Ammon appears in semi-human form with

the body of a man and the head of a ram. But this only shows that he was in the usual chrysalis state through which beast-gods regularly pass before they emerge as full-blown anthropomorphic gods. The ram, therefore, was killed, not as a sacrifice to Ammon, but as the god himself, whose identity with the beast is plainly shown by the custom of clothing his image in the skin of the slain ram. The reason for thus killing the ram-god annually may have been that which I have assigned for the general custom of killing a god and for the special Californian custom of killing the divine buzzard. As applied to Egypt, this explanation is supported by the analogy of the bull-god Apis, who was not suffered to outlive a certain term of years. The intention of thus putting a limit to the life of the human god was, as I have argued, to secure him from the weakness and frailty of age. The same reasoning would explain the custom—probably an older one—of putting the beast-god to death annually, as was done with the ram of Thebes.

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One point in the Theban ritual—the application of the skin to the image of the god—deserves particular attention. If the god was at first the living ram, his representation by an image must have originated later. But how did it originate? One answer to this question is perhaps furnished by the practice of preserving the skin of the animal which is slain as divine. The Californians, as we have seen, preserved the skin of the buzzard, and the skin of the goat, which is killed on the harvest-field as a representative of the corn-spirit, is kept for various superstitious purposes. The skin in fact was kept as a token or memorial of the god, or rather as containing in it a part of the divine life, and it had only to be stuffed or stretched upon a frame to become a regular image of him. At first an image of this kind would be renewed annually, the new image being provided by the skin of the slain animal. But from annual images to permanent images the transition is easy. We have seen that the older custom of cutting a new May-tree every year was superseded by the practice of maintaining a permanent Maypole, which was, however, annually decked with fresh leaves and flowers, and even surmounted each year by a fresh young tree. Similarly when the stuffed skin, as a representative of the god, was replaced by a permanent image of him in wood, stone, or metal, the permanent image was annually clad in the fresh skin of the slain animal. When this stage had been reached, the custom of killing the ram came naturally to be interpreted as a sacrifice offered to the image, and was explained by a story like that of Ammon and Hercules.

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§ 3 *Killing the Sacred Serpent*—West Africa appears to furnish another example of the annual killing of a sacred animal and the preservation of its skin. The negroes of Issapoo, in the island of Fernando Po, regard the cobra-capella as their guardian deity, who can do them good or ill, bestow riches or inflict disease and death. The skin of one of these reptiles is hung tail downwards from a branch of the highest tree in the public square, and the placing of it on the

tree is an annual ceremony As soon as the ceremony is over, all children born within the past year are carried out and their hands made to touch the tail of the serpent's skin The latter custom is clearly a way of placing the infants under the protection of the tribal god Similarly in Senegambia a python is expected to visit every child of the Python clan within eight days after birth, and the Psylli, a Snake clan of ancient Africa, used to expose their infants to snakes in the belief that the snakes would not harm true-born children of the clan

§ 4. *Killing the Sacred Turtles*—In the Californian, Egyptian, and Fernando Po customs the worship of the animal seems to have no relation to agriculture, and may therefore be presumed to date from the hunting or pastoral stage of society. The same may be said of the following custom, though the Zuni Indians of New Mexico, who practise it, are now settled in walled villages or towns of a peculiar type, and practise agriculture and the arts of pottery and weaving. But the Zuni custom is marked by certain features which appear to place it in a somewhat different class from the preceding cases It may be well therefore to describe it at full length in the words of an eye-witness

"With midsummer the heat became intense My brother [*i.e.* adopted Indian brother] and I sat, day after day, in the cool under-rooms of our house,—the latter [*sic*] busy with his quaint forge and crude appliances, working Mexican coins over into bangles, girdles, ear-rings, buttons, and what not, for savage ornament Though his tools were wonderfully rude, the work he turned out by dint of combined patience and ingenuity was remarkably beautiful One day as I sat watching him, a procession of fifty men went hastily down the hill, and off westward over the plain They were solemnly led by a painted and shell-bedecked priest, and followed by the torch-bearing Shu-lu-wit-si or God of Fire After they had vanished, I asked old brother what it all meant

"‘They are going,’ said he, ‘to the city of the Ka-ka and the home of our others’

"Four days after, towards sunset, costumed and masked in the beautiful paraphernalia of the Ka-k’ok-shi, or ‘Good Dance,’ they returned in file up the same pathway, each bearing in his arms a basket filled with living, squirming turtles, which he regarded and carried as tenderly as a mother would her infant Some of the wretched reptiles were carefully wrapped in soft blankets, their heads and forefeet protruding,—and, mounted on the backs of the plume-bedecked pilgrims, made ludicrous but solemn caricatures of little children in the same position While I was at supper upstairs that evening, the governor’s brother-in-law came in He was welcomed by the family as if a messenger from heaven He bore in his tremulous fingers one of the much-abused and rebellious turtles Paint still adhered to his hands and bare feet, which led me to infer that he had formed one of the sacred embassy

"‘So you went to Ka-thlu-el-lon, did you?’ I asked

" 'E'e,' replied the weary man, in a voice husky with long chanting, as he sank, almost exhausted, on a roll of skins which had been placed for him, and tenderly laid the turtle on the floor. No sooner did the creature find itself at liberty than it made off as fast as its lame legs would take it. Of one accord, the family forsook dish, spoon, and drinking-cup, and grabbing from a sacred meal-bowl whole handfuls of the contents, hurriedly followed the turtle about the room, into dark corners, around water-jars, behind the grinding-troughs, and out into the middle of the floor again, praying and scattering meal on its back as they went. At last, strange to say, it approached the foot-sore man who had brought it.

" 'Ha !' he exclaimed with emotion ; ' see it comes to me again ; ah, what great favours the fathers of all grant me this day,' and, passing his hand gently over the sprawling animal, he inhaled from his palm deeply and long, at the same time invoking the favour of the gods. Then he leaned his chin upon his hand, and with large, wistful eyes regarded his ugly captive as it sprawled about, blinking its meal-bedimmed eyes, and clawing the smooth floor in memory of its native element. At this juncture I ventured a question.

" ' Why do you not let him go, or give him some water ? '

" Slowly the man turned his eyes toward me, an odd mixture of pain, indignation, and pity on his face, while the worshipful family stared at me with holy horror.

" ' Poor younger brother ! ' he said at last, ' know you not how precious it is ? It die ? It will *not* die, I tell you, it cannot die '

" ' But it will die if you don't feed it and give it water '

" ' I tell you it *cannot* die, it will only change houses to-morrow, and go back to the home of its brothers. Ah, well ! How should *you* know ? ' he mused. Turning to the blinded turtle again. ' Ah ! my poor dear lost child or parent, my sister or brother to have been ! Who knows which ? Maybe my own great-grandfather or mother ! ' And with this he fell to weeping most pathetically, and, tremulous with sobs, which were echoed by the women and children, he buried his face in his hands. Filled with sympathy for his grief, however mistaken, I raised the turtle to my lips and kissed its cold shell, then depositing it on the floor, hastily left the grief-stricken family to their sorrows. Next day, with prayers and tender beseechings, plumes, and offerings, the poor turtle was killed, and its flesh and bones were removed and deposited in the little river, that it might ' return once more to eternal life among its comrades in the dark waters of the lake of the dead ' The shell, carefully scraped and dried, was made into a dance-rattle, and, covered by a piece of buckskin, it still hangs from the smoke-stained rafters of my brother's house. Once a Navajo tried to buy it for a ladle, loaded with indignant reproaches, he was turned out of the house. Were any one to venture the suggestion that the turtle no longer lived, his remark would cause a flood of tears, and he would be reminded that it had only ' changed houses and gone to live for ever in the home of " our lost others." ' "

In this custom we find expressed in the clearest way a belief in the transmigration of human souls into the bodies of turtles. The theory of transmigration is held by the Moqui Indians, who belong to the same race as the Zunis. The Moquis are divided into totem clans—the Bear clan, Deer clan, Wolf clan, Hare clan, and so on; they believe that the ancestors of the clans were bears, deer, wolves, hares, and so forth, and that at death the members of each clan become bears, deer, and so on according to the particular clan to which they belonged. The Zuni are also divided into clans, the totems of which agree closely with those of the Moquis, and one of their totems is the turtle. Thus their belief in transmigration into the turtle is probably one of the regular articles of their totem faith. What then is the meaning of killing a turtle in which the soul of a kinsman is believed to be present? Apparently the object is to keep up a communication with the other world in which the souls of the departed are believed to be assembled in the form of turtles. It is a common belief that the spirits of the dead return occasionally to their old homes, and accordingly the unseen visitors are welcomed and feasted by the living, and then sent upon their way. In the Zuni ceremony the dead are fetched home in the form of turtles, and the killing of the turtles is the way of sending back the souls to the spirit-land. Thus the general explanation given above of the custom of killing a god seems inapplicable to the Zuni custom, the true meaning of which is somewhat obscure. Nor is the obscurity which hangs over the subject entirely dissipated by a later and fuller account which we possess of the ceremony. From it we learn that the ceremony forms part of the elaborate ritual which these Indians observe at the midsummer solstice for the purpose of ensuring an abundant supply of rain for the crops. Envoys are despatched to bring “their otherselves, the tortoises,” from the sacred lake Kothluwalawa, to which the souls of the dead are believed to repair. When the creatures have thus been solemnly brought to Zuni, they are placed in a bowl of water and dances are performed beside them by men in costume, who personate gods and goddesses. “After the ceremonial the tortoises are taken home by those who caught them and are hung by their necks to the rafters till morning, when they are thrown into pots of boiling water. The eggs are considered a great delicacy. The meat is seldom touched except as a medicine, which is curative for cutaneous diseases. Part of the meat is deposited in the river with *kôhakwa* (white shell beads) and turquoise beads as offerings to Council of the Gods.” This account at all events confirms the inference that the tortoises are supposed to be reincarnations of the human dead, for they are called the “otherselves” of the Zuni, indeed, what else should they be than the souls of the dead in the bodies of tortoises seeing that they come from the haunted lake? As the principal object of the prayers uttered and of the dances performed at these midsummer ceremonies appears to be to procure rain for the crops, it may be that the intention of bringing the tortoises to Zuni and dancing before them is to intercede with the ancestral spirits, incarnate in the animals, that

they may be pleased to exert their power over the waters of heaven for the benefit of their living descendants.

§ 5 *Killing the Sacred Bear*—Doubt also hangs at first sight over the meaning of the bear-sacrifice offered by the Aino or Ainu, a primitive people who are found in the Japanese island of Yezo or Yesso, as well as in Saghalien and the southern of the Kurile Islands. It is not quite easy to define the attitude of the Aino towards the bear. On the one hand they give it the name of *kamui* or "god", but as they apply the same word to strangers, it may mean no more than a being supposed to be endowed with superhuman, or at all events extraordinary, powers. Again, it is said that "the bear is their chief divinity", "in the religion of the Aino the bear plays a chief part", "amongst the animals it is especially the bear which receives an idolatrous veneration", "they worship it after their fashion", "there is no doubt that this wild beast inspires more of the feeling which prompts worship than the inanimate forces of nature, and the Aino may be distinguished as bear-worshippers". Yet, on the other hand, they kill the bear whenever they can, "in bygone years the Aino considered bear-hunting the most manly and useful way in which a person could possibly spend his time", "the men spend the autumn, winter, and spring in hunting deer and bears. Part of their tribute or taxes is paid in skins, and they subsist on the dried meat", bear's flesh is indeed one of their staple foods, they eat it both fresh and salted, and the skins of bears furnish them with clothing. In fact, the worship of which writers on this subject speak appears to be paid chiefly to the dead animal. Thus, although they kill a bear whenever they can, "in the process of dissecting the carcass they endeavour to conciliate the deity, whose representative they have slain, by making elaborate obeisances and deprecatory salutations", "when a bear has been killed the Aino sit down and admire it, make their salaams to it, worship it, and offer presents of *mao*", "when a bear is trapped or wounded by an arrow, the hunters go through an apologetic or propitiatory ceremony". The skulls of slain bears receive a place of honour in their huts, or are set up on sacred posts outside the huts, and are treated with much respect. Libations of millet beer, and of *sake*, an intoxicating liquor, are offered to them, and they are addressed as "divine preservers" or "precious divinities". The skulls of foxes are also fastened to the sacred posts outside the huts, they are regarded as charms against evil spirits, and are consulted as oracles. Yet it is expressly said, "The live fox is revered just as little as the bear, rather they avoid it as much as possible, considering it a wily animal". The bear can hardly, therefore, be described as a sacred animal of the Aino, nor yet as a totem, for they do not call themselves bears, and they kill and eat the animal freely. However, they have a legend of a woman who had a son by a bear, and many of them who dwell in the mountains pride themselves on being descended from a bear. Such people are called "Descendants of the bear" (*Kimun Kamui sanikiri*), and in the pride of their heart they will say, "As

for me, I am a child of the god of the mountains, I am descended from the divine one who rules in the mountains," meaning by "the god of the mountains" no other than the bear. It is therefore possible that, as our principal authority, the Rev. J. Batchelor, believes, the bear may have been the totem of an Aino clan; but even if that were so it would not explain the respect shown for the animal by the whole Aino people.

But it is the bear-festival of the Aino which concerns us here. Towards the end of winter a bear cub is caught and brought into the village. If it is very small, it is suckled by an Aino woman, but should there be no woman able to suckle it, the little animal is fed from the hand or the mouth. During the day it plays about in the hut with the children and is treated with great affection. But when the cub grows big enough to pain people by hugging or scratching them, he is shut up in a strong wooden cage, where he stays generally for two or three years, fed on fish and millet porridge, till it is time for him to be killed and eaten. But "it is a peculiarly striking fact that the young bear is not kept merely to furnish a good meal, rather he is regarded and honoured as a fetish, or even as a sort of higher being." In Yezo the festival is generally celebrated in September or October. Before it takes place the Aino apologise to their gods, alleging that they have treated the bear kindly as long as they could, now they can feed him no longer, and are obliged to kill him. A man who gives a bear-feast invites his relations and friends, in a small village nearly the whole community takes part in the feast, indeed, guests from distant villages are invited and generally come, allured by the prospect of getting drunk for nothing. The form of invitation runs somewhat as follows: "I, so and so, am about to sacrifice the dear little divine thing who resides among the mountains. My friends and masters, come ye to the feast, we will then unite in the great pleasure of sending the god away. Come." When all the people are assembled in front of the cage, an orator chosen for the purpose addresses the bear and tells it that they are about to send it forth to its ancestors. He craves pardon for what they are about to do to it, hopes it will not be angry, and comforts it by assuring the animal that many of the sacred whittled sticks (*mao*) and plenty of cakes and wine will be sent with it on the long journey. One speech of this sort which Mr. Batchelor heard ran as follows: "O thou divine one, thou wast sent into the world for us to hunt. O thou precious little divinity, we worship thee, pray hear our prayer. We have nourished thee and brought thee up with a deal of pains and trouble, all because we love thee so. Now, as thou hast grown big, we are about to send thee to thy father and mother. When thou comest to them please speak well of us, and tell them how kind we have been, please come to us again and we will sacrifice thee." Having been secured with ropes, the bear is then let out of the cage and assailed with a shower of blunt arrows in order to rouse it to fury. When it has spent itself in vain struggles, it is tied up to a stake, gagged and strangled, its neck being placed between two poles, which are then

violently compressed, all the people eagerly helping to squeeze the animal to death. An arrow is also discharged into the beast's heart by a good marksman, but so as not to shed blood, for they think that it would be very unlucky if any of the blood were to drip on the ground. However, the men sometimes drink the warm blood of the bear "that the courage and other virtues it possesses may pass into them"; and sometimes they besmear themselves and their clothes with the blood in order to ensure success in hunting. When the animal has been strangled to death, it is skinned and its head is cut off and set in the east window of the house, where a piece of its own flesh is placed under its snout, together with a cup of its own meat boiled, some millet dumplings, and dried fish. Prayers are then addressed to the dead animal, amongst other things it is sometimes invited, after going away to its father and mother, to return into the world in order that it may again be reared for sacrifice. When the bear is supposed to have finished eating its own flesh, the man who presides at the feast takes the cup containing the boiled meat, salutes it, and divides the contents between all the company present. Every person, young and old alike, must taste a little. The cup is called "the cup of offering" because it has just been offered to the dead bear. When the rest of the flesh has been cooked, it is shared out in like manner among all the people, everybody partaking of at least a morsel, not to partake of the feast would be equivalent to excommunication, it would be to place the recreant outside the pale of Aino fellowship. Formerly every particle of the bear, except the bones, had to be eaten up at the banquet, but this rule is now relaxed. The head, on being detached from the skin, is set up on a long pole beside the sacred wands (*mao*) outside of the house, where it remains till nothing but the bare white skull is left. Skulls so set up are worshipped not only at the time of the festival, but very often as long as they last. The Aino assured Mr Batchelor that they really do believe the spirits of the worshipful animals to reside in the skulls, that is why they address them as "divine preservers" and "precious divinities".

The ceremony of killing the bear was witnessed by Dr B Scheube on the tenth of August at Kunnui, which is a village on Volcano Bay in the island of Yezo or Yesso. As his description of the rite contains some interesting particulars not mentioned in the foregoing account, it may be worth while to summarise it.

On entering the hut he found about thirty Aino present, men, women, and children, all dressed in their best. The master of the house first offered a libation on the fireplace to the god of the fire, and the guests followed his example. Then a libation was offered to the house-god in his sacred corner of the hut. Meanwhile the housewife, who had nursed the bear, sat by herself, silent and sad, bursting now and then into tears. Her grief was obviously unaffected, and it deepened as the festival went on. Next, the master of the house and some of the guests went out of the hut and offered libations before the bear's cage. A few drops were presented to the bear in a saucer,

which he at once upset. Then the women and girls danced round the cage, their faces turned towards it, their knees slightly bent, rising and hopping on their toes. As they danced they clapped their hands and sang a monotonous song. The housewife and a few old women, who might have nursed many bears, danced tearfully, stretching out their arms to the bear, and addressing it in terms of endearment. The young folks were less affected, they laughed as well as sang. Disturbed by the noise, the bear began to rush about his cage and howl lamentably. Next libations were offered at the *mao* (*inabos*) or sacred wands which stand outside of an Aino hut. These wands are about a couple of feet high, and are whittled at the top into spiral shavings. Five new wands with bamboo leaves attached to them had been set up for the festival. This is regularly done when a bear is killed; the leaves mean that the animal may come to life again. Then the bear was let out of his cage, a rope was thrown round his neck, and he was led about in the neighbourhood of the hut. While this was being done the men, headed by a chief, shot at the beast with arrows tipped with wooden buttons. Dr Scheube had to do so also. Then the bear was taken before the sacred wands, a stick was put in his mouth, nine men knelt on him and pressed his neck against a beam. In five minutes the animal had expired without uttering a sound. Meantime the women and girls had taken post behind the men, where they danced, lamenting, and beating the men who were killing the bear. The bear's carcass was next placed on the mat before the sacred wands, and a sword and quiver, taken from the wands, were hung round the beast's neck. Being a she-bear, it was also adorned with a necklace and ear-rings. Then food and drink were offered to it, in the shape of millet-broth, millet-cakes, and a pot of *sake*. The men now sat down on mats before the dead bear, offered libations to it, and drank deep. Meanwhile the women and girls had laid aside all marks of sorrow, and danced merrily, none more merrily than the old women. When the mirth was at its height two young Aino, who had let the bear out of his cage, mounted the roof of the hut and threw cakes of millet among the company, who all scrambled for them without distinction of age or sex. The bear was next skinned and disembowelled, and the trunk severed from the head, to which the skin was left hanging. The blood, caught in cups, was eagerly swallowed by the men. None of the women or children appeared to drink the blood, though custom did not forbid them to do so. The liver was cut in small pieces and eaten raw, with salt, the women and children getting their share. The flesh and the rest of the vitals were taken into the house to be kept till the next day but one, and then to be divided among the persons who had been present at the feast. Blood and liver were offered to Dr Scheube. While the bear was being disembowelled, the women and girls danced the same dance which they had danced at the beginning—not, however, round the cage, but in front of the sacred wands. At this dance the old women, who had been merry a moment before, again shed tears freely. After the brain had been extracted from the bear's

head and swallowed with salt, the skull, detached from the skin, was hung on a pole beside the sacred wands. The stick with which the bear had been gagged was also fastened to the pole, and so were the sword and quiver which had been hung on the carcase. The latter were removed in about an hour, but the rest remained standing. The whole company, men and women, danced noisily before the pole, and another drinking-bout, in which the women joined, closed the festival.

Perhaps the first published account of the bear-feast of the Aino is one which was given to the world by a Japanese writer in 1652. It has been translated into French and runs thus: "When they find a young bear, they bring it home, and the wife suckles it. When it is grown they feed it with fish and fowl and kill it in winter for the sake of the liver, which they esteem an antidote to poison, the worms, colic, and disorders of the stomach. It is of a very bitter taste, and is good for nothing if the bear has been killed in summer. This butchery begins in the first Japanese month. For this purpose they put the animal's head between two long poles, which are squeezed together by fifty or sixty people, both men and women. When the bear is dead they eat his flesh, keep the liver as a medicine, and sell the skin, which is black and commonly six feet long, but the longest measure twelve feet. As soon as he is skinned, the persons who nourished the beast begin to bewail him, afterwards they make little cakes to regale those who helped them."

The Aino of Saghalien rear bear cubs and kill them with similar ceremonies. We are told that they do not look upon the bear as a god but only as a messenger whom they despatch with various commissions to the god of the forest. The animal is kept for about two years in a cage, and then killed at a festival, which always takes place in winter and at night. The day before the sacrifice is devoted to lamentation, old women relieving each other in the duty of weeping and groaning in front of the bear's cage. Then about the middle of the night or very early in the morning an orator makes a long speech to the beast, reminding him how they have taken care of him, and fed him well, and bathed him in the river, and made him warm and comfortable. "Now," he proceeds, "we are holding a great festival in your honour. Be not afraid. We will not hurt you. We will only kill you and send you to the god of the forest who loves you. We are about to offer you a good dinner, the best you have ever eaten among us, and we will all weep for you together. The Aino who will kill you is the best shot among us. There he is, he weeps and asks your forgiveness, you will feel almost nothing, it will be done so quickly. We cannot feed you always, as you will understand. We have done enough for you, it is now your turn to sacrifice yourself for us. You will ask God to send us, for the winter, plenty of otters and sables, and for the summer, seals and fish in abundance. Do not forget our messages, we love you much, and our children will never forget you." When the bear has partaken

of his last meal amid the general emotion of the spectators, the old women weeping afresh and the men uttering stifled cries, he is strapped, not without difficulty and danger, and being let out of the cage is led on leash or dragged, according to the state of his temper, thrice round his cage, then round his master's house, and lastly round the house of the orator. Thereupon he is tied up to a tree, which is decked with sacred whittled sticks (*mao*) of the usual sort, and the orator again addresses him in a long harangue, which sometimes lasts till the day is beginning to break. "Remember," he cries, "remember! I remind you of your whole life and of the services we have rendered you. It is now for you to do your duty. Do not forget what I have asked of you. You will tell the gods to give us riches, that our hunters may return from the forest laden with rare furs and animals good to eat; that our fishers may find troops of seals on the shore and in the sea, and that their nets may crack under the weight of the fish. We have no hope but in you. The evil spirits laugh at us, and too often they are unfavourable and malignant to us, but they will bow before you. We have given you food and joy and health; now we kill you in order that you may in return send riches to us and to our children." To this discourse the bear, more and more surly and agitated, listens without conviction, round and round the tree he paces and howls lamentably, till, just as the first beams of the rising sun light up the scene, an archer speeds an arrow to his heart. No sooner has he done so, than the marksman throws away his bow and flings himself on the ground, and the old men and women do the same, weeping and sobbing. Then they offer the dead beast a repast of rice and wild potatoes, and having spoken to him in terms of pity and thanked him for what he has done and suffered, they cut off his head and paws and keep them as sacred things. A banquet on the flesh and blood of the bear follows. Women were formerly excluded from it, but now they share with the men. The blood is drunk warm by all present, the flesh is boiled, custom forbids it to be roasted. And as the relics of the bear may not enter the house by the door, and Aino houses in Saghalien have no windows, a man gets up on the roof and lets the flesh, the head, and the skin down through the smoke-hole. Rice and wild potatoes are then offered to the head, and a pipe, tobacco, and matches are considerably placed beside it. Custom requires that the guests should eat up the whole animal before they depart. the use of salt and pepper at the meal is forbidden, and no morsel of the flesh may be given to the dogs. When the banquet is over, the head is carried away into the depth of the forest and deposited on a heap of bears' skulls, the bleached and mouldering relics of similar festivals in the past.

The Gilyaks, a Tunguzian people of Eastern Siberia, hold a bear-festival of the same sort once a year in January. "The bear is the object of the most refined solicitude of an entire village and plays the chief part in their religious ceremonies." An old she-bear is shot and her cub is reared, but not suckled, in the village. When the

bear is big enough he is taken from his cage and dragged through the village. But first they lead him to the bank of the river, for this is believed to ensure abundance of fish to each family. He is then taken into every house in the village, where fish, brandy, and so forth are offered to him. Some people prostrate themselves before the beast. His entrance into a house is supposed to bring a blessing; and if he snuffs at the food offered to him, this also is a blessing. Nevertheless they tease and worry, poke and tickle the animal continually, so that he is surly and snappish. After being thus taken to every house, he is tied to a peg and shot dead with arrows. His head is then cut off, decked with shavings, and placed on the table where the feast is set out. Here they beg pardon of the beast and worship him. Then his flesh is roasted and eaten in special vessels of wood finely carved. They do not eat the flesh raw nor drink the blood, as the Aino do. The brain and entrails are eaten last; and the skull, still decked with shavings, is placed on a tree near the house. Then the people sing and both sexes dance in ranks, as bears.

One of these bear-festivals was witnessed by the Russian traveller L. von Schrenck and his companions at the Gilyak village of Tebach in January 1856. From his detailed report of the ceremony we may gather some particulars which are not noticed in the briefer accounts which I have just summarised. The bear, he tells us, plays a great part in the life of all the peoples inhabiting the region of the Amoor and Siberia as far as Kamtchatka, but among none of them is his importance greater than among the Gilyaks. The immense size which the animal attains in the valley of the Amoor, his ferocity whetted by hunger, and the frequency of his appearance, all combine to make him the most dreaded beast of prey in the country. No wonder, therefore, that the fancy of the Gilyaks is busied with him and surrounds him, both in life and in death, with a sort of halo of superstitious fear. Thus, for example, it is thought that if a Gilyak falls in combat with a bear, his soul transmigrates into the body of the beast. Nevertheless his flesh has an irresistible attraction for the Gilyak palate, especially when the animal has been kept in captivity for some time and fattened on fish, which gives the flesh, in the opinion of the Gilyaks, a peculiarly delicious flavour. But in order to enjoy this dainty with impunity they deem it needful to perform a long series of ceremonies, of which the intention is to delude the living bear by a show of respect, and to appease the anger of the dead animal by the homage paid to his departed spirit. The marks of respect begin as soon as the beast is captured. He is brought home in triumph and kept in a cage, where all the villagers take it in turns to feed him. For although he may have been captured or purchased by one man, he belongs in a manner to the whole village. His flesh will furnish a common feast, and hence all must contribute to support him in his life. The length of time he is kept in captivity depends on his age. Old bears are kept only a few months; cubs are kept

till they are full-grown. A thick layer of fat on the captive bear gives the signal for the festival, which is always held in winter, generally in December but sometimes in January or February. At the festival witnessed by the Russian travellers, which lasted a good many days, three bears were killed and eaten. More than once the animals were led about in procession and compelled to enter every house in the village, where they were fed as a mark of honour, and to show that they were welcome guests. But before the beasts set out on this round of visits, the Gilyaks played at skipping-rope in presence, and perhaps, as L. von Schrenck inclined to believe, in honour of the animals. The night before they were killed, the three bears were led by moonlight a long way on the ice of the frozen river. That night no one in the village might sleep. Next day, after the animals had been again led down the steep bank to the river, and conducted thrice round the hole in the ice from which the women of the village drew their water, they were taken to an appointed place not far from the village and shot to death with arrows. The place of sacrifice or execution was marked as holy by being surrounded with whittled sticks, from the tops of which shavings hung in curls. Such sticks are with the Gilyaks, as with the Aino, the regular symbols that accompany all religious ceremonies.

When the house has been arranged and decorated for their reception, the skins of the bears, with their heads attached to them, are brought into it, not however by the door, but through a window, and then hung on a sort of scaffold opposite the hearth on which the flesh is to be cooked. The boiling of the bears' flesh among the Gilyaks is done only by the oldest men, whose high privilege it is, women and children, young men and boys have no part in it. The task is performed slowly and deliberately, with a certain solemnity. On the occasion described by the Russian travellers the kettle was first of all surrounded with a thick wreath of shavings, and then filled with snow, for the use of water to cook bear's flesh is forbidden. Meanwhile a large wooden trough, richly adorned with arabesques and carvings of all sorts, was hung immediately under the snouts of the bears, on one side of the trough was carved in relief a bear, on the other side a toad. When the carcasses were being cut up, each leg was laid on the ground in front of the bears, as if to ask their leave, before being placed in the kettle, and the boiled flesh was fished out of the kettle with an iron hook, and set in the trough before the bears, in order that they might be the first to taste of their own flesh. As fast, too, as the fat was cut in strips it was hung up in front of the bears, and afterwards laid in a small wooden trough on the ground before them. Last of all the inner organs of the beasts were cut up and placed in small vessels. At the same time the women made bandages out of parti-coloured rags, and after sunset these bandages were tied round the bears' snouts just below the eyes "in order to dry the tears that flowed from them."

As soon as the ceremony of wiping away poor bruin's tears had

been performed, the assembled Gilyaks set to work in earnest to devour his flesh. The broth obtained by boiling the meat had already been partaken of. The wooden bowls, platters, and spoons out of which the Gilyaks eat the broth and flesh of the bears on these occasions are always made specially for the purpose at the festival and only then, they are elaborately ornamented with carved figures of bears and other devices that refer to the animal or the festival, and the people have a strong superstitious scruple against parting with them. After the bones had been picked clean they were put back in the kettle in which the flesh had been boiled. And when the festal meal was over, an old man took his stand at the door of the house with a branch of fir in his hand, with which, as the people passed out, he gave a light blow to every one who had eaten of the bear's flesh or fat, perhaps as a punishment for their treatment of the worshipful animal. In the afternoon the women performed a strange dance. Only one woman danced at a time, throwing the upper part of her body into the oddest postures, while she held in her hands a branch of fir or a kind of wooden castanets. The other women meanwhile played an accompaniment by drumming on the beams of the house with clubs. Von Schrenk believed that after the flesh of the bear has been eaten the bones and the skull are solemnly carried out by the oldest people to a place in the forest not far from the village. There all the bones except the skull are buried. After that a young tree is felled a few inches above the ground, its stump cleft, and the skull wedged into the cleft. When the grass grows over the spot, the skull disappears from view, and that is the end of the bear.

Another description of the bear-festivals of the Gilyaks has been given us by Mr. Leo Sternberg. It agrees substantially with the foregoing accounts, but a few particulars in it may be noted. According to Mr. Sternberg, the festival is usually held in honour of a deceased relation—the next of kin either buys or catches a bear cub and nurtures it for two or three years till it is ready for the sacrifice. Only certain distinguished guests (*Narch-en*) are privileged to partake of the bear's flesh, but the host and members of his clan eat a broth made from the flesh, great quantities of this broth are prepared and consumed on the occasion. The guests of honour (*Narch-en*) must belong to the clan into which the host's daughters and the other women of his clan are married. One of these guests, usually the host's son-in-law, is entrusted with the duty of shooting the bear dead with an arrow. The skin, head, and flesh of the slain bear are brought into the house not through the door but through the smoke-hole, a quiver full of arrows is laid under the head and beside it are deposited tobacco, sugar, and other food. The soul of the bear is supposed to carry off the souls of these things with it on the far journey. A special vessel is used for cooking the bear's flesh, and the fire must be kindled by a sacred apparatus of flint and steel, which belongs to the clan and is handed down from generation to generation, but which is never used to light fires except on these solemn occasions. Of all the many viands cooked

for the consumption of the assembled people a portion is placed in a special vessel and set before the bear's head. this is called "feeding the head" After the bear has been killed, dogs are sacrificed in couples of male and female. Before being throttled, they are fed and invited to go to their lord on the highest mountain, to change their skins, and to return next year in the form of bears. The soul of the dead bear departs to the same lord, who is also lord of the *primaeval forest*, it goes away laden with the offerings that have been made to it, and attended by the souls of the dogs and also by the souls of the sacred whittled sticks, which figure prominently at the festival.

The Goldi, neighbours of the Gilyaks, treat the bear in much the same way. They hunt and kill it, but sometimes they capture a live bear and keep him in a cage, feeding him well and calling him their son and brother. Then at a great festival he is taken from his cage, paraded about with marked consideration, and afterwards killed and eaten. "The skull, jaw-bones, and ears are then suspended on a tree, as an antidote against evil spirits, but the flesh is eaten and much relished, for they believe that all who partake of it acquire a zest for the chase, and become courageous."

The Orotchi, another Tunguzian people of the region of the Amoor, hold bear-festivals of the same general character. Any one who catches a bear cub considers it his bounden duty to rear it in a cage for about three years, in order at the end of that time to kill it publicly and eat the flesh with his friends. The feasts being public, though organised by individuals, the people try to have one in each Orotchi village every year in turn. When the bear is taken out of his cage, he is led about by means of ropes to all the huts, accompanied by people armed with lances, bows, and arrows. At each hut the bear and bear-leaders are treated to something good to eat and drink. This goes on for several days until all the huts, not only in that village but also in the next, have been visited. The days are given up to sport and noisy jollity. Then the bear is tied to a tree or wooden pillar and shot to death by the arrows of the crowd, after which its flesh is roasted and eaten. Among the Orotchi of the Tundja River women take part in the bear-feasts, while among the Orotchi of the River Vi the women will not even touch bear's flesh.

In the treatment of the captive bear by these tribes there are features which can hardly be distinguished from worship. Such, for example, are the prayers offered to it both alive and dead, the offerings of food, including portions of its own flesh, laid before the animal's skull, and the Gilyak custom of leading the living beast to the river in order to ensure a supply of fish, and of conducting him from house to house in order that every family may receive his blessing, just as in Europe a May-tree or a personal representative of the tree-spirit used to be taken from door to door in spring for the sake of diffusing among all and sundry the fresh energies of reviving nature. Again, the solemn participation in his flesh and blood, and particularly the Aino custom of sharing the contents of the cup which had been consecrated by being

set before the dead beast, are strongly suggestive of a sacrament, and the suggestion is confirmed by the Gilyak practice of reserving special vessels to hold the flesh and cooking it on a fire kindled by a sacred apparatus which is never employed except on these religious occasions. Indeed our principal authority on Aino religion, the Rev John Batchelor, frankly describes as worship the ceremonious respect which the Aino pay to the bear, and he affirms that the animal is undoubtedly one of their gods. Certainly the Aino appear to apply their name for god (*kamui*) freely to the bear; but, as Mr. Batchelor himself points out, that word is used with many different shades of meaning and is applied to a great variety of objects, so that from its application to the bear we cannot safely argue that the animal is actually regarded as a deity. Indeed we are expressly told that the Aino of Saghalien do not consider the bear to be a god but only a messenger to the gods, and the message with which they charge the animal at its death bears out the statement. Apparently the Gilyaks also look on the bear in the light of an envoy despatched with presents to the Lord of the Mountain, on whom the welfare of the people depends. At the same time they treat the animal as a being of a higher order than man, in fact as a minor deity, whose presence in the village, so long as he is kept and fed, diffuses blessings, especially by keeping at bay the swarms of evil spirits who are constantly lying in wait for people, stealing their goods and destroying their bodies by sickness and disease. Moreover, by partaking of the flesh, blood, or broth of the bear, the Gilyaks, the Aino, and the Goldi are all of opinion that they acquire some portion of the animal's mighty powers, particularly his courage and strength. No wonder, therefore, that they should treat so great a benefactor with marks of the highest respect and affection.

Some light may be thrown on the ambiguous attitude of the Aino to bears by comparing the similar treatment which they accord to other creatures. For example, they regard the eagle-owl as a good deity who by his hooting warns men of threatened evil and defends them against it, hence he is loved, trusted, and devoutly worshipped as a divine mediator between men and the Creator. The various names applied to him are significant both of his divinity and of his mediatorship. Whenever an opportunity offers, one of these divine birds is captured and kept in a cage, where he is greeted with the endearing titles of "Beloved god" and "Dear little divinity." Nevertheless the time comes when the dear little divinity is throttled and sent away in his capacity of mediator to take a message to the superior gods or to the Creator himself. The following is the form of prayer addressed to the eagle-owl when it is about to be sacrificed: "Beloved deity, we have brought you up because we loved you, and now we are about to send you to your father. We herewith offer you food, *inao*, wine, and cakes; take them to your parent, and he will be very pleased. When you come to him say, 'I have lived a long time among the Ainu, where an Ainu father and an Ainu mother reared me. I now come to thee. I have brought a variety of good things. I saw while living in Ainu-

land a great deal of distress. I observed that some of the people were possessed by demons, some were wounded by wild animals, some were hurt by landslides, others suffered shipwreck, and many were attacked by disease. The people are in great straits. My father, hear me, and hasten to look upon the Ainu and help them.' If you do this, your father will help us."

Again, the Ainu keep eagles in cages, worship them as divinities, and ask them to defend the people from evil. Yet they offer the bird in sacrifice, and when they are about to do so they pray to him, saying "O precious divinity, O thou divine bird, pray listen to my words. Thou dost not belong to this world, for thy home is with the Creator and his golden eagles. This being so, I present thee with these *mao* and cakes and other precious things. Do thou ride upon the *mao* and ascend to thy home in the glorious heavens. When thou arrivest, assemble the deities of thy own kind together and thank them for us for having governed the world. Do thou come again, I beseech thee, and rule over us. O my precious one, go thou quietly." Once more, the Ainu revere hawks, keep them in cages, and offer them in sacrifice. At the time of killing one of them the following prayer should be addressed to the bird. "O divine hawk, thou art an expert hunter, please cause thy cleverness to descend on me." If a hawk is well treated in captivity and prayed to after this fashion when he is about to be killed, he will surely send help to the hunter.

Thus the Ainu hopes to profit in various ways by slaughtering the creatures, which, nevertheless, he treats as divine. He expects them to carry messages for him to their kindred or to the gods in the upper world, he hopes to partake of their virtues by swallowing parts of their bodies or in other ways, and apparently he looks forward to their bodily resurrection in this world, which will enable him again to catch and kill them, and again to reap all the benefits which he has already derived from their slaughter. For in the prayers addressed to the worshipful bear and the worshipful eagle before they are knocked on the head the creatures are invited to come again, which seems clearly to point to a faith in their future resurrection. If any doubt could exist on this head, it would be dispelled by the evidence of Mr Batchelor, who tells us that the Ainu "are firmly convinced that the spirits of birds and animals killed in hunting or offered in sacrifice come and live again upon the earth clothed with a body; and they believe, further, that they appear here for the special benefit of men, particularly Ainu hunters." The Ainu, Mr Batchelor tells us, "confessedly slays and eats the beast that another may come in its place and be treated in like manner", and at the time of sacrificing the creatures "prayers are said to them which form a request that they will come again and furnish viands for another feast, as if it were an honour to them to be thus killed and eaten, and a pleasure as well. Indeed such is the people's idea." These last observations, as the context shows, refer especially to the sacrifice of bears.

Thus among the benefits which the Ainu anticipates from the

slaughter of the worshipful animals not the least substantial is that of gorging himself on their flesh and blood, both on the present and on many a similar occasion hereafter ; and that pleasing prospect again is derived from his firm faith in the spiritual immortality and bodily resurrection of the dead animals. A like faith is shared by many savage hunters in many parts of the world and has given rise to a variety of quaint customs, some of which will be described presently. Meantime it is not unimportant to observe that the solemn festivals at which the Aino, the Gilyaks, and other tribes slaughter the tame caged bears with demonstrations of respect and sorrow, are probably nothing but an extension or glorification of similar rites which the hunter performs over any wild bear which he chances to kill in the forest. Indeed with regard to the Gilyaks we are expressly informed that this is the case. If we would understand the meaning of the Gilyak ritual, says Mr Sternberg, " we must above all remember that the bear-festivals are not, as is usually but falsely assumed, celebrated only at the killing of a house-bear but are held on every occasion when a Gilyak succeeds in slaughtering a bear in the chase. It is true that in such cases the festival assumes less imposing dimensions, but in its essence it remains the same. When the head and skin of a bear killed in the forest are brought into the village, they are accorded a triumphal reception with music and solemn ceremonial. The head is laid on a consecrated scaffold, fed, and treated with offerings, just as at the killing of a house-bear ; and the guests of honour (*Narch-en*) are also assembled. So, too, dogs are sacrificed, and the bones of the bear are preserved in the same place and with the same marks of respect as the bones of a house-bear. Hence the great winter festival is only an extension of the rite which is observed at the slaughter of every bear."

Thus the apparent contradiction in the practice of these tribes, who venerate and almost deify the animals which they habitually hunt, kill, and eat, is not so flagrant as at first sight it appears to us. The people have reasons, and some very practical reasons, for acting as they do. For the savage is by no means so illogical and unpractical as to superficial observers he is apt to seem, he has thought deeply on the questions which immediately concern him, he reasons about them, and though his conclusions often diverge very widely from ours, we ought not to deny him the credit of patient and prolonged meditation on some fundamental problems of human existence. In the present case, if he treats bears in general as creatures wholly subservient to human needs and yet singles out certain individuals of the species for homage which almost amounts to deification, we must not hastily set him down as irrational and inconsistent, but must endeavour to place ourselves at his point of view, to see things as he sees them, and to divest ourselves of the prepossessions which tinge so deeply our own views of the world. If we do so, we shall probably discover that, however absurd his conduct may appear to us, the savage nevertheless generally acts on a train of reasoning which seems to him in harmony

with the facts of his limited experience. This I propose to illustrate in the following chapter, where I shall attempt to show that the solemn ceremonial of the bear-festival among the Ainos and other tribes of North-eastern Asia is only a particularly striking example of the respect which on the principles of his rude philosophy the savage habitually pays to the animals which he kills and eats.

CHAPTER LIII

THE PROPITIATION OF WILD ANIMALS BY HUNTERS

THE explanation of life by the theory of an indwelling and practically immortal soul is one which the savage does not confine to human beings but extends to the animate creation in general. In so doing he is more liberal and perhaps more logical than the civilised man, who commonly denies to animals that privilege of immortality which he claims for himself. The savage is not so proud; he commonly believes that animals are endowed with feelings and intelligence like those of men, and that, like men, they possess souls which survive the death of their bodies either to wander about as disembodied spirits or to be born again in animal form.

Thus to the savage, who regards all living creatures as practically on a footing of equality with man, the act of killing and eating an animal must wear a very different aspect from that which the same act presents to us, who regard the intelligence of animals as far inferior to our own and deny them the possession of immortal souls. Hence on the principles of his rude philosophy the primitive hunter who slays an animal believes himself exposed to the vengeance either of its disembodied spirit or of all the other animals of the same species, whom he considers as knit together, like men, by the ties of kin and the obligations of the blood feud, and therefore as bound to resent the injury done to one of their number. Accordingly the savage makes it a rule to spare the life of those animals which he has no pressing motive for killing, at least such fierce and dangerous animals as are likely to exact a bloody vengeance for the slaughter of one of their kind. Crocodiles are animals of this sort. They are only found in hot countries, where, as a rule, food is abundant and primitive man has therefore little reason to kill them for the sake of their tough and unpalatable flesh. Hence it is a custom with some savages to spare crocodiles, or rather only to kill them in obedience to the law of blood feud, that is, as a retaliation for the slaughter of men by crocodiles. For example, the Dyaks of Borneo will not kill a crocodile unless a crocodile has first killed a man. "For why, say they, should they commit an act of aggression, when he and his kindred can so easily repay them? But should the alligator take a human life, revenge becomes a sacred duty of the living relatives, who will trap the man-

eater in the spirit of an officer of justice pursuing a criminal Others, even then, hang back, reluctant to embroil themselves in a quarrel which does not concern them. The man-eating alligator is supposed to be pursued by a righteous Nemesis, and whenever one is caught they have a profound conviction that it must be the guilty one, or his accomplice "

Like the Dyaks, the natives of Madagascar never kill a crocodile "except in retaliation for one of their friends who has been destroyed by a crocodile They believe that the wanton destruction of one of these reptiles will be followed by the loss of human life, in accordance with the principle of *lex talionis* " The people who live near the lake Itasy in Madagascar make a yearly proclamation to the crocodiles, announcing that they will revenge the death of some of their friends by killing as many crocodiles in return, and warning all well-disposed crocodiles to keep out of the way, as they have no quarrel with them, but only with their evil-minded relations who have taken human life. Various tribes of Madagascar believe themselves to be descended from crocodiles, and accordingly they view the scaly reptile as, to all intents and purposes, a man and a brother If one of the animals should so far forget himself as to devour one of his human kinsfolk, the chief of the tribe, or in his absence an old man familiar with the tribal customs, repairs at the head of the people to the edge of the water, and summons the family of the culprit to deliver him up to the arm of justice A hook is then baited and cast into the river or lake Next day the guilty brother, or one of his family, is dragged ashore, and after his crime has been clearly brought home to him by a strict interrogation, he is sentenced to death and executed The claims of justice being thus satisfied and the majesty of the law fully vindicated, the deceased crocodile is lamented and buried like a kinsman ; a mound is raised over his relics and a stone marks the place of his head

Again, the tiger is another of those dangerous beasts whom the savage prefers to leave alone, lest by killing one of the species he should excite the hostility of the rest No consideration will induce a Sumatran to catch or wound a tiger except in self-defence or immediately after a tiger has destroyed a friend or relation When a European has set traps for tigers, the people of the neighbourhood have been known to go by night to the place and explain to the animals that the traps are not set by them nor with their consent The inhabitants of the hills near Rajamahall, in Bengal, are very averse to killing a tiger, unless one of their kinsfolk has been carried off by one of the beasts In that case they go out for the purpose of hunting and slaying a tiger, and when they have succeeded they lay their bows and arrows on the carcase and invoke God, declaring that they slew the animal in retaliation for the loss of a kinsman. Vengeance having been thus taken, they swear not to attack another tiger except under similar provocation

The Indians of Carolina would not molest snakes when they came

upon them, but would pass by on the other side of the path, believing that if they were to kill a serpent the reptile's kindred would destroy some of their brethren, friends, or relations in return. So the Seminole Indians spared the rattlesnake, because they feared that the soul of the dead rattlesnake would incite its kinsfolk to take vengeance. The Cherokee regard the rattlesnake as the chief of the snake tribe and fear and respect him accordingly. Few Cherokee will venture to kill a rattlesnake, unless they cannot help it, and even then they must atone for the crime by craving pardon of the snake's ghost either in their own person or through the mediation of a priest, according to a set formula. If these precautions are neglected, the kinsfolk of the dead snake will send one of their number as an avenger of blood, who will track down the murderer and sting him to death. No ordinary Cherokee dares to kill a wolf, if he can possibly help it, for he believes that the kindred of the slain beast would surely avenge its death, and that the weapon with which the deed had been done would be quite useless for the future, unless it were cleaned and exorcised by a medicine-man. However, certain persons who know the proper rites of atonement for such a crime can kill wolves with impunity, and they are sometimes hired to do so by people who have suffered from the raids of the wolves on their cattle or fish-traps. In Jebel-Nuba, a district of the Eastern Sudan, it is forbidden to touch the nests or remove the young of a species of black birds, resembling our blackbirds, because the people believe that the parent birds would avenge the wrong by causing a stormy wind to blow, which would destroy the harvest.

But the savage clearly cannot afford to spare all animals. He must either eat some of them or starve, and when the question thus comes to be whether he or the animal must perish, he is forced to overcome his superstitious scruples and take the life of the beast. At the same time he does all he can to appease his victims and their kinsfolk. Even in the act of killing them he testifies his respect for them, endeavours to excuse or even conceal his share in procuring their death, and promises that their remains will be honourably treated. By thus robbing death of its terrors he hopes to reconcile his victims to their fate and to induce their fellows to come and be killed also. For example, it was a principle with the Kamtchatkans never to kill a land or sea animal without first making excuses to it and begging that the animal would not take it ill. Also they offered it cedar-nuts and so forth, to make it think that it was not a victim but a guest at a feast. They believed that this hindered other animals of the same species from growing shy. For instance, after they had killed a bear and feasted on its flesh, the host would bring the bear's head before the company, wrap it in grass, and present it with a variety of trifles. Then he would lay the blame of the bear's death on the Russians, and bid the beast wreak his wrath upon them. Also he would ask the bear to inform the other bears how well he had been treated, that they too might come without fear. Seals, sea-lions,

and other animals were treated by the Kamtchatkans with the same ceremonious respect. Moreover, they used to insert sprigs of a plant resembling bear's wort in the mouths of the animals they killed, after which they would exhort the grinning skulls to have no fear but to go and tell it to their fellows, that they also might come and be caught and so partake of this splendid hospitality. When the Ostiaks have hunted and killed a bear, they cut off its head and hang it on a tree. Then they gather round in a circle and pay it divine honours. Next they run towards the carcase uttering lamentations and saying, "Who killed you? It was the Russians. Who cut off your head? It was a Russian axe. Who skinned you? It was a knife made by a Russian." They explain, too, that the feathers which sped the arrow on its flight came from the wing of a strange bird, and that they did nothing but let the arrow go. They do all this because they believe that the wandering ghost of the slain bear would attack them on the first opportunity, if they did not thus appease it. Or they stuff the skin of the slain bear with hay; and after celebrating their victory with songs of mockery and insult, after spitting on and kicking it, they set it up on its hind legs, "and then, for a considerable time, they bestow on it all the veneration due to a guardian god." When a party of Koryak have killed a bear or a wolf, they skin the beast and dress one of themselves in the skin. Then they dance round the skin-clad man, saying that it was not they who killed the animal, but some one else, generally a Russian. When they kill a fox they skin it, wrap the body in grass, and bid him go tell his companions how hospitably he has been received, and how he has received a new cloak instead of his old one. A fuller account of the Koryak ceremonies is given by a more recent writer. He tells us that when a dead bear is brought to the house, the women come out to meet it, dancing with firebrands. The bear-skin is taken off along with the head; and one of the women puts on the skin, dances in it, and entreats the bear not to be angry, but to be kind to the people. At the same time they offer meat on a wooden platter to the dead beast, saying, "Eat, friend." Afterwards a ceremony is performed for the purpose of sending the dead bear, or rather his spirit, away back to his home. He is provided with provisions for the journey in the shape of puddings or reindeer-flesh packed in a grass bag. His skin is stuffed with grass and carried round the house, after which he is supposed to depart towards the rising sun. The intention of the ceremonies is to protect the people from the wrath of the slain bear and his kinsfolk, and so to ensure success in future bear-hunts. The Finns used to try to persuade a slain bear that he had not been killed by them, but had fallen from a tree, or met his death in some other way; moreover, they held a funeral festival in his honour, at the close of which bards expatiated on the homage that had been paid to him, urging him to report to the other bears the high consideration with which he had been treated, in order that they also, following his example, might come and be slain. When the Lapps

had succeeded in killing a bear with impunity, they thanked him for not hurting them and for not breaking the clubs and spears which had given him his death wounds, and they prayed that he would not visit his death upon them by sending storms or in any other way. His flesh then furnished a feast.

The reverence of hunters for the bear whom they regularly kill and eat may thus be traced all along the northern region of the Old World, from Bering Straits to Lappland. It reappears in similar forms in North America. With the American Indians a bear hunt was an important event for which they prepared by long fasts and purgations. Before setting out they offered expiatory sacrifices to the souls of bears slain in previous hunts, and besought them to be favourable to the hunters. When a bear was killed the hunter lit his pipe, and putting the mouth of it between the bear's lips, blew into the bowl, filling the beast's mouth with smoke. Then he begged the bear not to be angry at having been killed, and not to thwart him afterwards in the chase. The carcase was roasted whole and eaten, not a morsel of the flesh might be left over. The head, painted red and blue, was hung on a post and addressed by orators, who heaped praise on the dead beast. When men of the Bear clan in the Ottawa tribe killed a bear, they made him a feast of his own flesh, and addressed him thus: "Cherish us no grudge because we have killed you. You have sense; you see that our children are hungry. They love you and wish to take you into their bodies. Is it not glorious to be eaten by the children of a chief?" Amongst the Nootka Indians of British Columbia, when a bear had been killed, it was brought in and seated before the head chief in an upright posture, with a chief's bonnet, wrought in figures, on its head, and its fur powdered over with white down. A tray of provisions was then set before it, and it was invited by words and gestures to eat. After that the animal was skinned, boiled, and eaten.

A like respect is testified for other dangerous creatures by the hunters who regularly trap and kill them. When Caffre hunters are in the act of showering spears on an elephant, they call out, "Don't kill us, great captain, don't strike or tread upon us, mighty chief." When he is dead they make their excuses to him, pretending that his death was a pure accident. As a mark of respect they bury his trunk with much solemn ceremony, for they say that "the elephant is a great lord, his trunk is his hand." Before the Amaxosa Caffres attack an elephant they shout to the animal and beg him to pardon them for the slaughter they are about to perpetrate, professing great submission to his person and explaining clearly the need they have of his tusks to enable them to procure beads and supply their wants. When they have killed him they bury in the ground, along with the end of his trunk, a few of the articles they have obtained for the ivory, thus hoping to avert some mishap that would otherwise befall them. Amongst some tribes of Eastern Africa, when a lion is killed, the carcase is brought before the king, who does homage to it by prostrating himself on the

ground and rubbing his face on the muzzle of the beast. In some parts of Western Africa if a negro kills a leopard he is bound fast and brought before the chiefs for having killed one of their peers. The man defends himself on the plea that the leopard is chief of the forest and therefore a stranger. He is then set at liberty and rewarded. But the dead leopard, adorned with a chief's bonnet, is set up in the village, where nightly dances are held in its honour. The Baganda greatly fear the ghosts of buffaloes which they have killed, and they always appease these dangerous spirits. On no account will they bring the head of a slain buffalo into a village or into a garden of plantains—they always eat the flesh of the head in the open country. Afterwards they place the skull in a small hut built for the purpose, where they pour out beer as an offering and pray to the ghost to stay where he is and not to harm them.

Another formidable beast whose life the savage hunter takes with joy, yet with fear and trembling, is the whale. After the slaughter of a whale the maritime Koryak of North-eastern Siberia hold a communal festival, the essential part of which "is based on the conception that the whale killed has come on a visit to the village, that it is staying for some time, during which it is treated with great respect, that it then returns to the sea to repeat its visit the following year, that it will induce its relatives to come along, telling them of the hospitable reception that has been accorded to it. According to the Koryak ideas, the whales, like all other animals, constitute one tribe, or rather family, of related individuals, who live in villages like the Koryak. They avenge the murder of one of their number, and are grateful for kindnesses that they may have received." When the inhabitants of the Isle of St. Mary, to the north of Madagascar, go a-whaling, they single out the young whales for attack and "humbly beg the mother's pardon, stating the necessity that drives them to kill her progeny, and requesting that she will be pleased to go below while the deed is doing, that her maternal feelings may not be outraged by witnessing what must cause her so much uneasiness." An Ajumba hunter having killed a female hippopotamus on Lake Azyingo in West Africa, the animal was decapitated and its quarters and bowels removed. Then the hunter, naked, stepped into the hollow of the ribs, and kneeling down in the bloody pool washed his whole body with the blood and excretions of the animal, while he prayed to the soul of the hippopotamus not to bear him a grudge for having killed her and so blighted her hopes of future maternity, and he further entreated the ghost not to stir up other hippopotamuses to avenge her death by butting at and capsizing his canoe.

The ounce, a leopard-like creature, is dreaded for its depredations by the Indians of Brazil. When they have caught one of these animals in a snare, they kill it and carry the body home to the village. There the women deck the carcase with feathers of many colours, put bracelets on its legs, and weep over it, saying, "I pray thee not to take vengeance on our little ones for having been caught and killed through

thine own ignorance. For it was not we who deceived thee, it was thyself. Our husbands only set the trap to catch animals that are good to eat they never thought to take thee in it Therefore, let not thy soul counsel thy fellows to avenge thy death on our little ones!" When a Blackfoot Indian has caught eagles in a trap and killed them, he takes them home to a special lodge, called the eagles' lodge, which has been prepared for their reception outside of the camp. Here he sets the birds in a row on the ground, and propping up their heads on a stick, puts a piece of dried meat in each of their mouths in order that the spirits of the dead eagles may go and tell the other eagles how well they are being treated by the Indians So when Indian hunters of the Orinoco region have killed an animal, they open its mouth and pour into it a few drops of the liquor they generally carry with them, in order that the soul of the dead beast may inform its fellows of the welcome it has met with, and that they too, cheered by the prospect of the same kind reception, may come with alacrity to be killed When a Teton Indian is on a journey and he meets a grey spider or a spider with yellow legs, he kills it, because some evil would befall him if he did not But he is very careful not to let the spider know that he kills it, for if the spider knew, his soul would go and tell the other spiders, and one of them would be sure to avenge the death of his relation So in crushing the insect, the Indian says, "O Grandfather Spider, the Thunder-beings kill you" And the spider is crushed at once and believes what is told him His soul probably runs and tells the other spiders that the Thunder-beings have killed him, but no harm comes of that For what can grey or yellow-legged spiders do to the Thunder-beings?

But it is not merely dangerous creatures with whom the savage desires to keep on good terms It is true that the respect which he pays to wild beasts is in some measure proportioned to their strength and ferocity Thus the savage Stiens of Cambodia, believing that all animals have souls which roam about after their death, beg an animal's pardon when they kill it, lest its soul should come and torment them Also they offer it sacrifices, but these sacrifices are proportioned to the size and strength of the animal The ceremonies which they observe at the death of an elephant are conducted with much pomp and last seven days Similar distinctions are drawn by North American Indians "The bear, the buffalo, and the beaver are *manidos* [divinities] which furnish food The bear is formidable, and good to eat They render ceremonies to him, begging him to allow himself to be eaten, although they know he has no fancy for it We kill you, but you are not annihilated. His head and paws are objects of homage . . . Other animals are treated similarly from similar reasons . . . Many of the animal *manidos*, not being dangerous, are often treated with contempt—the terrapin, the weasel, polecat, etc." The distinction is instructive Animals which are feared, or are good to eat, or both, are treated with ceremonious respect, those which are neither formidable nor good to eat are despised. We have had examples of reverence paid to animals

which are both feared and eaten. It remains to prove that similar respect is shown to animals which, without being feared, are either eaten or valued for their skins.

When Siberian sable-hunters have caught a sable, no one is allowed to see it, and they think that if good or evil be spoken of the captured sable no more sables will be caught. A hunter has been known to express his belief that the sables could hear what was said of them as far off as Moscow. He said that the chief reason why the sable hunt was now so unproductive was that some live sables had been sent to Moscow. There they had been viewed with astonishment as strange animals, and the sables cannot abide that. Another, though minor, cause of the diminished take of sables was, he alleged, that the world is now much worse than it used to be, so that nowadays a hunter will sometimes hide the sable which he has got instead of putting it into the common stock. This also, said he, the sables cannot abide. Alaskan hunters preserve the bones of sables and beavers out of reach of the dogs for a year and then bury them carefully, "lest the spirits who look after the beavers and sables should consider that they are regarded with contempt, and hence no more should be killed or trapped." The Canadian Indians were equally particular not to let their dogs gnaw the bones, or at least certain of the bones, of beavers. They took the greatest pains to collect and preserve these bones, and, when the beaver had been caught in a net, they threw them into the river. To a Jesuit who argued that the beavers could not possibly know what became of their bones, the Indians replied, "You know nothing about catching beavers and yet you will be prating about it. Before the beaver is stone dead, his soul takes a turn in the hut of the man who is killing him and makes a careful note of what is done with his bones. If the bones are given to the dogs, the other beavers would get word of it and would not let themselves be caught. Whereas, if their bones are thrown into the fire or a river, they are quite satisfied, and it is particularly gratifying to the net which caught them." Before hunting the beaver they offered a solemn prayer to the Great Beaver, and presented him with tobacco; and when the chase was over, an orator pronounced a funeral oration over the dead beavers. He praised their spirit and wisdom. "You will hear no more," said he, "the voice of the chieftains who commanded you and whom you chose from among all the warrior beavers to give you laws. Your language, which the medicine-men understand perfectly, will be heard no more at the bottom of the lake. You will fight no more battles with the otters, your cruel foes. No, beavers! But your skins shall serve to buy arms, we will carry your smoked hams to our children, we will keep the dogs from eating your bones, which are so hard."

The elan, deer, and elk were treated by the American Indians with the same punctilious respect, and for the same reason. Their bones might not be given to the dogs nor thrown into the fire, nor might their fat be dropped upon the fire, because the souls of the dead

animals were believed to see what was done to their bodies and to tell it to the other beasts, living and dead. Hence, if their bodies were ill-used, the animals of that species would not allow themselves to be taken, neither in this world nor in the world to come. Among the Chiquites of Paraguay a sick man would be asked by the medicine-man whether he had not thrown away some of the flesh of the deer or turtle, and if he answered yes, the medicine-man would say, "That is what is killing you. The soul of the deer or turtle has entered into your body to avenge the wrong you did it." The Canadian Indians would not eat the embryos of the elk, unless at the close of the hunting season; otherwise the mother-elks would be shy and refuse to be caught.

In the Timor-laut islands of the Indian Archipelago the skulls of all the turtles which a fisherman has caught are hung up under his house. Before he goes out to catch another, he addresses himself to the skull of the last turtle that he killed, and having inserted betel between its jaws, he prays the spirit of the dead animal to entice its kinsfolk in the sea to come and be caught. In the Poso district of Central Celebes hunters keep the jawbones of deer and wild pigs which they have killed and hang them up in their houses near the fire. Then they say to the jawbones, "Ye cry after your comrades, that your grandfathers, or nephews, or children may not go away." Their notion is that the souls of the dead deer and pigs tarry near their jawbones and attract the souls of living deer and pigs, which are thus drawn into the toils of the hunter. Thus the wily savage employs dead animals as decoys to lure living animals to their doom.

The Lengua Indians of the Gran Chaco love to hunt the ostrich, but when they have killed one of these birds and are bringing home the carcase to the village, they take steps to outwit the resentful ghost of their victim. They think that when the first natural shock of death is passed, the ghost of the ostrich pulls himself together and makes after his body. Acting on this sage calculation, the Indians pluck feathers from the breast of the bird and strew them at intervals along the track. At every bunch of feathers the ghost stops to consider, "Is this the whole of my body or only a part of it?" The doubt gives him pause, and when at last he has made up his mind fully at all the bunches, and has further wasted valuable time by the zigzag course which he invariably pursues in going from one to another, the hunters are safe at home, and the balked ghost may stalk in vain round about the village, which he is too timid to enter.

The Esquimaux about Bering Strait believe that the souls of dead sea-beasts, such as seals, walrus, and whales, remain attached to their bladders, and that by returning the bladders to the sea they can cause the souls to be reincarnated in fresh bodies and so multiply the game which the hunters pursue and kill. Acting on this belief every hunter carefully removes and preserves the bladders of all the sea-beasts that he kills, and at a solemn festival held once a year in winter these bladders, containing the souls of all the sea-beasts that have been killed throughout the year, are honoured with dances

and offerings of food in the public assembly-room, after which they are taken out on the ice and thrust through holes into the water, for the simple Esquimaux imagine that the souls of the animals, in high good humour at the kind treatment they have experienced, will thereafter be born again as seals, walrus, and whales, and in that form will flock willingly to be again speared, harpooned, or otherwise done to death by the hunters

For like reasons, a tribe which depends for its subsistence, chiefly or in part, upon fishing is careful to treat the fish with every mark of honour and respect. The Indians of Peru "adored the fish that they caught in greatest abundance, for they said that the first fish that was made in the world above (for so they named Heaven) gave birth to all other fish of that species, and took care to send them plenty of its children to sustain their tribe. For this reason they worshipped sardines in one region, where they killed more of them than of any other fish, in others, the skate; in others, the dogfish, in others, the golden fish for its beauty, in others, the crawfish; in others, for want of larger gods, the crabs, where they had no other fish, or where they knew not how to catch and kill them. In short, they had whatever fish was most serviceable to them as their gods." The Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia think that when a salmon is killed its soul returns to the salmon country. Hence they take care to throw the bones and offal into the sea, in order that the soul may reanimate them at the resurrection of the salmon. Whereas if they burned the bones the soul would be lost, and so it would be quite impossible for that salmon to rise from the dead. In like manner the Ottawa Indians of Canada, believing that the souls of dead fish passed into other bodies of fish, never burned fish bones, for fear of displeasing the souls of the fish, who would come no more to the nets. The Hurons also refrained from throwing fish bones into the fire, lest the souls of the fish should go and warn the other fish not to let themselves be caught, since the Hurons would burn their bones. Moreover, they had men who preached to the fish and persuaded them to come and be caught. A good preacher was much sought after, for they thought that the exhortations of a clever man had a great effect in drawing the fish to the nets. In the Huron fishing village where the French missionary Sagard stayed, the preacher to the fish prided himself very much on his eloquence, which was of a florid order. Every evening after supper, having seen that all the people were in their places and that a strict silence was observed, he preached to the fish. His text was that the Hurons did not burn fish bones. "Then enlarging on this theme with extraordinary unction, he exhorted and conjured and invited and implored the fish to come and be caught and to be of good courage and to fear nothing, for it was all to serve their friends who honoured them and did not burn their bones." The natives of the Duke of York Island annually decorate a canoe with flowers and ferns, lade it, or are supposed to lade it, with shell-money, and set it adrift to compensate the fish for their fellows who have

been caught and eaten. It is especially necessary to treat the first fish caught with consideration in order to conciliate the rest of the fish, whose conduct may be supposed to be influenced by the reception given to those of their kind which were the first to be taken. Accordingly the Maoris always put back into the sea the first fish caught, "with a prayer that it may tempt other fish to come and be caught."

Still more stringent are the precautions taken when the fish are the first of the season. On salmon rivers, when the fish begin to run up the stream in spring, they are received with much deference by tribes who, like the Indians of the Pacific Coast of North America, subsist largely upon a fish diet. In British Columbia the Indians used to go out to meet the first fish as they came up the river. "They paid court to them, and would address them thus: 'You fish, you fish, you are all chiefs, you are; you are all chiefs'" Amongst the Tlingit of Alaska the first halibut of the season is carefully handled and addressed as a chief, and a festival is given in his honour, after which the fishing goes on. In spring, when the winds blow soft from the south and the salmon begin to run up the Klamath river, the Karoks of California dance for salmon, to ensure a good catch. One of the Indians, called the Kareya or God-man, retires to the mountains and fasts for ten days. On his return the people flee, while he goes to the river, takes the first salmon of the catch, eats some of it, and with the rest kindles the sacred fire in the sweating-house. "No Indian may take a salmon before this dance is held, nor for ten days after it, even if his family are starving." The Karoks also believe that a fisherman will take no salmon if the poles of which his spearing-booth is made were gathered on the river-side, where the salmon might have seen them. The poles must be brought from the top of the highest mountain. The fisherman will also labour in vain if he uses the same poles a second year in booths or weirs, "because the old salmon will have told the young ones about them." There is a favourite fish of the Aino which appears in their rivers about May and June. They prepare for the fishing by observing rules of ceremonial purity, and when they have gone out to fish, the women at home must keep strict silence or the fish would hear them and disappear. When the first fish is caught he is brought home and passed through a small opening at the end of the hut, but not through the door, for if he were passed through the door, "the other fish would certainly see him and disappear." This may partly explain the custom observed by other savages of bringing game in certain cases into their huts, not by the door, but by the window, the smoke-hole, or by a special opening at the back of the hut.

With some savages a special reason for respecting the bones of game, and generally of the animals which they eat, is a belief that, if the bones are preserved, they will in course of time be reclothed with flesh, and thus the animal will come to life again. It is, therefore, clearly for the interest of the hunter to leave the bones intact.

since to destroy them would be to diminish the future supply of game. Many of the Minnetaree Indians "believe that the bones of those bisons which they have slain and divested of flesh rise again clothed with renewed flesh, and quickened with life, and become fat, and fit for slaughter the succeeding June" Hence on the western prairies of America the skulls of buffaloes may be seen arranged in circles and symmetrical piles, awaiting the resurrection After feasting on a dog, the Dacotas carefully collect the bones, scrape, wash, and bury them, "partly, as it is said, to testify to the dog-species, that in feasting upon one of their number no disrespect was meant to the species itself, and partly also from a belief that the bones of the animal will rise and reproduce another" In sacrificing an animal the Lapps regularly put aside the bones, eyes, ears, heart, lungs, sexual parts (if the animal was a male), and a morsel of flesh from each limb Then, after eating the remainder of the flesh, they laid the bones and the rest in anatomical order in a coffin and buried them with the usual rites, believing that the god to whom the animal was sacrificed would reclothe the bones with flesh and restore the animal to life in Jabme-Aimo, the subterranean world of the dead Sometimes, as after feasting on a bear, they seem to have contented themselves with thus burying the bones Thus the Lapps expected the resurrection of the slain animal to take place in another world, resembling in this respect the Kamtchatkans, who believed that every creature, down to the smallest fly, would rise from the dead and live underground. On the other hand, the North American Indians looked for the resurrection of the animals in the present world. The habit, observed especially by Mongolian peoples, of stuffing the skin of a sacrificed animal, or stretching it on a framework, points rather to a belief in a resurrection of the latter sort The objection commonly entertained by primitive peoples to break the bones of the animals which they have eaten or sacrificed may be based either on a belief in the resurrection of the animals, or on a fear of intimidating other creatures of the same species and offending the ghosts of the slain animals The reluctance of North American Indians and Esquimaux to let dogs gnaw the bones of animals is perhaps only a precaution to prevent the bones from being broken

But after all the resurrection of dead game may have its inconveniences, and accordingly some hunters take steps to prevent it by hamstringing the animal so as to prevent it or its ghost from getting up and running away. This is the motive alleged for the practice by Kow hunters in Laos, they think that the spells which they utter in the chase may lose their magical virtue, and that the slaughtered animal may consequently come to life again and escape. To prevent that catastrophe they therefore hamstring the beast as soon as they have butchered it When an Esquimaux of Alaska has killed a fox, he carefully cuts the tendons of all the animal's legs in order to prevent the ghost from reanimating the body and walking about But hamstringing the carcase is not the only measure which the prudent savage

adopts for the sake of disabling the ghost of his victim. In old days, when the Aino went out hunting and killed a fox first, they took care to tie its mouth up tightly in order to prevent the ghost of the animal from sallying forth and warning its fellows against the approach of the hunter. The Gilyaks of the Amoor River put out the eyes of the seals they have killed, lest the ghosts of the slain animals should know their slayers and avenge their death by spoiling the seal-hunt.

Besides the animals which primitive man dreads for their strength and ferocity, and those which he reveres on account of the benefits which he expects from them, there is another class of creatures which he sometimes deems it necessary to conciliate by worship and sacrifice. These are the vermin that infest his crops and his cattle. To rid himself of these deadly foes the farmer has recourse to many superstitious devices, of which, though some are meant to destroy or intimidate the vermin, others aim at propitiating them and persuading them by fair means to spare the fruits of the earth and the herds. Thus Esthonian peasants, in the island of Oesel, stand in great awe of the weevil, an insect which is exceedingly destructive to the grain. They give it a fine name, and if a child is about to kill a weevil they say, "Don't do it; the more we hurt him, the more he hurts us." If they find a weevil they bury it in the earth instead of killing it. Some even put the weevil under a stone in the field and offer corn to it. They think that thus it is appeased and does less harm. Amongst the Saxons of Transylvania, in order to keep sparrows from the corn, the sower begins by throwing the first handful of seed backwards over his head, saying, "That is for you, sparrows." To guard the corn against the attacks of leaf-flies he shuts his eyes and scatters three handful of oats in different directions. Having made this offering to the leaf-flies he feels sure that they will spare the corn. A Transylvanian way of securing the crops against all birds, beasts, and insects, is this: after he has finished sowing, the sower goes once more from end to end of the field imitating the gesture of sowing, but with an empty hand. As he does so he says, "I sow this for the animals; I sow it for everything that flies and creeps, that walks and stands, that sings and springs, in the name of God the Father, etc." The following is a German way of freeing a garden from caterpillars. After sunset or at midnight the mistress of the house, or another female member of the family, walks all round the garden dragging a broom after her. She may not look behind her, and must keep murmuring, "Good evening, Mother Caterpillar, you shall come with your husband to church." The garden gate is left open till the following morning.

Sometimes in dealing with vermin the farmer aims at hitting a happy mean between excessive rigour on the one hand and weak indulgence on the other; kind but firm, he tempers severity with mercy. An ancient Greek treatise on farming advises the husbandman who would rid his lands of mice to act thus: "Take a sheet of paper and write on it as follows: 'I adjure you, ye mice here present, that ye neither injure me nor suffer another mouse to do so. I give

you yonder field' (here you specify the field), 'but if ever I catch you here again, by the Mother of the Gods I will rend you in seven pieces' Write this, and stick the paper on an unhewn stone in the field before sunrise, taking care to keep the written side up" In the Ardennes they say that to get rid of rats you should repeat the following words "*Erat verbum, apud Deum vestrum* Male rats and female rats, I conjure you, by the great God, to go out of my house, out of all my habitations, and to betake yourselves to such and such a place, there to end your days *Decretis, reversis et desembarassis virgo potens, clemens, justitiae*" Then write the same words on pieces of paper, fold them up, and place one of them under the door by which the rats are to go forth, and the other on the road which they are to take. This exorcism should be performed at sunrise. Some years ago an American farmer was reported to have written a civil letter to the rats, telling them that his crops were short, that he could not afford to keep them through the winter, that he had been very kind to them, and that for their own good he thought they had better leave him and go to some of his neighbours who had more grain This document he pinned to a post in his barn for the rats to read

Sometimes the desired object is supposed to be attained by treating with high distinction one or two chosen individuals of the obnoxious species, while the rest are pursued with relentless rigour. In the East Indian island of Bali, the mice which ravage the rice-fields are caught in great numbers, and burned in the same way that corpses are burned But two of the captured mice are allowed to live, and receive a little packet of white linen. Then the people bow down before them, as before gods, and let them go When the farms of the Sea Dyaks or Ibans of Sarawak are much pestered by birds and insects, they catch a specimen of each kind of vermin (one sparrow, one grasshopper, and so on), put them in a tiny boat of bark well-stocked with provisions, and then allow the little vessel with its obnoxious passengers to float down the river. If that does not drive the pests away, the Dyaks resort to what they deem a more effectual mode of accomplishing the same purpose. They make a clay crocodile as large as life and set it up in the fields, where they offer it food, rice-spirit, and cloth, and sacrifice a fowl and a pig before it Mollified by these attentions, the ferocious animal very soon gobbles up all the creatures that devour the crops In Albania, if the fields or vineyards are ravaged by locusts or beetles, some of the women will assemble with dishevelled hair, catch a few of the insects, and march with them in a funeral procession to a spring or stream, in which they drown the creatures Then one of the women sings, "O locusts and beetles who have left us bereaved," and the dirge is taken up and repeated by all the women in chorus. Thus by celebrating the obsequies of a few locusts and beetles, they hope to bring about the death of them all When caterpillars invaded a vineyard or field in Syria, the virgins were gathered, and one of the caterpillars was taken and a girl made its mother. Then they bewailed and buried it. Thereafter they conducted the "mother" to the place

where the caterpillars were, consoling her, in order that all the caterpillars might leave the garden.

CHAPTER LIV

TYPES OF ANIMAL SACRAMENT

§ 1. *The Egyptian and the Aino Types of Sacrament*—We are now perhaps in a position to understand the ambiguous behaviour of the Aino and Gilyaks towards the bear. It has been shown that the sharp line of demarcation which we draw between mankind and the lower animals does not exist for the savage. To him many of the other animals appear as his equals or even his superiors, not merely in brute force but in intelligence; and if choice or necessity leads him to take their lives, he feels bound, out of regard to his own safety, to do it in a way which will be as inoffensive as possible not merely to the living animal, but to its departed spirit and to all the other animals of the same species, which would resent an affront put upon one of their kind much as a tribe of savages would revenge an injury or insult offered to a tribesman. We have seen that among the many devices by which the savage seeks to atone for the wrong done by him to his animal victims one is to show marked deference to a few chosen individuals of the species, for such behaviour is apparently regarded as entitling him to exterminate with impunity all the rest of the species upon which he can lay hands. This principle perhaps explains the attitude, at first sight puzzling and contradictory, of the Aino towards the bear. The flesh and skin of the bear regularly afford them food and clothing; but since the bear is an intelligent and powerful animal, it is necessary to offer some satisfaction or atonement to the bear species for the loss which it sustains in the death of so many of its members. This satisfaction or atonement is made by rearing young bears, treating them, so long as they live, with respect, and killing them with extraordinary marks of sorrow and devotion. So the other bears are appeased, and do not resent the slaughter of their kind by attacking the slayers or deserting the country, which would deprive the Aino of one of their means of subsistence.

Thus the primitive worship of animals conforms to two types, which are in some respects the converse of each other. On the one hand, animals are worshipped, and are therefore neither killed nor eaten. On the other hand, animals are worshipped because they are habitually killed and eaten. In both types of worship the animal is revered on account of some benefit, positive or negative, which the savage hopes to receive from it. In the former worship the benefit comes either in the positive shape of protection, advice, and help which the animal affords the man, or in the negative shape of abstinence from injuries which it is in the power of the animal to inflict. In the latter worship the benefit takes the material form of the animal's flesh and skin. The two types of worship are in some measure antithetical. In the

one, the animal is not eaten because it is revered, in the other, it is revered because it is eaten. But both may be practised by the same people, as we see in the case of the North American Indians, who, while they apparently revere and spare their totem animals, also revere the animals and fish upon which they subsist. The aborigines of Australia have totemism in the most primitive form known to us; but there is no clear evidence that they attempt, like the North American Indians, to conciliate the animals which they kill and eat. The means which the Australians adopt to secure a plentiful supply of game appear to be primarily based, not on conciliation, but on sympathetic magic, a principle to which the North American Indians also resort for the same purpose. Hence, as the Australians undoubtedly represent a ruder and earlier stage of human progress than the American Indians, it would seem that before hunters think of worshipping the game as a means of ensuring an abundant supply of it, they seek to attain the same end by sympathetic magic. This, again, would show—what there is good reason for believing—that sympathetic magic is one of the earliest means by which man endeavours to adapt the agencies of nature to his needs.

Corresponding to the two distinct types of animal worship, there are two distinct types of the custom of killing the animal god. On the one hand, when the revered animal is habitually spared, it is nevertheless killed—and sometimes eaten—on rare and solemn occasions. Examples of this custom have been already given and an explanation of them offered. On the other hand, when the revered animal is habitually killed, the slaughter of any one of the species involves the killing of the god, and is atoned for on the spot by apologies and sacrifices, especially when the animal is a powerful and dangerous one, and, in addition to this ordinary and everyday atonement, there is a special annual atonement, at which a select individual of the species is slain with extraordinary marks of respect and devotion. Clearly the two types of sacramental killing—the Egyptian and the Aino types, as we may call them for distinction—are liable to be confounded by an observer, and, before we can say to which type any particular example belongs, it is necessary to ascertain whether the animal sacramentally slain belongs to a species which is habitually spared, or to one which is habitually killed by the tribe. In the former case the example belongs to the Egyptian type of sacrament, in the latter to the Aino type.

The practice of pastoral tribes appears to furnish examples of both types of sacrament. "Pastoral tribes," says Adolf Bastian, "being sometimes obliged to sell their herds to strangers who may handle the bones disrespectfully, seek to avert the danger which such a sacrilege would entail by consecrating one of the herd as an object of worship, eating it sacramentally in the family circle with closed doors, and afterwards treating the bones with all the ceremonious respect which, strictly speaking, should be accorded to every head of cattle, but which, being punctually paid to the representative animal,

is deemed to be paid to all. Such family meals are found among various peoples, especially those of the Caucasus. When amongst the Abchases the shepherds in spring eat their common meal with their loins girt and their staves in their hands, this may be looked upon both as a sacrament and as an oath of mutual help and support. For the strongest of all oaths is that which is accompanied with the eating of a sacred substance, since the perjured person cannot possibly escape the avenging god whom he has taken into his body and assimilated." This kind of sacrament is of the Aino or expiatory type, since it is meant to atone to the species for the possible ill-usage of individuals. An expiation, similar in principle but different in details, is offered by the Kalmucks to the sheep, whose flesh is one of their staple foods. Rich Kalmucks are in the habit of consecrating a white ram under the title of "the ram of heaven" or "the ram of the spirit." The animal is never shorn and never sold; but when it grows old and its owner wishes to consecrate a new one, the old ram must be killed and eaten at a feast to which the neighbours are invited. On a lucky day, generally in autumn when the sheep are fat, a sorcerer kills the old ram, after sprinkling it with milk. Its flesh is eaten, the skeleton, with a portion of the fat, is burned on a turf altar, and the skin, with the head and feet, is hung up.

An example of a sacrament of the Egyptian type is furnished by the Todas, a pastoral people of Southern India, who subsist largely upon the milk of their buffaloes. Amongst them "the buffalo is to a certain degree held sacred" and "is treated with great kindness, even with a degree of adoration, by the people." They never eat the flesh of the cow buffalo, and as a rule abstain from the flesh of the male. But to the latter rule there is a single exception. Once a year all the adult males of the village join in the ceremony of killing and eating a very young male calf—seemingly under a month old. They take the animal into the dark recesses of the village wood, where it is killed with a club made from the sacred tree of the Todas (the *Millingtonia*). A sacred fire having been made by the rubbing of sticks, the flesh of the calf is roasted on the embers of certain trees, and is eaten by the men alone, women being excluded from the assembly. This is the only occasion on which the Todas eat buffalo flesh. The Madi or Moru tribe of Central Africa, whose chief wealth is their cattle, though they also practise agriculture, appear to kill a lamb sacramentally on certain solemn occasions. The custom is thus described by Dr. Felkin. "A remarkable custom is observed at stated times—once a year, I am led to believe. I have not been able to ascertain what exact meaning is attached to it. It appears, however, to relieve the people's minds, for beforehand they evince much sadness, and seem very joyful when the ceremony is duly accomplished. The following is what takes place. A large concourse of people of all ages assemble, and sit down round a circle of stones, which is erected by the side of a road (really a narrow path). A very choice lamb is then fetched by a boy, who leads it four times round the assembled people. As it passes they

pluck off little bits of its fleece and place them in their hair, or on to some other part of their body. The lamb is then led up to the stones, and there killed by a man belonging to a kind of priestly order, who takes some of the blood and sprinkles it four times over the people. He then applies it individually. On the children he makes a small ring of blood over the lower end of the breast bone, on women and girls he makes a mark above the breasts, and the men he touches on each shoulder. He then proceeds to explain the ceremony, and to exhort the people to show kindness. . . . When this discourse, which is at times of great length, is over, the people rise, each places a leaf on or by the circle of stones, and then they depart with signs of great joy. The lamb's skull is hung on a tree near the stones, and its flesh is eaten by the poor. This ceremony is observed on a small scale at other times. If a family is in any great trouble, through illness or bereavement, their friends and neighbours come together and a lamb is killed, this is thought to avert further evil. The same custom prevails at the grave of departed friends, and also on joyful occasions, such as the return of a son home after a very prolonged absence." The sorrow thus manifested by the people at the annual slaughter of the lamb seems to show that the lamb slain is a sacred or divine animal, whose death is mourned by his worshippers, just as the death of the sacred buzzard was mourned by the Californians and the death of the Theban ram by the Egyptians. The smearing each of the worshippers with the blood of the lamb is a form of communion with the divinity, the vehicle of the divine life is applied externally instead of being taken internally, as when the blood is drunk or the flesh eaten.

§ 2 *Processions with Sacred Animals*—The form of communion in which the sacred animal is taken from house to house, that all may enjoy a share of its divine influence, has been exemplified by the Gilyak custom of promenading the bear through the village before it is slain. A similar form of communion with the sacred snake is observed by a Snake tribe in the Punjaub. Once a year in the month of September the snake is worshipped by all castes and religions for nine days only. At the end of August the Mirasans, especially those of the Snake tribe, make a snake of dough which they paint black and red, and place on a winnowing basket. This basket they carry round the village, and on entering any house they say "God be with you all! May every ill be far! May our patron's (Gugga's) word thrive!" Then they present the basket with the snake, saying "A small cake of flour · a little bit of butter if you obey the snake, you and yours shall thrive!" Strictly speaking, a cake and butter should be given, but it is seldom done. Every one, however, gives something, generally a handful of dough or some corn. In houses where there is a new bride or whence a bride has gone, or where a son has been born, it is usual to give a rupee and a quarter, or some cloth. Sometimes the bearers of the snake also sing:

"Give the snake a piece of cloth, and he will send a lovely bride!"

When every house has been thus visited, the dough snake is buried and a small grave is erected over it. Thither during the nine days of September the women come to worship. They bring a basin of curds, a small portion of which they offer at the snake's grave, kneeling on the ground and touching the earth with their foreheads. Then they go home and divide the rest of the curds among the children. Here the dough snake is clearly a substitute for a real snake. Indeed, in districts where snakes abound the worship is offered, not at the grave of the dough snake, but in the jungles where snakes are known to be. Besides this yearly worship, performed by all the people, the members of the Snake tribe worship in the same way every morning after a new moon. The Snake tribe is not uncommon in the Punjaub. Members of it will not kill a snake, and they say that its bite does not hurt them. If they find a dead snake, they put clothes on it and give it a regular funeral.

Ceremonies closely analogous to this Indian worship of the snake have survived in Europe into recent times, and doubtless date from a very primitive paganism. The best-known example is the "hunting of the wren." By many European peoples—the ancient Greeks and Romans, the modern Italians, Spaniards, French, Germans, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, English, and Welsh—the wren has been designated the king, the little king, the king of birds, the hedge king, and so forth, and has been reckoned amongst those birds which it is extremely unlucky to kill. In England it is supposed that if any one kills a wren or harries its nest he will infallibly break a bone or meet with some dreadful misfortune within the year; sometimes it is thought that the cows will give bloody milk. In Scotland the wren is called "the Lady of Heaven's hen," and boys say :

*" Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
That harry the Ladye of Heaven's hen ! "*

At Saint Donan, in Brittany, people believe that if children touch the young wrens in the nest they will suffer from the fire of St. Lawrence, that is, from pimples on the face, legs, and so on. In other parts of France it is thought that if a person kills a wren or harries its nest his house will be struck by lightning, or that the fingers with which he did the deed will shrivel up and drop off, or at least be maimed, or that his cattle will suffer in their feet.

Notwithstanding such beliefs, the custom of annually killing the wren has prevailed widely both in this country and in France. In the Isle of Man down to the eighteenth century the custom was observed on Christmas Eve, or rather Christmas morning. On the twenty-fourth of December, towards evening, all the servants got a holiday; they did not go to bed all night, but rambled about till the bells rang in all the churches at midnight. When prayers were over, they went to hunt the wren, and having found one of these birds they killed it and fastened it to the top of a long pole with its wings extended. Thus

they carried it in procession to every house, chanting the following rhyme :

*" We hunted the wren for Robin the Bobbin,
We hunted the wren for Jack of the Can,
We hunted the wren for Robin the Bobbin,
We hunted the wren for every one "*

When they had gone from house to house and collected all the money they could, they laid the wren on a bier and carried it in procession to the parish churchyard, where they made a grave and buried it " with the utmost solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manks language, which they call her knell , after which Christmas begins " The burial over, the company outside the churchyard formed a circle and danced to music

A writer of the eighteenth century says that in Ireland the wren " is still hunted and killed by the peasants on Christmas Day, and on the following (St Stephen's Day) he is carried about, hung by the leg, in the centre of two hoops, crossing each other at right angles, and a procession made in every village, of men, women, and children, singing an Irish catch, importing him to be the king of all birds " Down to the present time the " hunting of the wren " still takes place in parts of Leinster and Connaught On Christmas Day or St. Stephen's Day the boys hunt and kill the wren, fasten it in the middle of a mass of holly and ivy on the top of a broomstick, and on St. Stephen's Day go about with it from house to house, singing

*" The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St Stephen's Day was caught in the furze ;
Although he is little, his family's great,
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat "*

Money or food (bread, butter, eggs, etc) were given them, upon which they feasted in the evening.

In the first half of the nineteenth century similar customs were still observed in various parts of the south of France Thus at Carcassonne, every year on the first Sunday of December the young people of the street Saint Jean used to go out of the town armed with sticks, with which they beat the bushes, looking for wrens The first to strike down one of these birds was proclaimed King Then they returned to the town in procession, headed by the King, who carried the wren on a pole On the evening of the last day of the year the King and all who had hunted the wren marched through the streets of the town to the light of torches, with drums beating and fifes playing in front of them At the door of every house they stopped, and one of them wrote with chalk on the door *vive le roi !* with the number of the year which was about to begin On the morning of Twelfth Day the King again marched in procession with great pomp, wearing a crown and a blue mantle and carrying a sceptre In front of him was borne the wren fastened to the top of a pole, which was adorned with a verdant wreath of olive, of oak, and sometimes of mistletoe grown on an oak.

After hearing high mass in the parish church of St Vincent, surrounded by his officers and guards, the King visited the bishop, the mayor, the magistrates, and the chief inhabitants, collecting money to defray the expenses of the royal banquet which took place in the evening and wound up with a dance.

The parallelism between this custom of "hunting the wren" and some of those which we have considered, especially the Gilyak procession with the bear, and the Indian one with the snake, seems too close to allow us to doubt that they all belong to the same circle of ideas. The worshipful animal is killed with special solemnity once a year, and before or immediately after death he is promenaded from door to door, that each of his worshippers may receive a portion of the divine virtues that are supposed to emanate from the dead or dying god. Religious processions of this sort must have had a great place in the ritual of European peoples in prehistoric times, if we may judge from the numerous traces of them which have survived in folk-custom. For example, on the last day of the year, or Hogmanay as it was called, it used to be customary in the Highlands of Scotland for a man to dress himself up in a cow's hide and thus attired to go from house to house, attended by young fellows, each of them armed with a staff, to which a bit of raw hide was tied. Round every house the hide-clad man used to run thrice *deiseal*, that is, according to the course of the sun, so as to keep the house on his right hand, while the others pursued him, beating the hide with their staves and thereby making a loud noise like the beating of a drum. In this disorderly procession they also struck the walls of the house. On being admitted, one of the party, standing within the threshold, pronounced a blessing on the family in these words: "May God bless the house and all that belongs to it, cattle, stones, and timber! In plenty of meat, of bed and body clothes, and health of men may it ever abound!" Then each of the party singed in the fire a little bit of the hide which was tied to his staff, and having done so he applied the singed hide to the nose of every person and of every domestic animal belonging to the house. This was imagined to secure them from diseases and other misfortunes, particularly from witchcraft, throughout the ensuing year. The whole ceremony was called *calluinn* because of the great noise made in beating the hide. It was observed in the Hebrides, including St. Kilda, down to the second half of the eighteenth century at least, and it seems to have survived well into the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER LV

THE TRANSFERENCE OF EVIL

§ 1 *The Transference to Inanimate Objects*—We have now traced the practice of killing a god among peoples in the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural stages of society, and I have attempted to explain

the motives which led men to adopt so curious a custom. One aspect of the custom still remains to be noticed. The accumulated misfortunes and sins of the whole people are sometimes laid upon the dying god, who is supposed to bear them away for ever, leaving the people innocent and happy. The notion that we can transfer our guilt and sufferings to some other being who will bear them for us is familiar to the savage mind. It arises from a very obvious confusion between the physical and the mental, between the material and the immaterial. Because it is possible to shift a load of wood, stones, or what not, from our own back to the back of another, the savage fancies that it is equally possible to shift the burden of his pains and sorrows to another, who will suffer them in his stead. Upon this idea he acts, and the result is an endless number of very unamiable devices for palming off upon some one else the trouble which a man shrinks from bearing himself. In short, the principle of vicarious suffering is commonly understood and practised by races who stand on a low level of social and intellectual culture. In the following pages I shall illustrate the theory and the practice as they are found among savages in all their naked simplicity, undisguised by the refinements of metaphysics and the subtleties of theology.

The devices to which the cunning and selfish savage resorts for the sake of easing himself at the expense of his neighbour are manifold; only a few typical examples out of a multitude can be cited. At the outset it is to be observed that the evil of which a man seeks to rid himself need not be transferred to a person, it may equally well be transferred to an animal or a thing, though in the last case the thing is often only a vehicle to convey the trouble to the first person who touches it. In some of the East Indian islands they think that epilepsy can be cured by striking the patient on the face with the leaves of certain trees and then throwing them away. The disease is believed to have passed into the leaves, and to have been thrown away with them. To cure toothache some of the Australian blacks apply a heated spear-thrower to the cheek. The spear-thrower is then cast away, and the toothache goes with it in the shape of a black stone called *karrutch*. Stones of this kind are found in old mounds and sandhills. They are carefully collected and thrown in the direction of enemies in order to give them toothache. The Bahima, a pastoral people of Uganda, often suffer from deep-seated abscesses. "their cure for this is to transfer the disease to some other person by obtaining herbs from the medicine-man, rubbing them over the place where the swelling is, and burying them in the road where people continually pass; the first person who steps over these buried herbs contracts the disease, and the original patient recovers."

Sometimes in case of sickness the malady is transferred to an effigy as a preliminary to passing it on to a human being. Thus among the Baganda the medicine-man would sometimes make a model of his patient in clay, then a relative of the sick man would rub the image over the sufferer's body and either bury it in the road or hide it in

the grass by the wayside The first person who stepped over the image or passed by it would catch the disease Sometimes the effigy was made out of a plantain-flower tied up so as to look like a person ; it was used in the same way as the clay figure. But the use of images for this maleficent purpose was a capital crime , any person caught in the act of burying one of them in the public road would surely have been put to death.

In the western district of the island of Timor, when men or women are making long and tiring journeys, they fan themselves with leafy branches, which they afterwards throw away on particular spots where their forefathers did the same before them The fatigue which they felt is thus supposed to have passed into the leaves and to be left behind Others use stones instead of leaves. Similarly in the Babar Archipelago tired people will strike themselves with stones, believing that they thus transfer to the stones the weariness which they felt in their own bodies They then throw away the stones in places which are specially set apart for the purpose A like belief and practice in many distant parts of the world have given rise to those cairns or heaps of sticks and leaves which travellers often observe beside the path, and to which every passing native adds his contribution in the shape of a stone, or stick, or leaf Thus in the Solomon and Banks' Islands the natives are wont to throw sticks, stones, or leaves upon a heap at a place of steep descent, or where a difficult path begins, saying, " There goes my fatigue " The act is not a religious rite, for the thing thrown on the heap is not an offering to spiritual powers, and the words which accompany the act are not a prayer It is nothing but a magical ceremony for getting rid of fatigue, which the simple savage fancies he can embody in a stick, leaf, or stone, and so cast it from him.

§ 2 *The Transference to Animals* —Animals are often employed as a vehicle for carrying away or transferring the evil When a Moor has a headache he will sometimes take a lamb or a goat and beat it till it falls down, believing that the headache will thus be transferred to the animal In Morocco most wealthy Moors keep a wild boar in their stables, in order that the jinn and evil spirits may be diverted from the horses and enter into the boar Amongst the Caffres of South Africa, when other remedies have failed, " natives sometimes adopt the custom of taking a goat into the presence of a sick man, and confess the sins of the kraal over the animal Sometimes a few drops of blood from the sick man are allowed to fall on the head of the goat, which is turned out into an uninhabited part of the veldt The sickness is supposed to be transferred to the animal, and to become lost in the desert " In Arabia, when the plague is raging, the people will sometimes lead a camel through all the quarters of the town in order that the animal may take the pestilence on itself Then they strangle it in a sacred place and imagine that they have rid themselves of the camel and of the plague at one blow. It is said that when smallpox is raging the savages of Formosa will drive the demon of disease into

a sow, then cut off the animal's ears and burn them or it, believing that in this way they rid themselves of the plague

Amongst the Malagasy the vehicle for carrying away evils is called a *faditra* "The *faditra* is anything selected by the *sikidy* [divining board] for the purpose of taking away any hurtful evils or diseases that might prove injurious to an individual's happiness, peace, or prosperity. The *faditra* may be either ashes, cut money, a sheep, a pumpkin, or anything else the *sikidy* may choose to direct. After the particular article is appointed, the priest counts upon it all the evils that may prove injurious to the person for whom it is made, and which he then charges the *faditra* to take away for ever. If the *faditra* be ashes, it is blown, to be carried away by the wind. If it be cut money, it is thrown to the bottom of deep water, or where it can never be found. If it be a sheep, it is carried away to a distance on the shoulders of a man, who runs with all his might, mumbling as he goes, as if in the greatest rage against the *faditra*, for the evils it is bearing away. If it be a pumpkin, it is carried on the shoulders to a little distance, and there dashed upon the ground with every appearance of fury and indignation." A Malagasy was informed by a diviner that he was doomed to a bloody death, but that possibly he might avert his fate by performing a certain rite. Carrying a small vessel full of blood upon his head, he was to mount upon the back of a bullock; while thus mounted, he was to spill the blood upon the bullock's head, and then send the animal away into the wilderness, whence it might never return.

The Bataks of Sumatra have a ceremony which they call "making the curse to fly away." When a woman is childless, a sacrifice is offered to the gods of three grasshoppers, representing a head of cattle, a buffalo, and a horse. Then a swallow is set free, with a prayer that the curse may fall upon the bird and fly away with it. "The entrance into a house of an animal which does not generally seek to share the abode of man is regarded by the Malays as ominous of misfortune. If a wild bird flies into a house, it must be carefully caught and smeared with oil, and must then be released in the open air, a formula being recited in which it is bidden to fly away with all the ill-luck and misfortunes of the occupier." In antiquity Greek women seem to have done the same with swallows which they caught in the house: they poured oil on them and let them fly away, apparently for the purpose of removing ill-luck from the household. The Huzuls of the Carpathians imagine that they can transfer freckles to the first swallow they see in spring by washing their face in flowing water and saying, "Swallow, swallow, take my freckles, and give me rosy cheeks."

Among the Badagas of the Neilgherry Hills in Southern India, when a death has taken place, the sins of the deceased are laid upon a buffalo calf. For this purpose the people gather round the corpse and carry it outside of the village. There an elder of the tribe, standing at the head of the corpse, recites or chants a long list of sins such as any Badaga may commit, and the people repeat the last words of each

line after him The confession of sins is thrice repeated. "By a conventional mode of expression, the sum total of sins a man may do is said to be thirteen hundred. Admitting that the deceased has committed them all, the performer cries aloud, 'Stay not their flight to God's pure feet.' As he closes, the whole assembly chants aloud 'Stay not their flight.' Again the performer enters into details, and cries, 'He killed the crawling snake. It is a sin.' In a moment the last word is caught up, and all the people cry 'It is a sin' As they shout, the performer lays his hand upon the calf The sin is transferred to the calf. Thus the whole catalogue is gone through in this impressive way. But this is not enough. As the last shout 'Let all be well' dies away, the performer gives place to another, and again confession is made, and all the people shout 'It is a sin.' A third time it is done. Then, still in solemn silence, the calf is let loose. Like the Jewish scapegoat, it may never be used for secular work" At a Badaga funeral witnessed by the Rev A. C. Clayton the buffalo calf was led thrice round the bier, and the dead man's hand was laid on its head. "By this act, the calf was supposed to receive all the sins of the deceased. It was then driven away to a great distance, that it might contaminate no one, and it was said that it would never be sold, but looked on as a dedicated sacred animal" "The idea of this ceremony is, that the sins of the deceased enter the calf, or that the task of his absolution is laid on it. They say that the calf very soon disappears, and that it is never after heard of."

§ 3 *The Transference to Men*—Again, men sometimes play the part of scapegoat by diverting to themselves the evils that threaten others When a Cingalese is dangerously ill, and the physicians can do nothing, a devil-dancer is called in, who by making offerings to the devils, and dancing in the masks appropriate to them, conjures these demons of disease, one after the other, out of the sick man's body and into his own. Having thus successfully extracted the cause of the malady, the artful dancer lies down on a bier, and shamming death is carried to an open place outside the village. Here, being left to himself, he soon comes to life again, and hastens back to claim his reward. In 1590 a Scotch witch of the name of Agnes Sampson was convicted of curing a certain Robert Kers of a disease "laid upon him by a westland warlock when he was at Dumfries, whilk sickness she took upon herself, and kept the same with great groaning and torment till the morn, at whilk time there was a great din heard in the house" The noise was made by the witch in her efforts to shift the disease, by means of clothes, from herself to a cat or dog. Unfortunately the attempt partly miscarried The disease missed the animal and hit Alexander Douglas of Dalkeith, who dwined and died of it, while the original patient, Robert Kers, was made whole

"In one part of New Zealand an expiation for sin was felt to be necessary; a service was performed over an individual, by which all the sins of the tribe were supposed to be transferred to him, a fern stalk was previously tied to his person, with which he jumped into

the river, and there unbinding, allowed it to float away to the sea, bearing their sins with it." In great emergencies the sins of the Rajah of Manipur used to be transferred to somebody else, usually to a criminal, who earned his pardon by his vicarious sufferings. To effect the transference the Rajah and his wife, clad in fine robes, bathed on a scaffold erected in the bazaar, while the criminal crouched beneath it. With the water which dripped from them on him their sins also were washed away and fell on the human scapegoat. To complete the transference the Rajah and his wife made over their fine robes to their substitute, while they themselves, clad in new raiment, mixed with the people till evening. In Travancore, when a Rajah is near his end, they seek out a holy Brahman, who consents to take upon himself the sins of the dying man in consideration of the sum of ten thousand rupees. Thus prepared to immolate himself on the altar of duty, the saint is introduced into the chamber of death, and closely embraces the dying Rajah, saying to him, "O King, I undertake to bear all your sins and diseases. May your Highness live long and reign happily." Having thus taken to himself the sins of the sufferer, he is sent away from the country and never more allowed to return. At Utch Kurgan in Turkestan Mr. Schuyler saw an old man who was said to get his living by taking on himself the sins of the dead, and thenceforth devoting his life to prayer for their souls.

In Uganda, when an army had returned from war, and the gods warned the king by their oracles that some evil had attached itself to the soldiers, it was customary to pick out a woman slave from the captives, together with a cow, a goat, a fowl, and a dog from the booty, and to send them back under a strong guard to the borders of the country from which they had come. There their limbs were broken and they were left to die, for they were too crippled to crawl back to Uganda. In order to ensure the transference of the evil to these substitutes, bunches of grass were rubbed over the people and cattle and then tied to the victims. After that the army was pronounced clean and was allowed to return to the capital. So on his accession a new king of Uganda used to wound a man and send him away as a scapegoat to Bunyoro to carry away any uncleanness that might attach to the king or queen.

§ 4 *The Transference of Evil in Europe*—The examples of the transference of evil hitherto adduced have been mostly drawn from the customs of savage or barbarous peoples. But similar attempts to shift the burden of disease, misfortune, and sin from one's self to another person, or to an animal or thing, have been common also among the civilised nations of Europe, both in ancient and modern times. A Roman cure for fever was to pare the patient's nails, and stick the parings with wax on a neighbour's door before sunrise, the fever then passed from the sick man to his neighbour. Similar devices must have been resorted to by the Greeks, for in laying down laws for his ideal state, Plato thinks it too much to expect that

men should not be alarmed at finding certain wax figures adhering to their doors or to the tombstones of their parents, or lying at cross-roads. In the fourth century of our era Marcellus of Bordeaux prescribed a cure for warts, which has still a great vogue among the superstitious in various parts of Europe. You are to touch your warts with as many little stones as you have warts; then wrap the stones in an ivy leaf, and throw them away in a thoroughfare. Whoever picks them up will get the warts, and you will be rid of them. People in the Orkney Islands will sometimes wash a sick man, and then throw the water down at a gateway, in the belief that the sickness will leave the patient and be transferred to the first person who passes through the gate. A Bavarian cure for fever is to write upon a piece of paper, "Fever, stay away, I am not at home," and to put the paper in somebody's pocket. The latter then catches the fever, and the patient is rid of it. A Bohemian prescription for the same malady is this. Take an empty pot, go with it to a cross-road, throw it down, and run away. The first person who kicks against the pot will catch your fever, and you will be cured.

Often in Europe, as among savages, an attempt is made to transfer a pain or malady from a man to an animal. Grave writers of antiquity recommended that, if a man be stung by a scorpion, he should sit upon an ass with his face to the tail, or whisper in the animal's ear, "A scorpion has stung me", in either case, they thought, the pain would be transferred from the man to the ass. Many cures of this sort are recorded by Marcellus. For example, he tells us that the following is a remedy for toothache. Standing booted under the open sky on the ground, you catch a frog by the head, spit into its mouth, ask it to carry away the ache, and then let it go. But the ceremony must be performed on a lucky day and at a lucky hour. In Cheshire the ailment known as aphtha or thrush, which affects the mouth or throat of infants, is not uncommonly treated in much the same manner. A young frog is held for a few moments with its head inside the mouth of the sufferer, whom it is supposed to relieve by taking the malady to itself. "I assure you," said an old woman who had often superintended such a cure, "we used to hear the poor frog whooping and coughing, mortal bad, for days after; it would have made your heart ache to hear the poor creature coughing as it did about the garden." A Northamptonshire, Devonshire, and Welsh cure for a cough is to put a hair of the patient's head between two slices of buttered bread and give the sandwich to a dog. The animal will thereupon catch the cough and the patient will lose it. Sometimes an ailment is transferred to an animal by sharing food with it. Thus in Oldenburg, if you are sick of a fever you set a bowl of sweet milk before a dog and say, "Good luck, you hound! may you be sick and I be sound!" Then when the dog has lapped some of the milk, you take a swig at the bowl; and then the dog must lap again, and then you must swig again, and when you and the dog have done it the third time, he will have the fever and you will be quit of it.

A Bohemian cure for fever is to go out into the forest before the sun is up and look for a snipe's nest. When you have found it, take out one of the young birds and keep it beside you for three days. Then go back into the wood and set the snipe free. The fever will leave you at once. The snipe has taken it away. So in Vedic times the Hindoos of old sent consumption away with a blue jay. They said, "O consumption, fly away, fly away with the blue jay! With the wild rush of the storm and the whirlwind, oh, vanish away!" In the village of Llandegla in Wales there is a church dedicated to the virgin martyr St. Tecla, where the falling sickness is, or used to be, cured by being transferred to a fowl. The patient first washed his limbs in a sacred well hard by, dropped fourpence into it as an offering, walked thrice round the well, and thrice repeated the Lord's prayer. Then the fowl, which was a cock or a hen according as the patient was a man or a woman, was put into a basket and carried round first the well and afterwards the church. Next the sufferer entered the church and lay down under the communion table till break of day. After that he offered sixpence and departed, leaving the fowl in the church. If the bird died, the sickness was supposed to have been transferred to it from the man or woman, who was now rid of the disorder. As late as 1855 the old parish clerk of the village remembered quite well to have seen the birds staggering about from the effects of the fits which had been transferred to them.

Often the sufferer seeks to shift his burden of sickness or ill-luck to some inanimate object. In Athens there is a little chapel of St. John the Baptist built against an ancient column. Fever patients resort thither, and by attaching a waxed thread to the inner side of the column believe that they transfer the fever from themselves to the pillar. In the Mark of Brandenburg they say that if you suffer from giddiness you should strip yourself naked and run thrice round a flax-field after sunset, in that way the flax will get the giddiness and you will be rid of it.

But perhaps the thing most commonly employed in Europe as a receptacle for sickness and trouble of all sorts is a tree or bush. A Bulgarian cure for fever is to run thrice round a willow-tree at sunrise, crying, "The fever shall shake thee, and the sun shall warm me." In the Greek island of Karpathos the priest ties a red thread round the neck of a sick person. Next morning the friends of the patient remove the thread and go out to the hillside, where they tie the thread to a tree, thinking that they thus transfer the sickness to the tree. Italians attempt to cure fever in like manner by tethering it to a tree. The sufferer ties a thread round his left wrist at night, and hangs the thread on a tree next morning. The fever is thus believed to be tied up to the tree, and the patient to be rid of it, but he must be careful not to pass by that tree again, otherwise the fever would break loose from its bonds and attack him afresh. A Flemish cure for the ague is to go early in the morning to an old willow, tie three knots in one of its branches, say, "Good-morrow, Old One, I give

thee the cold, good-morrow, Old One," then turn and run away without looking round. In Sonnenberg, if you would rid yourself of gout you should go to a young fir-tree and tie a knot in one of its twigs, saying, "God greet thee, noble fir. I bring thee my gout. Here will I tie a knot and bind my gout into it. In the name," etc.

Another way of transferring gout from a man to a tree is this. Pare the nails of the sufferer's fingers and clip some hairs from his legs. Bore a hole in an oak, stuff the nails and hair in the hole, stop up the hole again, and smear it with cow's dung. If, for three months thereafter, the patient is free of gout, you may be sure the oak has it in his stead. In Cheshire if you would be rid of warts, you have only to rub them with a piece of bacon, cut a slit in the bark of an ash-tree, and slip the bacon under the bark. Soon the warts will disappear from your hand, only however to reappear in the shape of rough excrescences or knobs on the bark of the tree. At Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, there used to be certain oak-trees which were long celebrated for the cure of ague. The transference of the malady to the tree was simple but painful. A lock of the sufferer's hair was pegged into an oak, then by a sudden wrench he left his hair and his ague behind him in the tree.

CHAPTER LVI

THE PUBLIC EXPULSION OF EVILS

§ 1 *The Omnipresence of Demons*—In the foregoing chapter the primitive principle of the transference of ills to another person, animal, or thing was explained and illustrated. But similar means have been adopted to free a whole community from diverse evils that afflict it. Such attempts to dismiss at once the accumulated sorrows of a people are by no means rare or exceptional; on the contrary they have been made in many lands, and from being occasional they tend to become periodic and annual.

It needs some effort on our part to realise the frame of mind which prompts these attempts. Bred in a philosophy which strips nature of personality and reduces it to the unknown cause of an orderly series of impressions on our senses, we find it hard to put ourselves in the place of the savage, to whom the same impressions appear in the guise of spirits or the handiwork of spirits. For ages the army of spirits, once so near, has been receding farther and farther from us, banished by the magic wand of science from hearth and home, from ruined cell and ivied tower, from haunted glade and lonely mere, from the riven murky cloud that belches forth the lightning, and from those fairer clouds that pillow the silver moon or fret with flakes of burning red the golden eve. The spirits are gone even from their last stronghold in the sky, whose blue arch no

longer passes, except with children, for the screen that hides from mortal eyes the glories of the celestial world. Only in poets' dreams or impassioned flights of oratory is it given to catch a glimpse of the last flutter of the standards of the retreating host, to hear the beat of their invisible wings, the sound of their mocking laughter, or the swell of angel music dying away in the distance. Far otherwise is it with the savage. To his imagination the world still teems with those motley beings whom a more sober philosophy has discarded. Fairies and goblins, ghosts and demons, still hover about him both waking and sleeping. They dog his footsteps, dazzle his senses, enter into him, harass and deceive and torment him in a thousand freakish and mischievous ways. The mishaps that befall him, the losses he sustains, the pains he has to endure, he commonly sets down, if not to the magic of his enemies, to the spite or anger or caprice of the spirits. Their constant presence wearies him, their sleepless malignity exasperates him; he longs with an unspeakable longing to be rid of them altogether, and from time to time, driven to bay, his patience utterly exhausted, he turns fiercely on his persecutors and makes a desperate effort to chase the whole pack of them from the land, to clear the air of their swarming multitudes, that he may breathe more freely and go on his way unmolested, at least for a time. Thus it comes about that the endeavour of primitive people to make a clean sweep of all their troubles generally takes the form of a grand hunting out and expulsion of devils or ghosts. They think that if they can only shake off these their accursed tormentors, they will make a fresh start in life, happy and innocent, the tales of Eden and the old poetic golden age will come true again.

§ 2 *The Occasional Expulsion of Evils* — We can therefore understand why those general clearances of evil, to which from time to time the savage resorts, should commonly take the form of a forcible expulsion of devils. In these evil spirits primitive man sees the cause of many if not of most of his troubles, and he fancies that if he can only deliver himself from them, things will go better with him. The public attempts to expel the accumulated ills of a whole community may be divided into two classes, according as the expelled evils are immaterial and invisible or are embodied in a material vehicle or scapegoat. The former may be called the direct or immediate expulsion of evils, the latter the indirect or mediate expulsion, or the expulsion by scapegoat. We begin with examples of the former.

In the island of Rook, between New Guinea and New Britain, when any misfortune has happened, all the people run together, scream, curse, howl, and beat the air with sticks to drive away the devil, who is supposed to be the author of the mishap. From the spot where the mishap took place they drive him step by step to the sea, and on reaching the shore they redouble their shouts and blows in order to expel him from the island. He generally retires to the sea or to the island of Lottin. The natives of New Britain ascribe sickness, drought, the failure of crops, and in short all mis-

fortunes, to the influence of wicked spirits. So at times when many people sicken and die, as at the beginning of the rainy season, all the inhabitants of a district, armed with branches and clubs, go out by moonlight to the fields, where they beat and stamp on the ground with wild howls till morning, believing that this drives away the devils, and for the same purpose they rush through the village with burning torches. The natives of New Caledonia are said to believe that all evils are caused by a powerful and malignant spirit, hence in order to rid themselves of him they will from time to time dig a great pit, round which the whole tribe gathers. After cursing the demon, they fill up the pit with earth, and trample on the top with loud shouts. This they call burying the evil spirit. Among the Dieri tribe of Central Australia, when a serious illness occurs, the medicine-men expel Cootchie or the devil by beating the ground in and outside of the camp with the stuffed tail of a kangaroo, until they have chased the demon away to some distance from the camp.

When a village has been visited by a series of disasters or a severe epidemic, the inhabitants of Minahassa in Celebes lay the blame upon the devils who are infesting the village and who must be expelled from it. Accordingly, early one morning all the people, men, women, and children, quit their homes, carrying their household goods with them, and take up their quarters in temporary huts which have been erected outside the village. Here they spend several days, offering sacrifices and preparing for the final ceremony. At last the men, some wearing masks, others with their faces blackened, and so on, but all armed with swords, guns, pikes, or brooms, steal cautiously and silently back to the deserted village. Then, at a signal from the priest, they rush furiously up and down the streets and into and under the houses (which are raised on piles above the ground), yelling and striking on walls, doors, and windows, to drive away the devils. Next, the priests and the rest of the people come with the holy fire and march nine times round each house and thrice round the ladder that leads up to it, carrying the fire with them. Then they take the fire into the kitchen, where it must burn for three days continuously. The devils are now driven away, and great and general is the joy.

The Alfoors of Halmahera attribute epidemics to the devil who comes from other villages to carry them off. So, in order to rid the village of the disease, the sorcerer drives away the devil. From all the villagers he receives a costly garment and places it on four vessels, which he takes to the forest and leaves at the spot where the devil is supposed to be. Then with mocking words he bids the demon abandon the place. In the Kei Islands to the south-west of New Guinea, the evil spirits, who are quite distinct from the souls of the dead, form a mighty host. Almost every tree and every cave is the lodging-place of one of these fiends, who are moreover extremely irascible and apt to fly out on the smallest provocation. They manifest their displeasure by sending sickness and other calamities. Hence

in times of public misfortune, as when an epidemic is raging, and all other remedies have failed, the whole population go forth with the priest at their head to a place at some distance from the village. Here at sunset they erect a couple of poles with a cross-bar between them, to which they attach bags of rice, wooden models of pivot-guns, gongs, bracelets, and so on. Then, when everybody has taken his place at the poles and a death-like silence reigns, the priest lifts up his voice and addresses the spirits in their own language as follows: "Ho! ho! ho! ye evil spirits who dwell in the trees, ye evil spirits who live in the grottoes, ye evil spirits who lodge in the earth, we give you these pivot-guns, these gongs, etc. Let the sickness cease and not so many people die of it." Then everybody runs home as fast as their legs can carry them.

In the island of Nias, when a man is seriously ill and other remedies have been tried in vain, the sorcerer proceeds to exorcise the devil who is causing the illness. A pole is set up in front of the house, and from the top of the pole a rope of palm-leaves is stretched to the roof of the house. Then the sorcerer mounts the roof with a pig, which he kills and allows to roll from the roof to the ground. The devil, anxious to get the pig, lets himself down hastily from the roof by the rope of palm-leaves, and a good spirit, invoked by the sorcerer, prevents him from climbing up again. If this remedy fails, it is believed that other devils must still be lurking in the house. So a general hunt is made after them. All the doors and windows in the house are closed, except a single dormer-window in the roof. The men, shut up in the house, hew and slash with their swords right and left to the clash of gongs and the rub-a-dub of drums. Terrified at this onslaught, the devils escape by the dormer-window, and sliding down the rope of palm-leaves take themselves off. As all the doors and windows, except the one in the roof, are shut, the devils cannot get into the house again. In the case of an epidemic, the proceedings are similar. All the gates of the village, except one, are closed; every voice is raised, every gong and drum beaten, every sword brandished. Thus the devils are driven out and the last gate is shut behind them. For eight days thereafter the village is in a state of siege, no one being allowed to enter it.

When cholera has broken out in a Burmese village the able-bodied men scramble on the roofs and lay about them with bamboos and billets of wood, while all the rest of the population, old and young, stand below and thump drums, blow trumpets, yell, scream, beat floors, walls, tin pans, everything to make a din. This uproar, repeated on three successive nights, is thought to be very effective in driving away the cholera demons. When smallpox first appeared amongst the Kumis of South-eastern India, they thought it was a devil come from Aracan. The villages were placed in a state of siege, no one being allowed to leave or enter them. A monkey was killed by being dashed on the ground, and its body was hung at the village gate. Its blood, mixed with small river pebbles, was sprinkled on

the houses, the threshold of every house was swept with the monkey's tail, and the fiend was adjured to depart

When an epidemic is raging on the Gold Coast of West Africa, the people will sometimes turn out, armed with clubs and torches, to drive the evil spirits away. At a given signal the whole population begin with frightful yells to beat in every corner of the houses, then rush like mad into the streets waving torches and striking frantically in the empty air. The uproar goes on till somebody reports that the cowed and daunted demons have made good their escape by a gate of the town or village, the people stream out after them, pursue them for some distance into the forest, and warn them never to return. The expulsion of the devils is followed by a general massacre of all the cocks in the village or town, lest by their unseasonable crowing they should betray to the banished demons the direction they must take to return to their old homes. When sickness was prevalent in a Huron village, and all other remedies had been tried in vain, the Indians had recourse to the ceremony called *Lonouyroya*, "which is the principal invention and most proper means, so they say, to expel from the town or village the devils and evil spirits which cause, induce, and import all the maladies and infirmities which they suffer in body and mind." Accordingly, one evening the men would begin to rush like madmen about the village, breaking and upsetting whatever they came across in the wigwams. They threw fire and burning brands about the streets, and all night long they ran howling and singing without cessation. Then they all dreamed of something, a knife, dog, skin, or whatever it might be, and when morning came they went from wigwam to wigwam asking for presents. These they received silently, till the particular thing was given them which they had dreamed about. On receiving it they uttered a cry of joy and rushed from the hut, amid the congratulations of all present. The health of those who received what they had dreamed of was believed to be assured, whereas those who did not get what they had set their hearts upon regarded their fate as sealed.

Sometimes, instead of chasing the demon of disease from their homes, savages prefer to leave him in peaceable possession, while they themselves take to flight and attempt to prevent him from following in their tracks. Thus when the Patagonians were attacked by small-pox, which they attributed to the machinations of an evil spirit, they used to abandon their sick and flee, slashing the air with their weapons and throwing water about in order to keep off the dreadful pursuer, and when after several days' march they reached a place where they hoped to be beyond his reach, they used by way of precaution to plant all their cutting weapons with the sharp edges turned towards the quarter from which they had come, as if they were repelling a charge of cavalry. Similarly, when the Lules or Tonocotes Indians of the Gran Chaco were attacked by an epidemic, they regularly sought to evade it by flight, but in so doing they always followed a sinuous, not a straight, course; because they said that when the disease made after them he would be so exhausted by the turnings and windings of the route

that he would never be able to come up with them. When the Indians of New Mexico were decimated by smallpox or other infectious disease, they used to shift their quarters every day, retreating into the most sequestered parts of the mountains and choosing the thorniest thickets they could find, in the hope that the smallpox would be too afraid of scratching himself on the thorns to follow them. When some Chins on a visit to Rangoon were attacked by cholera, they went about with drawn swords to scare away the demon, and they spent the day hiding under bushes so that he might not be able to find them.

§ 3 *The Periodic Expulsion of Evils* —The expulsion of evils, from being occasional, tends to become periodic. It comes to be thought desirable to have a general riddance of evil spirits at fixed times, usually once a year, in order that the people may make a fresh start in life, freed from all the malignant influences which have been long accumulating about them. Some of the Australian blacks annually expelled the ghosts of the dead from their territory. The ceremony was witnessed by the Rev W. Ridley on the banks of the River Barwan. "A chorus of twenty, old and young, were singing and beating time with boomerangs. Suddenly, from under a sheet of bark darted a man with his body whitened by pipeclay, his head and face coloured with lines of red and yellow, and a tuft of feathers fixed by means of a stick two feet above the crown of his head. He stood twenty minutes perfectly still, gazing upwards. An aboriginal who stood by told me he was looking for the ghosts of dead men. At last he began to move very slowly, and soon rushed to and fro at full speed, flourishing a branch as if to drive away some foes invisible to us. When I thought this pantomime must be almost over, ten more, similarly adorned, suddenly appeared from behind the trees, and the whole party joined in a brisk conflict with their mysterious assailants. . . . At last, after some rapid evolutions in which they put forth all their strength, they rested from the exciting toil which they had kept up all night and for some hours after sunrise, they seemed satisfied that the ghosts were driven away for twelve months. They were performing the same ceremony at every station along the river, and I am told it is an annual custom."

Certain seasons of the year mark themselves naturally out as appropriate moments for a general expulsion of devils. Such a moment occurs towards the close of an Arctic winter, when the sun reappears on the horizon after an absence of weeks or months. Accordingly, at Point Barrow, the most northerly extremity of Alaska, and nearly of America, the Esquimaux choose the moment of the sun's reappearance to hunt the mischievous spirit *Tuñia* from every house. The ceremony was witnessed by the members of the United States Polar Expedition, who wintered at Point Barrow. A fire was built in front of the council-house, and an old woman was posted at the entrance to every house. The men gathered round the council-house, while the young women and girls drove the spirit out of every house with their knives, stabbing viciously under the bunk and deer-skins,

and calling upon Tuña to be gone. When they thought he had been driven out of every hole and corner, they thrust him down through the hole in the floor and chased him into the open air with loud cries and frantic gestures. Meanwhile the old woman at the entrance of the house made passes with a long knife in the air to keep him from returning. Each party drove the spirit towards the fire and invited him to go into it. All were by this time drawn up in a semicircle round the fire, when several of the leading men made specific charges against the spirit, and each after his speech brushed his clothes violently, calling on the spirit to leave him and go into the fire. Two men now stepped forward with rifles loaded with blank cartridges, while a third brought a vessel of urine and flung it on the flames. At the same time one of the men fired a shot into the fire, and as the cloud of steam rose it received the other shot, which was supposed to finish Tuña for the time being.

In late autumn, when storms rage over the land and break the icy fetters by which the frozen sea is as yet but slightly bound, when the loosened floes are driven against each other and break with loud crashes, and when the cakes of ice are piled in wild disorder one upon another, the Esquimaux of Baffin Land fancy they hear the voices of the spirits who people the mischievous air. Then the ghosts of the dead knock wildly at the huts, which they cannot enter, and woe to the hapless wight whom they catch, he soon sickens and dies. Then the phantom of a huge hairless dog pursues the real dogs, which expire in convulsions and cramps at sight of him. All the countless spirits of evil are abroad, striving to bring sickness and death, foul weather and failure in hunting on the Esquimaux. Most dreaded of all these spectral visitants are Sedna, mistress of the nether world, and her father, to whose share dead Esquimaux fall. While the other spirits fill the air and the water, she rises from under ground. It is then a busy season for the wizards. In every house you may hear them singing and praying, while they conjure the spirits, seated in a mystic gloom at the back of the hut, which is dimly lit by a lamp burning low. The hardest task of all is to drive away Sedna, and this is reserved for the most powerful enchanter. A rope is coiled on the floor of a large hut in such a way as to leave a small opening at the top, which represents the breathing hole of a seal. Two enchanters stand beside it, one of them grasping a spear as if he were watching a seal-hole in winter, the other holding the harpoon-line. A third sorcerer sits at the back of the hut chanting a magic song to lure Sedna to the spot. Now she is heard approaching under the floor of the hut, breathing heavily, now she emerges at the hole, now she is harpooned and sinks away in angry haste, dragging the harpoon with her, while the two men hold on to the line with all their might. The struggle is severe, but at last by a desperate wrench she tears herself away and returns to her dwelling in Adlivun. When the harpoon is drawn up out of the hole it is found to be splashed with blood, which the enchanters proudly exhibit as a proof of their prowess. Thus Sedna

and the other evil spirits are at last driven away, and next day a great festival is celebrated by old and young in honour of the event. But they must still be cautious, for the wounded Sedna is furious and will seize any one she may find outside of his hut, so they all wear amulets on the top of their hoods to protect themselves against her. These amulets consist of pieces of the first garments that they wore after birth.

The Iroquois inaugurated the new year in January, February, or March (the time varied) with a "festival of dreams" like that which the Hurons observed on special occasions. The whole ceremonies lasted several days, or even weeks, and formed a kind of saturnalia. Men and women, variously disguised, went from wigwam to wigwam smashing and throwing down whatever they came across. It was a time of general license, the people were supposed to be out of their senses, and therefore not to be responsible for what they did. Accordingly, many seized the opportunity of paying off old scores by belabouring obnoxious persons, drenching them with ice-cold water, and covering them with filth or hot ashes. Others seized burning brands or coals and flung them at the heads of the first persons they met. The only way of escaping from these persecutors was to guess what they had dreamed of. On one day of the festival the ceremony of driving away evil spirits from the village took place. Men clothed in the skins of wild beasts, their faces covered with hideous masks, and their hands with the shell of the tortoise, went from hut to hut making frightful noises, in every hut they took the fuel from the fire and scattered the embers and ashes about the floor with their hands. The general confession of sins which preceded the festival was probably a preparation for the public expulsion of evil influences, it was a way of stripping the people of their moral burdens, that these might be collected and cast out.

In September the Incas of Peru celebrated a festival called Situa, the object of which was to banish from the capital and its vicinity all disease and trouble. The festival fell in September because the rains begin about this time, and with the first rains there was generally much sickness. As a preparation for the festival the people fasted on the first day of the moon after the autumnal equinox. Having fasted during the day, and the night being come, they baked a coarse paste of maize. This paste was made of two sorts. One was kneaded with the blood of children aged from five to ten years, the blood being obtained by bleeding the children between the eyebrows. These two kinds of paste were baked separately, because they were for different uses. Each family assembled at the house of the eldest brother to celebrate the feast, and those who had no elder brother went to the house of their next relation of greater age. On the same night all who had fasted during the day washed their bodies, and taking a little of the blood-kneaded paste, rubbed it over their head, face, breast, shoulders, arms, and legs. They did this in order that the paste might take away all their infirmities. After this the head of the family

anointed the threshold with the same paste, and left it there as a token that the inmates of the house had performed their ablutions and cleansed their bodies. Meantime the High Priest performed the same ceremonies in the temple of the Sun. As soon as the Sun rose, all the people worshipped and besought him to drive all evils out of the city, and then they broke their fast with the paste that had been kneaded without blood. When they had paid their worship and broken their fast, which they did at a stated hour, in order that all might adore the Sun as one man, an Inca of the blood royal came forth from the fortress, as a messenger of the Sun, richly dressed, with his mantle girded round his body, and a lance in his hand. The lance was decked with feathers of many hues, extending from the blade to the socket, and fastened with rings of gold. He ran down the hill from the fortress brandishing his lance, till he reached the centre of the great square, where stood the golden urn, like a fountain, that was used for the sacrifice of the fermented juice of the maize. Here four other Incas of the blood royal awaited him, each with a lance in his hand, and his mantle girded up to run. The messenger touched their four lances with his lance, and told them that the Sun bade them, as his messengers, drive the evils out of the city. The four Incas then separated and ran down the four royal roads which led out of the city to the four quarters of the world. While they ran, all the people, great and small, came to the doors of their houses, and with great shouts of joy and gladness shook their clothes, as if they were shaking off dust, while they cried, "Let the evils be gone. How greatly desired has this festival been by us. O Creator of all things, permit us to reach another year, that we may see another feast like this." After they had shaken their clothes, they passed their hands over their heads, faces, arms, and legs, as if in the act of washing. All this was done to drive the evils out of their houses, that the messengers of the Sun might banish them from the city; and it was done not only in the streets through which the Incas ran, but generally in all quarters of the city. Moreover, they all danced, the Inca himself amongst them, and bathed in the rivers and fountains, saying that their maladies would come out of them. Then they took great torches of straw, bound round with cords. These they lighted, and passed from one to the other, striking each other with them, and saying, "Let all harm go away." Meanwhile the runners ran with their lances for a quarter of a league outside the city, where they found four other Incas ready, who received the lances from their hands and ran with them. Thus the lances were carried by relays of runners for a distance of five or six leagues, at the end of which the runners washed themselves and their weapons in rivers, and set up the lances, in sign of a boundary within which the banished evils might not return.

The negroes of Guinea annually banish the devil from all their towns with much ceremony at a time set apart for the purpose. At Axim, on the Gold Coast, this annual expulsion is preceded by a feast of eight days, during which mirth and jollity, skipping, dancing, and

singing prevail, and "a perfect lampooning liberty is allowed, and scandal so highly exalted, that they may freely sing of all the faults, villanies, and frauds of their superiors as well as inferiors, without punishment, or so much as the least interruption" On the eighth day they hunt out the devil with a dismal cry, running after him and pelting him with sticks, stones, and whatever comes to hand When they have driven him far enough out of the town, they all return In this way he is expelled from more than a hundred towns at the same time To make sure that he does not return to their houses, the women wash and scour all their wooden and earthen vessels, "to free them from all uncleanness and the devil"

At Cape Coast Castle, on the Gold Coast, the ceremony was witnessed on the ninth of October 1844 by an Englishman, who has described it as follows "To-night the annual custom of driving the evil spirit, Abonsam, out of the town has taken place As soon as the eight o'clock gun fired in the fort the people began firing muskets in their houses, turning all their furniture out of doors, beating about in every corner of the rooms with sticks, etc., and screaming as loudly as possible, in order to frighten the devil Being driven out of the houses, as they imagine, they sallied forth into the streets, throwing lighted torches about, shouting, screaming, beating sticks together, rattling old pans, making the most horrid noise, in order to drive him out of the town into the sea The custom is preceded by four weeks' dead silence; no gun is allowed to be fired, no drum to be beaten, no palaver to be made between man and man If, during these weeks, two natives should disagree and make a noise in the town, they are immediately taken before the king and fined heavily If a dog or pig, sheep or goat be found at large in the street, it may be killed, or taken by anyone, the former owner not being allowed to demand any compensation This silence is designed to deceive Abonsam, that, being off his guard, he may be taken by surprise, and frightened out of the place If anyone die during the silence, his relatives are not allowed to weep until the four weeks have been completed"

Sometimes the date of the annual expulsion of devils is fixed with reference to the agricultural seasons Thus among the Hos of Togoland, in West Africa, the expulsion is performed annually before the people partake of the new yams The chiefs summon the priests and magicians and tell them that the people are now to eat the new yams and be merry, therefore they must cleanse the town and remove the evils Accordingly the evil spirits, witches, and all the ills that infest the people are conjured into bundles of leaves and creepers, fastened to poles, which are carried away and set up in the earth on various roads outside the town During the following night no fire may be lit and no food eaten Next morning the women sweep out their hearths and houses, and deposit the sweepings on broken wooden plates Then the people pray, saying, "All ye sicknesses that are in our body and plague us, we are come to-day to throw you out" Thereupon they run as fast as they can in the direction of Mount Adaklu, smiting

their mouths and screaming, "Out to-day! Out to-day! That which kills anybody, out to-day! Ye evil spirits, out to-day! and all that causes our heads to ache, out to-day! Anlo and Adaklu are the places whither all ill shall betake itself!" When they have come to a certain tree on Mount Adaklu, they throw everything away and return home

At Kiriwina, in South-eastern New Guinea, when the new yams had been harvested, the people feasted and danced for many days, and a great deal of property, such as armlets, native money, and so forth, was displayed conspicuously on a platform erected for the purpose. When the festivities were over, all the people gathered together and expelled the spirits from the village by shouting, beating the posts of the houses, and overturning everything under which a wily spirit might be supposed to lurk. The explanation which the people gave to a missionary was that they had entertained and feasted the spirits and provided them with riches, and it was now time for them to take their departure. Had they not seen the dances, and heard the songs, and gorged themselves on the souls of the yams, and appropriated the souls of the money and all the other fine things set out on the platform? What more could the spirits want? So out they must go.

Among the Hos of North-eastern India the great festival of the year is the harvest home, held in January, when the granaries are full of grain, and the people, to use their own expression, are full of devilry. "They have a strange notion that at this period, men and women are so overcharged with vicious propensities, that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the person to let off steam by allowing for a time full vent to the passions." The ceremonies open with a sacrifice to the village god of three fowls, a cock and two hens, one of which must be black. Along with them are offered flowers of the Palas tree (*Butea frondosa*), bread made from rice-flour, and sesamum seeds. These offerings are presented by the village priest, who prays that during the year about to begin they and their children may be preserved from all misfortune and sickness, and that they may have seasonable rain and good crops. Prayer is also made in some places for the souls of the dead. At this time an evil spirit is supposed to infest the place, and to get rid of it men, women, and children go in procession round and through every part of the village with sticks in their hands, as if beating for game, singing a wild chant, and shouting vociferously, till they feel assured that the evil spirit must have fled. Then they give themselves up to feasting and drinking rice-beer, till they are in a fit state for the wild debauch which follows. The festival now "becomes a saturnale, during which servants forget their duty to their masters, children their reverence for parents, men their respect for women, and women all notions of modesty, delicacy, and gentleness; they become raging bacchantes." Usually the Hos are quiet and reserved in manner, decorous and gentle to women. But during this festival "their natures appear to undergo a temporary change. Sons and daughters revile their parents in gross language, and parents

their children, men and women become almost like animals in the indulgence of their amorous propensities." The Mundaris, kinsmen and neighbours of the Hos, keep the festival in much the same manner. "The resemblance to a Saturnale is very complete, as at this festival the farm labourers are feasted by their masters, and allowed the utmost freedom of speech in addressing them. It is the festival of the harvest home, the termination of one year's toil, and a slight respite from it before they commence again."

Amongst some of the Hindoo Koosh tribes, as among the Hos and Mundaris, the expulsion of devils takes place after harvest. When the last crop of autumn has been got in, it is thought necessary to drive away evil spirits from the granaries. A kind of porridge is eaten, and the head of the family takes his matchlock and fires it into the floor. Then, going outside, he sets to work loading and firing till his powder-horn is exhausted, while all his neighbours are similarly employed. The next day is spent in rejoicings. In Chitral this festival is called "devil-driving." On the other hand the Khonds of India expel the devils at seed-time instead of at harvest. At this time they worship Pitteri Pennu, the god of increase and of gain in every shape. On the first day of the festival a rude car is made of a basket set upon a few sticks, tied upon bamboo rollers for wheels. The priest takes this car first to the house of the lineal head of the tribe, to whom precedence is given in all ceremonies connected with agriculture. Here he receives a little of each kind of seed and some feathers. He then takes the car to all the other houses in the village, each of which contributes the same things. Lastly, the car is conducted to a field without the village, attended by all the young men, who beat each other and strike the air violently with long sticks. The seed thus carried out is called the share of the "evil spirits, spoilers of the seed." "These are considered to be driven out with the car; and when it and its contents are abandoned to them, they are held to have no excuse for interfering with the rest of the seed-corn."

The people of Bali, an island to the east of Java, have periodical expulsions of devils upon a great scale. Generally the time chosen for the expulsion is the day of the "dark moon" in the ninth month. When the demons have been long unmolested the country is said to be "warm," and the priest issues orders to expel them by force, lest the whole of Bali should be rendered uninhabitable. On the day appointed the people of the village or district assemble at the principal temple. Here at a cross-road offerings are set out for the devils. After prayers have been recited by the priests, the blast of a horn summons the devils to partake of the meal which has been prepared for them. At the same time a number of men step forward and light their torches at the holy lamp which burns before the chief priest. Immediately afterwards, followed by the bystanders, they spread in all directions and march through the streets and lanes crying, "Depart! go away!" Wherever they pass, the people who have stayed at home hasten, by a deafening clatter on doors, beams, rice-blocks, and so forth, to take

their share in the expulsion of devils. Thus chased from the houses, the fiends flee to the banquet which has been set out for them, but here the priest receives them with curses which finally drive them from the district. When the last devil has taken his departure, the uproar is succeeded by a dead silence, which lasts during the next day also. The devils, it is thought, are anxious to return to their old homes, and in order to make them think that Bali is not Bali but some desert island, no one may stir from his own abode for twenty-four hours. Even ordinary household work, including cooking, is discontinued. Only the watchmen may show themselves in the streets. Wreaths of thorns and leaves are hung at all the entrances to warn strangers from entering. Not till the third day is this state of siege raised, and even then it is forbidden to work at the rice-fields or to buy and sell in the market. Most people still stay at home, whiling away the time with cards and dice.

In Tonquin a *theekydaw* or general expulsion of malevolent spirits commonly took place once a year, especially if there was a great mortality amongst men, the elephants or horses of the general's stable, or the cattle of the country, "the cause of which they attribute to the malicious spirits of such men as have been put to death for treason, rebellion, and conspiring the death of the king, general, or princes, and that in revenge of the punishment they have suffered, they are bent to destroy everything and commit horrible violence. To prevent which their superstition has suggested to them the institution of this *theekydaw*, as a proper means to drive the devil away, and purge the country of evil spirits." The day appointed for the ceremony was generally the twenty-fifth of February, one month after the beginning of the new year, which fell on the twenty-fifth of January. The intermediate month was a season of feasting, merry-making of all kinds, and general license. During the whole month the great seal was kept shut up in a box, face downwards, and the law was, as it were, laid asleep. All courts of justice were closed, debtors could not be seized; small crimes, such as petty larceny, fighting, and assault, escaped with impunity, only treason and murder were taken account of and the malefactors detained till the great seal should come into operation again. At the close of the saturnalia the wicked spirits were driven away. Great masses of troops and artillery having been drawn up with flying colours and all the pomp of war, "the general beginneth then to offer meat offerings to the criminal devils and malevolent spirits (for it is usual and customary likewise amongst them to feast the condemned before their execution), inviting them to eat and drink, when presently he accuses them in a strange language, by characters and figures, etc., of many offences and crimes committed by them, as to their having disquieted the land, killed his elephants and horses, etc., for all which they justly deserve to be chastised and banished the country. Whereupon three great guns are fired as the last signal; upon which all the artillery and musquets are discharged, that, by their most terrible noise the devils may be driven away; and they are

so blind as to believe for certain, that they really and effectually put them to flight "

In Cambodia the expulsion of evil spirits took place in March Bits of broken statues and stones, considered as the abode of the demons, were collected and brought to the capital. Here as many elephants were collected as could be got together On the evening of the full moon volleys of musketry were fired and the elephants charged furiously to put the devils to flight The ceremony was performed on three successive days. In Siam the banishment of demons is annually carried into effect on the last day of the old year. A signal gun is fired from the palace, it is answered from the next station, and so on from station to station, till the firing has reached the outer gate of the city. Thus the demons are driven out step by step As soon as this is done a consecrated rope is fastened round the circuit of the city walls to prevent the banished demons from returning. The rope is made of tough couch-grass and is painted in alternate stripes of red, yellow, and blue.

Annual expulsions of demons, witches, or evil influences appear to have been common among the heathen of Europe, if we may judge from the relics of such customs among their descendants at the present day. Thus among the heathen Wotyaks, a Finnish people of Eastern Russia, all the young girls of the village assemble on the last day of the year or on New Year's Day, armed with sticks, the ends of which are split in nine places. With these they beat every corner of the house and yard, saying, "We are driving Satan out of the village" Afterwards the sticks are thrown into the river below the village, and as they float down stream Satan goes with them to the next village, from which he must be driven out in turn In some villages the expulsion is managed otherwise The unmarried men receive from every house in the village groats, flesh, and brandy These they take to the fields, light a fire under a fir-tree, boil the groats, and eat of the food they have brought with them, after pronouncing the words, "Go away into the wilderness, come not into the house" Then they return to the village and enter every house where there are young women They take hold of the young women and throw them into the snow, saying, "May the spirits of disease leave you" The remains of the groats and the other food are then distributed among all the houses in proportion to the amount that each contributed, and each family consumes its share. According to a Wotyak of the Malmyz district the young men throw into the snow whomever they find in the houses, and this is called "driving out Satan"; moreover, some of the boiled groats are cast into the fire with the words, "O god, afflict us not with sickness and pestilence, give us not up as a prey to the spirits of the wood" But the most antique form of the ceremony is that observed by the Wotyaks of the Kasan Government First of all a sacrifice is offered to the Devil at noon. Then all the men assemble on horseback in the centre of the village, and decide with which house they shall begin. When this question, which often gives rise to hot disputes, is settled, they tether

their horses to the paling, and arm themselves with whips, clubs of lime-wood, and bundles of lighted twigs. The lighted twigs are believed to have the greatest terrors for Satan. Thus armed, they proceed with frightful cries to beat every corner of the house and yard, then shut the door, and spit at the ejected fiend. So they go from house to house, till the Devil has been driven from every one. Then they mount their horses and ride out of the village, yelling wildly and brandishing their clubs in every direction. Outside of the village they fling away the clubs and spit once more at the Devil. The Cheremiss, another Finnish people of Eastern Russia, chase Satan from their dwellings by beating the walls with cudgels of lime-wood. For the same purpose they fire guns, stab the ground with knives, and insert burning chips of wood in the crevices. Also they leap over bonfires, shaking out their garments as they do so, and in some districts they blow on long trumpets of lime-tree bark to frighten him away. When he has fled to the wood, they pelt the trees with some of the cheese-cakes and eggs which furnished the feast.

In Christian Europe the old heathen custom of expelling the powers of evil at certain times of the year has survived to modern times. Thus in some villages of Calabria the month of March is inaugurated with the expulsion of the witches. It takes place at night to the sound of the church bells, the people running about the streets and crying, "March is come." They say that the witches roam about in March, and the ceremony is repeated every Friday evening during the month. Often, as might have been anticipated, the ancient pagan rite has attached itself to church festivals. In Albania on Easter Eve the young people light torches of resinous wood and march in procession, swinging them, through the village. At last they throw the torches into the river, crying, "Ha, Kore! we throw you into the river, like these torches, that you may never return." Silesian peasants believe that on Good Friday the witches go their rounds and have great power for mischief. Hence about Oels, near Strehlitz, the people on that day arm themselves with old brooms and drive the witches from house and home, from farmyard and cattle-stall, making a great uproar and clatter as they do so.

In Central Europe the favourite time for expelling the witches is, or was, Walpurgis Night, the Eve of May Day, when the baleful powers of these mischievous beings were supposed to be at their height. In the Tyrol, for example, as in other places, the expulsion of the powers of evil at this season goes by the name of "Burning out the Witches." It takes place on May Day, but people have been busy with their preparations for days before. On a Thursday at midnight bundles are made up of resinous splinters, black and red spotted hemlock, caperspurge, rosemary, and twigs of the sloe. These are kept and burned on May Day by men who must first have received plenary absolution from the Church. On the last three days of April all the houses are cleansed and fumigated with jumper berries and

rue On May Day, when the evening bell has rung and the twilight is falling, the ceremony of " Burning out the Witches " begins Men and boys make a racket with whips, bells, pots, and pans , the women carry censers , the dogs are unchained and run barking and yelping about. As soon as the church bells begin to ring, the bundles of twigs, fastened on poles, are set on fire and the incense is ignited Then all the house-bells and dinner-bells are rung, pots and pans are clashed, dogs bark, every one must make a noise And amid this hubbub all scream at the pitch of their voices.

" Witch flee, flee from here, or it will go ill with thee "

Then they run seven times round the houses, the yards, and the village So the witches are smoked out of their lurking-places and driven away. The custom of expelling the witches on Walpurgis Night is still, or was down to recent years, observed in many parts of Bavaria and among the Germans of Bohemia Thus in the Bohmerwald Mountains all the young fellows of the village assemble after sunset on some height, especially at a cross-road, and crack whips for a while in unison with all their strength This drives away the witches , for so far as the sound of the whips is heard, these maleficent beings can do no harm In some places, while the young men are cracking their whips, the herdsmen wind their horns, and the long-drawn notes, heard far off in the silence of night, are very effectual for banning the witches

Another witching time is the period of twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany. Hence in some parts of Silesia the people burn pine-resin all night long between Christmas and the New Year in order that the pungent smoke may drive witches and evil spirits far away from house and homestead , and on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve they fire shots over fields and meadows, into shrubs and trees, and wrap straw round the fruit-trees, to prevent the spirits from doing them harm On New Year's Eve, which is Saint Sylvester's Day, Bohemian lads, armed with guns, form themselves into circles and fire thrice into the air This is called " Shooting the Witches " and is supposed to frighten the witches away The last of the mystic twelve days is Epiphany or Twelfth Night, and it has been selected as a proper season for the expulsion of the powers of evil in various parts of Europe Thus at Brunnen, on the Lake of Lucerne, boys go about in procession on Twelfth Night carrying torches and making a great noise with horns, bells, whips, and so forth to frighten away two female spirits of the wood, Strudeli and Stratteli The people think that if they do not make enough noise there will be little fruit that year Again, in Labruguiere, a canton of southern France, on the eve of Twelfth Day the people run through the streets, jangling bells, clattering kettles, and doing everything to make a discordant noise Then by the light of torches and blazing faggots they set up a prodigious hue and cry, an ear-splitting uproar, hoping thereby to chase all the wandering ghosts and devils from the town.

CHAPTER LVII

PUBLIC SCAPEGOATS

§ 1. *The Expulsion of Embodied Evils*—Thus far we have dealt with that class of the general expulsion of evils which I have called direct or immediate. In this class the evils are invisible, at least to common eyes, and the mode of deliverance consists for the most part in beating the empty air and raising such a hubbub as may scare the mischievous spirits and put them to flight. It remains to illustrate the second class of expulsions, in which the evil influences are embodied in a visible form or are at least supposed to be loaded upon a material medium, which acts as a vehicle to draw them off from the people, village, or town.

The Pomos of California celebrate an expulsion of devils every seven years, at which the devils are represented by disguised men. "Twenty or thirty men array themselves in harlequin rig and barbaric paint, and put vessels of pitch on their heads; then they secretly go out into the surrounding mountains. These are to personify the devils. A herald goes up to the top of the assembly-house, and makes a speech to the multitude. At a signal agreed upon in the evening the masqueraders come in from the mountains, with the vessels of pitch flaming on their heads, and with all the frightful accessories of noise, motion, and costume which the savage mind can devise in representation of demons. The terrified women and children flee for life, the men huddle them inside a circle, and, on the principle of fighting the devil with fire, they swing blazing firebrands in the air, yell, whoop, and make frantic dashes at the marauding and bloodthirsty devils, so creating a terrific spectacle, and striking great fear into the hearts of the assembled hundreds of women, who are screaming and fainting and clinging to their valorous protectors. Finally the devils succeed in getting into the assembly-house, and the bravest of the men enter and hold a parley with them. As a conclusion of the whole farce, the men summon courage, the devils are expelled from the assembly-house, and with a prodigious row and racket of sham fighting are chased away into the mountains." In spring, as soon as the willow-leaves were full grown on the banks of the river, the Mandan Indians celebrated their great annual festival, one of the features of which was the expulsion of the devil. A man, painted black to represent the devil, entered the village from the prairie, chased and frightened the women, and acted the part of a buffalo bull in the buffalo dance, the object of which was to ensure a plentiful supply of buffaloes during the ensuing year. Finally he was chased from the village, the women pursuing him with hisses and gibes, beating him with sticks, and pelting him with dirt.

Some of the native tribes of Central Queensland believe in a noxious being called Molonga, who prowls unseen and would kill men and

violate women if certain ceremonies were not performed. These ceremonies last for five nights and consist of dances, in which only men, fantastically painted and adorned, take part. On the fifth night Molonga himself, personified by a man tricked out with red ochre and feathers and carrying a long feather-tipped spear, rushes forth from the darkness at the spectators and makes as if he would run them through. Great is the excitement, loud are the shrieks and shouts, but after another feigned attack the demon vanishes in the gloom. On the last night of the year the palace of the Kings of Cambodia is purged of devils. Men painted as fiends are chased by elephants about the palace courts. When they have been expelled, a consecrated thread of cotton is stretched round the palace to keep them out. In Munzerabad, a district of Mysore in Southern India, when cholera or smallpox has broken out in a parish, the inhabitants assemble and conjure the demon of the disease into a wooden image, which they carry, generally at midnight, into the next parish. The inhabitants of that parish in like manner pass the image on to their neighbours, and thus the demon is expelled from one village after another, until he comes to the bank of a river into which he is finally thrown.

Oftener, however, the expelled demons are not represented at all, but are understood to be present invisibly in the material and visible vehicle which conveys them away. Here, again, it will be convenient to distinguish between occasional and periodical expulsions. We begin with the former.

§ 2 *The Occasional Expulsion of Evils in a Material Vehicle* — The vehicle which conveys away the demons may be of various kinds. A common one is a little ship or boat. Thus, in the southern district of the island of Ceram, when a whole village suffers from sickness, a small ship is made and filled with rice, tobacco, eggs, and so forth, which have been contributed by all the people. A little sail is hoisted on the ship. When all is ready, a man calls out in a very loud voice, "O all ye sicknesses, ye smallpoxes, agues, measles, etc., who have visited us so long and wasted us so sorely, but who now cease to plague us, we have made ready this ship for you, and we have furnished you with provender sufficient for the voyage. Ye shall have no lack of food nor of betel-leaves nor of areca nuts nor of tobacco. Depart, and sail away from us directly; never come near us again, but go to a land which is far from here. Let all the tides and winds waft you speedily thither, and so convey you thither that for the time to come we may live sound and well, and that we may never see the sun rise on you again." Then ten or twelve men carry the vessel to the shore, and let it drift away with the land-breeze, feeling convinced that they are free from sickness for ever, or at least till the next time. If sickness attacks them again, they are sure it is not the same sickness, but a different one, which in due time they dismiss in the same manner. When the demon-laden bark is lost to sight, the bearers return to the village, whereupon a man cries out, "The sicknesses are now gone,

vanished, expelled, and sailed away." At this all the people come running out of their houses, passing the word from one to the other with great joy, beating on gongs and on tinkling instruments

Similar ceremonies are commonly resorted to in other East Indian islands. Thus in Timor-laut, to mislead the demons who are causing sickness, a small proa, containing the image of a man and provisioned for a long voyage, is allowed to drift away with wind and tide. As it is being launched, the people cry, "O sickness, go from here; turn back; what do you here in this poor land?" Three days after this ceremony a pig is killed, and part of the flesh is offered to Dudilaa, who lives in the sun. One of the oldest men says, "Old sir, I beseech you make well the grand-children, children, women, and men, that we may be able to eat pork and rice and to drink palm-wine. I will keep my promise. Eat your share, and make all the people in the village well." If the proa is stranded at any inhabited spot, the sickness will break out there. Hence a stranded proa excites much alarm amongst the coast population, and they immediately burn it, because demons fly from fire. In the island of Buru the proa which carries away the demons of disease is about twenty feet long, rigged out with sails, oars, anchor, and so on, and well stocked with provisions. For a day and a night the people beat gongs and drums, and rush about to frighten the demons. Next morning ten stalwart young men strike the people with branches, which have been previously dipped in an earthen pot of water. As soon as they have done so, they run down to the beach, put the branches on board the proa, launch another boat in great haste, and tow the disease-burdened bark far out to sea. There they cast it off, and one of them calls out, "Grandfather Smallpox, go away—go willingly away—go visit another land, we have made you food ready for the voyage, we have now nothing more to give." When they have landed, all the people bathe together in the sea. In this ceremony the reason for striking the people with the branches is clearly to rid them of the disease-demons, which are then supposed to be transferred to the branches. Hence the haste with which the branches are deposited in the proa and towed away to sea. So in the inland districts of Ceram, when smallpox or other sickness is raging, the priest strikes all the houses with consecrated branches, which are then thrown into the river, to be carried down to the sea, exactly as amongst the Wotyaks of Russia the sticks which have been used for expelling the devils from the village are thrown into the river, that the current may sweep the baleful burden away. The plan of putting puppets in the boat to represent sick persons, in order to lure the demons after them, is not uncommon. For example, most of the pagan tribes on the coast of Borneo seek to drive away epidemic disease as follows. They carve one or more rough human images from the pith of the sago palm and place them on a small raft or boat or full-rigged Malay ship together with rice and other food. The boat is decked with blossoms of the areca palm and with ribbons made from its leaves,

and thus adorned the little craft is allowed to float out to sea with the ebb-tide, bearing, as the people fondly think or hope, the sickness away with it

Often the vehicle which carries away the collected demons or ills of a whole community is an animal or scapegoat. In the Central Provinces of India, when cholera breaks out in a village, every one retires after sunset to his house. The priests then parade the streets, taking from the roof of each house a straw, which is burnt with an offering of rice, ghee, and turmeric, at some shrine to the east of the village. Chickens daubed with vermilion are driven away in the direction of the smoke, and are believed to carry the disease with them. If they fail, goats are tried, and last of all pigs. When cholera rages among the Bhars, Mallans, and Kurmis of India, they take a goat or a buffalo—in either case the animal must be a female, and as black as possible—then having tied some grain, cloves, and red lead in a yellow cloth on its back they turn it out of the village. The animal is conducted beyond the boundary and not allowed to return. Sometimes the buffalo is marked with a red pigment and driven to the next village, where he carries the plague with him.

Amongst the Dinkas, a pastoral people of the White Nile, each family possesses a sacred cow. When the country is threatened with war, famine, or any other public calamity, the chiefs of the village require a particular family to surrender their sacred cow to serve as a scapegoat. The animal is driven by the women to the brink of the river and across it to the other bank, there to wander in the wilderness and fall a prey to ravening beasts. Then the women return in silence and without looking behind them, were they to cast a backward glance, they imagine that the ceremony would have no effect. In 1857, when the Aymara Indians of Bolivia and Peru were suffering from a plague, they loaded a black llama with the clothes of the plague-stricken people, sprinkled brandy on the clothes, and then turned the animal loose on the mountains, hoping that it would carry the pest away with it.

Occasionally the scapegoat is a man. For example, from time to time the gods used to warn the King of Uganda that his foes the Banyoro were working magic against him and his people to make them die of disease. To avert such a catastrophe the king would send a scapegoat to the frontier of Bunyoro, the land of the enemy. The scapegoat consisted of either a man and a boy or a woman and her child, chosen because of some mark or bodily defect, which the gods had noted and by which the victims were to be recognised. With the human victims were sent a cow, a goat, a fowl, and a dog; and a strong guard escorted them to the land which the god had indicated. There the limbs of the victims were broken and they were left to die a lingering death in the enemy's country, being too crippled to crawl back to Uganda. The disease or plague was thought to have been thus transferred to the victims and to have been conveyed back in their persons to the land from which it came.

Some of the aboriginal tribes of China, as a protection against pestilence, select a man of great muscular strength to act the part of scapegoat. Having besmeared his face with paint, he performs many antics with the view of enticing all pestilential and noxious influences to attach themselves to him only. He is assisted by a priest. Finally the scapegoat, hotly pursued by men and women beating gongs and tom-toms, is driven with great haste out of the town or village. In the Punjaub a cure for the murrain is to hire a man of the Chamar caste, turn his face away from the village, brand him with a red-hot sickle, and let him go out into the jungle taking the murrain with him. He must not look back.

§ 3 *The Periodic Expulsion of Evils in a Material Vehicle*—The mediate expulsion of evils by means of a scapegoat or other material vehicle, like the immediate expulsion of them in invisible form, tends to become periodic, and for a like reason. Thus every year, generally in March, the people of Leti, Moa, and Lakor, islands of the Indian Archipelago, send away all their diseases to sea. They make a proa about six feet long, rig it with sails, oars, rudder, and other gear, and every family deposits in it some rice, fruit, a fowl, two eggs, insects that ravage the fields, and so on. Then they let it drift away to sea, saying, "Take away from here all kinds of sickness, take them to other islands, to other lands, distribute them in places that lie eastward, where the sun rises." The Biasas of Borneo annually send to sea a little bark laden with the sins and misfortunes of the people. The crew of any ship that falls in with the ill-omened bark at sea will suffer all the sorrows with which it is laden. A like custom is annually observed by the Dusuns of the Tuaran district in British North Borneo. The ceremony is the most important of the whole year. Its aim is to bring good luck to the village during the ensuing year by solemnly expelling all the evil spirits that may have collected in or about the houses throughout the last twelve months. The task of routing out the demons and banishing them devolves chiefly on women. Dressed in their finest array, they go in procession through the village. One of them carries a small sucking pig in a basket on her back; and all of them bear wands, with which they belabour the little pig at the appropriate moment; its squeals help to attract the vagrant spirits. At every house the women dance and sing, clashing castanets or cymbals of brass and jingling bunches of little brass bells in both hands. When the performance has been repeated at every house in the village, the procession defiles down to the river, and all the evil spirits, which the performers have chased from the houses, follow them to the edge of the water. There a raft has been made ready and moored to the bank. It contains offerings of food, cloth, cooking-pots, and swords, and the deck is crowded with figures of men, women, animals, and birds, all made out of the leaves of the sago palm. The evil spirits now embark on the raft, and when they are all aboard, it is pushed off and allowed to float down with the current, carrying the demons with it. Should the raft

run aground near the village, it is shoved off with all speed, lest the invisible passengers should seize the opportunity of landing and returning to the village. Finally, the sufferings of the little pig, whose squeals served to decoy the demons from their lurking-places, are terminated by death, for it is killed and its carcase thrown away.

Every year, at the beginning of the dry season, the Nicobar Islanders carry the model of a ship through their villages. The devils are chased out of the huts, and driven on board the little ship, which is then launched and suffered to sail away with the wind. The ceremony has been described by a catechist, who witnessed it at Car Nicobar in July 1897. For three days the people were busy preparing two very large floating cars, shaped like canoes, fitted with sails, and loaded with certain leaves, which possessed the valuable property of expelling devils. While the young people were thus engaged, the exorcists and the elders sat in a house singing songs by turns; but often they would come forth, pace the beach armed with rods, and forbid the devil to enter the village. The fourth day of the solemnity bore a name which means "Expelling the Devil by Sails." In the evening all the villagers assembled, the women bringing baskets of ashes and bunches of devil-expelling leaves. These leaves were then distributed to everybody, old and young. When all was ready, a band of robust men, attended by a guard of exorcists, carried one of the cars down to the sea on the right side of the village graveyard, and set it floating in the water. As soon as they had returned, another band of men carried the other car to the beach and floated it similarly in the sea to the left of the graveyard. The demon-laden barks being now launched, the women threw ashes from the shore, and the whole crowd shouted, saying, "Fly away, devil, fly away, never come again!" The wind and the tide being favourable, the canoes sailed quickly away, and that night all the people feasted together with great joy, because the devil had departed in the direction of Chowra. A similar expulsion of devils takes place once a year in other Nicobar villages, but the ceremonies are held at different times in different places.

Amongst many of the aboriginal tribes of China, a great festival is celebrated in the third month of every year. It is held by way of a general rejoicing over what the people believe to be a total annihilation of the ills of the past twelve months. The destruction is supposed to be effected in the following way. A large earthenware jar filled with gunpowder, stones, and bits of iron is buried in the earth. A train of gunpowder, communicating with the jar, is then laid; and a match being applied, the jar and its contents are blown up. The stones and bits of iron represent the ills and disasters of the past year, and the dispersion of them by the explosion is believed to remove the ills and disasters themselves. The festival is attended with much revelling and drunkenness.

At Old Calabar on the coast of Guinea, the devils and ghosts are, or used to be, publicly expelled once in two years. Among the spirits

thus driven from their haunts are the souls of all the people who died since the last lustration of the town. About three weeks or a month before the expulsion, which according to one account takes place in the month of November, rude effigies representing men and animals, such as crocodiles, leopards, elephants, bullocks, and birds, are made of wicker-work or wood, and being hung with strips of cloth and bedizened with gew-gaws, are set before the door of every house. About three o'clock in the morning of the day appointed for the ceremony the whole population turns out into the streets, and proceeds with a deafening uproar and in a state of the wildest excitement to drive all lurking devils and ghosts into the effigies, in order that they may be banished with them from the abodes of men. For this purpose bands of people roam through the streets knocking on doors, firing guns, beating drums, blowing on horns, ringing bells, clattering pots and pans, shouting and hallooing with might and main, in short making all the noise it is possible for them to raise. The hubbub goes on till the approach of dawn, when it gradually subsides and ceases altogether at sunrise. By this time the houses have been thoroughly swept, and all the frightened spirits are supposed to have huddled into the effigies or their fluttering drapery. In these wicker figures are also deposited the sweepings of the houses and the ashes of yesterday's fires. Then the demon-laden images are hastily snatched up, carried in tumultuous procession down to the brink of the river, and thrown into the water to the tuck of drums. The ebb-tide bears them away seaward, and thus the town is swept clean of ghosts and devils for another two years.

Similar annual expulsions of embodied evils are not unknown in Europe. On the evening of Easter Sunday the gypsies of Southern Europe take a wooden vessel like a band-box, which rests cradle-wise on two cross pieces of wood. In this they place herbs and simples, together with the dried carcase of a snake, or lizard, which every person present must first have touched with his fingers. The vessel is then wrapt in white and red wool, carried by the oldest man from tent to tent, and finally thrown into running water, not, however, before every member of the band has spat into it once, and the sorceress has uttered some spells over it. They believe that by performing this ceremony they dispel all the illnesses that would otherwise have afflicted them in the course of the year, and that if any one finds the vessel and opens it out of curiosity, he and his will be visited by all the maladies which the others have escaped.

The scapegoat by means of which the accumulated ills of a whole year are publicly expelled is sometimes an animal. For example, among the Garos of Assam, "besides the sacrifices for individual cases of illness, there are certain ceremonies which are observed once a year by a whole community or village, and are intended to safeguard its members from dangers of the forest, and from sickness and mishap during the coming twelve months. The principal of these is the Asongtata ceremony. Close to the outskirts of every big

village a number of stones may be noticed stuck into the ground, apparently without order or method. These are known by the name of *asong*, and on them is offered the sacrifice which the *Asongtata* demands. The sacrifice of a goat takes place, and a month later, that of a *langur* (*Entellus* monkey) or a bamboo-rat is considered necessary. The animal chosen has a rope fastened round its neck and is led by two men, one on each side of it, to every house in the village. It is taken inside each house in turn, the assembled villagers, meanwhile, beating the walls from the outside, to frighten and drive out any evil spirits which may have taken up their residence within. The round of the village having been made in this manner, the monkey or rat is led to the outskirts of the village, killed by a blow of a *dao*, which disembowels it, and then crucified on bamboos set up in the ground. Round the crucified animal long, sharp bamboo stakes are placed, which form *chevaux de frise* round about it. These commemorate the days when such defences surrounded the villages on all sides to keep off human enemies, and they are now a symbol to ward off sickness and dangers to life from the wild animals of the forest. The *langur* required for the purpose is hunted down some days before, but should it be found impossible to catch one, a brown monkey may take its place, a hullock may not be used." Here the crucified ape or rat is the public scapegoat, which by its vicarious sufferings and death relieves the people from all sickness and mishap in the coming year.

Again, on one day of the year the Bhotiyas of Juhar, in the Western Himalayas, take a dog, intoxicate him with spirits and bhang or hemp, and having fed him with sweetmeats, lead him round the village and let him loose. They then chase and kill him with sticks and stones, and believe that, when they have done so, no disease or misfortune will visit the village during the year. In some parts of Breadalbane it was formerly the custom on New Year's Day to take a dog to the door, give him a bit of bread, and drive him out, saying, "Get away, you dog! Whatever death of men or loss of cattle would happen in this house to the end of the present year, may it all light on your head!" On the Day of Atonement, which was the tenth day of the seventh month, the Jewish high-priest laid both his hands on the head of a live goat, confessed over it all the iniquities of the Children of Israel, and, having thereby transferred the sins of the people to the beast, sent it away into the wilderness.

The scapegoat upon whom the sins of the people are periodically laid, may also be a human being. At Onitsha, on the Niger, two human beings used to be annually sacrificed to take away the sins of the land. The victims were purchased by public subscription. All persons who, during the past year, had fallen into gross sins, such as incendiarism, theft, adultery, witchcraft, and so forth, were expected to contribute 28 *ngugas*, or a little over £2. The money thus collected was taken into the interior of the country and expended in the purchase of two sickly persons "to be offered as a sacrifice for all these abomin-

able crimes—one for the land and one for the river ” A man from a neighbouring town was hired to put them to death On the twenty-seventh of February 1858 the Rev. J. C Taylor witnessed the sacrifice of one of these victims The sufferer was a woman, about nineteen or twenty years of age They dragged her alive along the ground, face downwards, from the king's house to the river, a distance of two miles, the crowds who accompanied her crying, “ Wickedness ! wickedness ! ” The intention was “ to take away the iniquities of the land The body was dragged along in a merciless manner, as if the weight of all their wickedness was thus carried away ” Similar customs are said to be still secretly practised every year by many tribes in the delta of the Niger in spite of the vigilance of the British Government Among the Yoruba negroes of West Africa “ the human victim chosen for sacrifice, and who may be either a freeborn or a slave, a person of noble or wealthy parentage, or one of humble birth, is, after he has been chosen and marked out for the purpose, called an *Oluwo* He is always well fed and nourished and supplied with whatever he should desire during the period of his confinement When the occasion arrives for him to be sacrificed and offered up, he is commonly led about and paraded through the streets of the town or city of the Sovereign who would sacrifice him for the well-being of his government and of every family and individual under it, in order that he might carry off the sin, guilt, misfortune and death of all without exception Ashes and chalk would be employed to hide his identity by the one being freely thrown over his head, and his face painted with the latter, whilst individuals would often rush out of their houses to lay their hands upon him that they might thus transfer to him their sin, guilt, trouble, and death ” This parade over, he is taken to an inner sanctuary and beheaded His last words or dying groans are the signal for an outburst of joy among the people assembled outside, who believe that the sacrifice has been accepted and the divine wrath appeased

In Siam it used to be the custom on one day of the year to single out a woman broken down by debauchery, and carry her on a litter through all the streets to the music of drums and hautboys The mob insulted her and pelted her with dirt, and after having carried her through the whole city, they threw her on a dunghill or a hedge of thorns outside the ramparts, forbidding her ever to enter the walls again They believed that the woman thus drew upon herself all the malign influences of the air and of evil spirits The Bataks of Sumatra offer either a red horse or a buffalo as a public sacrifice to purify the land and obtain the favour of the gods Formerly, it is said, a man was bound to the same stake as the buffalo, and when they killed the animal, the man was driven away, no one might receive him, converse with him, or give him food Doubtless he was supposed to carry away the sins and misfortunes of the people

Sometimes the scapegoat is a divine animal The people of Malabar share the Hindoo reverence for the cow, to kill and eat which

"they esteem to be a crime as heinous as homicide or wilful murder" Nevertheless the "Bramans transfer the sins of the people into one or more Cows, which are then carry'd away, both the Cows and the Sins wherewith these Beasts are charged, to what place the Braman shall appoint" When the ancient Egyptians sacrificed a bull, they invoked upon its head all the evils that might otherwise befall themselves and the land of Egypt, and thereupon they either sold the bull's head to the Greeks or cast it into the river. Now, it cannot be said that in the times known to us the Egyptians worshipped bulls in general, for they seem to have commonly killed and eaten them. But a good many circumstances point to the conclusion that originally all cattle, bulls as well as cows, were held sacred by the Egyptians. For not only were all cows esteemed holy by them and never sacrificed, but even bulls might not be sacrificed unless they had certain natural marks, a priest examined every bull before it was sacrificed; if it had the proper marks, he put his seal on the animal in token that it might be sacrificed, and if a man sacrificed a bull which had not been sealed, he was put to death. Moreover, the worship of the black bulls Apis and Mnevis, especially the former, played an important part in Egyptian religion, all bulls that died a natural death were carefully buried in the suburbs of the cities, and their bones were afterwards collected from all parts of Egypt and interred in a single spot, and at the sacrifice of a bull in the great rites of Isis all the worshippers beat their breasts and mourned. On the whole, then, we are perhaps entitled to infer that bulls were originally, as cows were always, esteemed sacred by the Egyptians, and that the slain bull upon whose head they laid the misfortunes of the people was once a divine scapegoat. It seems not improbable that the lamb annually slain by the Madis of Central Africa is a divine scapegoat, and the same supposition may partly explain the Zuni sacrifice of the turtle.

Lastly, the scapegoat may be a divine man. Thus, in November the Gonds of India worship Ghansyam Deo, the protector of the crops, and at the festival the god himself is said to descend on the head of one of the worshippers, who is suddenly seized with a kind of fit and, after staggering about, rushes off into the jungle, where it is believed that, if left to himself, he would die mad. However, they bring him back, but he does not recover his senses for one or two days. The people think that one man is thus singled out as a scapegoat for the sins of the rest of the village. In the temple of the Moon the Albanians of the Eastern Caucasus kept a number of sacred slaves, of whom many were inspired and prophesied. When one of these men exhibited more than usual symptoms of inspiration or insanity, and wandered solitary up and down the woods, like the Gond in the jungle, the high priest had him bound with a sacred chain and maintained him in luxury for a year. At the end of the year he was anointed with unguents and led forth to be sacrificed. A man whose business it was to slay these human victims, and to whom practice had given dexterity, advanced from the crowd and thrust a sacred spear into

the victim's side, piercing his heart. From the manner in which the slain man fell, omens were drawn as to the welfare of the commonwealth. Then the body was carried to a certain spot where all the people stood upon it as a purificatory ceremony. This last circumstance clearly indicates that the sins of the people were transferred to the victim, just as the Jewish priest transferred the sins of the people to the scapegoat by laying his hands on the animal's head; and since the man was believed to be possessed by the divine spirit, we have here an undoubted example of a man-god slain to take away the sins and misfortunes of the people.

In Tibet the ceremony of the scapegoat presents some remarkable features. The Tibetan new year begins with the new moon which appears about the fifteenth of February. For twenty-three days afterwards the government of Lhasa, the capital, is taken out of the hands of the ordinary rulers and entrusted to the monk of the Debang monastery who offers to pay the highest sum for the privilege. The successful bidder is called the Jalno, and he announces his accession to power in person, going through the streets of Lhasa with a silver stick in his hand. Monks from all the neighbouring monasteries and temples assemble to pay him homage. The Jalno exercises his authority in the most arbitrary manner for his own benefit, as all the fines which he exacts are his by purchase. The profit he makes is about ten times the amount of the purchase money. His men go about the streets in order to discover any conduct on the part of the inhabitants that can be found fault with. Every house in Lhasa is taxed at this time, and the slightest offence is punished with unsparing rigour by fines. This severity of the Jalno drives all working classes out of the city till the twenty-three days are over. But if the larty go out, the clergy come in. All the Buddhist monasteries of the country for miles round about open their gates and disgorge their inmates. All the roads that lead down into Lhasa from the neighbouring mountains are full of monks hurrying to the capital, some on foot, some on horseback, some riding asses or lowing oxen, all carrying their prayer-books and culinary utensils. In such multitudes do they come that the streets and squares of the city are encumbered with their swarms, and incarnadined with their red cloaks. The disorder and confusion are indescribable. Bands of the holy men traverse the streets chanting prayers or uttering wild cries. They meet, they jostle, they quarrel, they fight, bloody noses, black eyes, and broken heads are freely given and received. All day long, too, from before the peep of dawn till after darkness has fallen, these red-cloaked monks hold services in the dim incense-laden air of the great Machindranath temple, the cathedral of Lhasa; and thither they crowd thrice a day to receive their doles of tea and soup and money. The cathedral is a vast building, standing in the centre of the city, and surrounded by bazaars and shops. The idols in it are richly inlaid with gold and precious stones.

Twenty-four days after the Jalno has ceased to have authority,

he assumes it again, and for ten days acts in the same arbitrary manner as before. On the first of the ten days the priests again assemble at the cathedral, pray to the gods to prevent sickness and other evils among the people, "and, as a peace-offering, sacrifice one man. The man is not killed purposely, but the ceremony he undergoes often proves fatal. Grain is thrown against his head, and his face is painted half white, half black." Thus grotesquely disguised, and carrying a coat of skin on his arm, he is called the King of the Years, and sits daily in the market-place, where he helps himself to whatever he likes and goes about shaking a black yak's tail over the people, who thus transfer their bad luck to him. On the tenth day, all the troops in Lhasa march to the great temple and form in line before it. The King of the Years is brought forth from the temple and receives small donations from the assembled multitude. He then ridicules the Jalno, saying to him, "What we perceive through the five senses is no illusion. All you teach is untrue," and the like. The Jalno, who represents the Grand Lama for the time being, contests these heretical opinions; the dispute waxes warm, and at last both agree to decide the questions at issue by a cast of the dice, the Jalno offering to change places with the scapegoat should the throw be against him. If the King of the Years wins, much evil is prognosticated; but if the Jalno wins, there is great rejoicing, for it proves that his adversary has been accepted by the gods as a victim to bear all the sins of the people of Lhasa. Fortune, however, always favours the Jalno, who throws sixes with unvarying success, while his opponent turns up only ones. Nor is this so extraordinary as at first sight it might appear; for the Jalno's dice are marked with nothing but sixes and his adversary's with nothing but ones. When he sees the finger of Providence thus plainly pointed against him, the King of the Years is terrified and flees away upon a white horse, with a white dog, a white bird, salt, and so forth, which have all been provided for him by the government. His face is still painted half white and half black, and he still wears his leathern coat. The whole populace pursues him, hooting, yelling, and firing blank shots in volleys after him. Thus driven out of the city, he is detained for seven days in the great chamber of horrors at the Samyas monastery, surrounded by monstrous and terrific images of devils and skins of huge serpents and wild beasts. Thence he goes away into the mountains of Chetang, where he has to remain an outcast for several months or a year in a narrow den. If he dies before the time is out, the people say it is an auspicious omen, but if he survives, he may return to Lhasa and play the part of scapegoat over again the following year.

This quaint ceremonial, still annually observed in the secluded capital of Buddhism—the Rome of Asia—is interesting because it exhibits, in a clearly marked religious stratification, a series of divine redeemers themselves redeemed, of vicarious sacrifices vicariously atoned for, of gods undergoing a process of fossilisation, who, while they retain the privileges, have disburdened themselves of the pains and penalties of divinity. In the Jalno we may without undue

straining discern a successor of those temporary kings, those mortal gods, who purchase a short lease of power and glory at the price of their lives. That he is the temporary substitute of the Grand Lama is certain; that he is, or was once, liable to act as scapegoat for the people is made nearly certain by his offer to change places with the real scapegoat—the King of the Years—if the arbitrament of the dice should go against him. It is true that the conditions under which the question is now put to the hazard have reduced the offer to an idle form. But such forms are no mere mushroom growths, springing up of themselves in a night. If they are now lifeless formalities, empty husks devoid of significance, we may be sure that they once had a life and a meaning, if at the present day they are blind alleys leading nowhere, we may be certain that in former days they were paths that led somewhere, if only to death. That death was the goal to which of old the Tibetan scapegoat passed after his brief period of license in the market-place, is a conjecture that has much to commend it. Analogy suggests it; the blank shots fired after him, the statement that the ceremony often proves fatal, the belief that his death is a happy omen, all confirm it. We need not wonder then that the Jalno, after paying so dear to act as deputy-deity for a few weeks, should have preferred to die by deputy rather than in his own person when his time was up. The painful but necessary duty was accordingly laid on some poor devil, some social outcast, some wretch with whom the world had gone hard, who readily agreed to throw away his life at the end of a few days if only he might have his fling in the meantime. For observe that while the time allowed to the original deputy—the Jalno—was measured by weeks, the time allowed to the deputy's deputy was cut down to days, ten days according to one authority, seven days according to another. So short a rope was doubtless thought a long enough tether for so black or sickly a sheep, so few sands in the hour-glass, slipping so fast away, sufficed for one who had wasted so many precious years. Hence in the jack-pudding who now masquerades with motley countenance in the market-place of Lhasa, sweeping up misfortune with a black yak's tail, we may fairly see the substitute of a substitute, the vicar of a vicar, the proxy on whose back the heavy burden was laid when it had been lifted from nobler shoulders. But the clue, if we have followed it aright, does not stop at the Jalno; it leads straight back to the pope of Lhasa himself, the Grand Lama, of whom the Jalno is merely the temporary vicar. The analogy of many customs in many lands points to the conclusion that, if this human divinity stoops to resign his ghostly power for a time into the hands of a substitute, it is, or rather was once, for no other reason than that the substitute might die in his stead. Thus through the mist of ages unillumined by the lamp of history, the tragic figure of the pope of Buddhism—God's vicar on earth for Asia—looms dim and sad as the man-god who bore his people's sorrows, the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep.

§ 4. *On Scapegoats in General.*—The foregoing survey of the custom

of publicly expelling the accumulated evils of a village or town or country suggests a few general observations

In the first place, it will not be disputed that what I have called the immediate and the mediate expulsions of evil are identical in intention ; in other words, that whether the evils are conceived of as invisible or as embodied in a material form, is a circumstance entirely subordinate to the main object of the ceremony, which is simply to effect a total clearance of all the ills that have been infesting a people. If any link were wanting to connect the two kinds of expulsion, it would be furnished by such a practice as that of sending the evils away in a litter or a boat For here, on the one hand, the evils are invisible and intangible ; and, on the other hand, there is a visible and tangible vehicle to convey them away And a scapegoat is nothing more than such a vehicle

In the second place, when a general clearance of evils is resorted to periodically, the interval between the celebrations of the ceremony is commonly a year, and the time of year when the ceremony takes place usually coincides with some well-marked change of season, such as the beginning or end of winter in the arctic and temperate zones, and the beginning or end of the rainy season in the tropics The increased mortality which such climatic changes are apt to produce, especially amongst ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed savages, is set down by primitive man to the agency of demons, who must accordingly be expelled Hence, in the tropical regions of New Britain and Peru, the devils are or were driven out at the beginning of the rainy season ; hence, on the dreary coasts of Baffin Land, they are banished at the approach of the bitter arctic winter. When a tribe has taken to husbandry, the time for the general expulsion of devils is naturally made to agree with one of the great epochs of the agricultural year, as sowing, or harvest, but, as these epochs themselves naturally coincide with changes of season, it does not follow that the transition from the hunting or pastoral to the agricultural life involves any alteration in the time of celebrating this great annual rite. Some of the agricultural communities of India and the Hindoo Koosh, as we have seen, hold their general clearance of demons at harvest, others at sowing-time. But, at whatever season of the year it is held, the general expulsion of devils commonly marks the beginning of the new year For, before entering on a new year, people are anxious to rid themselves of the troubles that have harassed them in the past ; hence it comes about that in so many communities the beginning of the new year is inaugurated with a solemn and public banishment of evil spirits

In the third place, it is to be observed that this public and periodic expulsion of devils is commonly preceded or followed by a period of general license, during which the ordinary restraints of society are thrown aside, and all offences, short of the gravest, are allowed to pass unpunished In Guinea and Tonquin the period of license precedes the public expulsion of demons, and the suspension of the

ordinary government in Lhasa previous to the expulsion of the scapegoat is perhaps a relic of a similar period of universal license. Amongst the Hos of India the period of license follows the expulsion of the devil. Amongst the Iroquois it hardly appears whether it preceded or followed the banishment of evils. In any case, the extraordinary relaxation of all ordinary rules of conduct on such occasions is doubtless to be explained by the general clearance of evils which precedes or follows it. On the one hand, when a general riddance of evil and absolution from all sin is in immediate prospect, men are encouraged to give the rein to their passions, trusting that the coming ceremony will wipe out the score which they are running up so fast. On the other hand, when the ceremony has just taken place, men's minds are freed from the oppressive sense, under which they generally labour, of an atmosphere surcharged with devils; and in the first revulsion of joy they overleap the limits commonly imposed by custom and morality. When the ceremony takes place at harvest-time, the elation of feeling which it excites is further stimulated by the state of physical wellbeing produced by an abundant supply of food.

Fourthly, the employment of a divine man or animal as a scapegoat is especially to be noted, indeed, we are here directly concerned with the custom of banishing evils only in so far as these evils are believed to be transferred to a god who is afterwards slain. It may be suspected that the custom of employing a divine man or animal as a public scapegoat is much more widely diffused than appears from the examples cited. For, as has already been pointed out, the custom of killing a god dates from so early a period of human history that in later ages, even when the custom continues to be practised, it is liable to be misinterpreted. The divine character of the animal or man is forgotten, and he comes to be regarded merely as an ordinary victim. This is especially likely to be the case when it is a divine man who is killed. For when a nation becomes civilised, if it does not drop human sacrifices altogether, it at least selects as victims only such wretches as would be put to death at any rate. Thus the killing of a god may sometimes come to be confounded with the execution of a criminal.

If we ask why a dying god should be chosen to take upon himself and carry away the sins and sorrows of the people, it may be suggested that in the practice of using the divinity as a scapegoat we have a combination of two customs which were at one time distinct and independent. On the one hand we have seen that it has been customary to kill the human or animal god in order to save his divine life from being weakened by the inroads of age. On the other hand we have seen that it has been customary to have a general expulsion of evils and sins once a year. Now, if it occurred to people to combine these two customs, the result would be the employment of the dying god as a scapegoat. He was killed, not originally to take away sin, but to save the divine life from the degeneracy of old age, but, since he had to be killed at any rate, people may have thought that they might as well seize the opportunity to lay upon him the burden of their sufferings.

and sins, in order that he might bear it away with him to the unknown world beyond the grave

The use of the divinity as a scapegoat clears up the ambiguity which, as we saw, appears to hang about the European folk-custom of "carrying out Death." Grounds have been shown for believing that in this ceremony the so-called Death was originally the spirit of vegetation, who was annually slain in spring, in order that he might come to life again with all the vigour of youth. But, as I pointed out, there are certain features in the ceremony which are not explicable on this hypothesis alone. Such are the marks of joy with which the effigy of Death is carried out to be buried or burnt, and the fear and abhorrence of it manifested by the bearers. But these features become at once intelligible if we suppose that the Death was not merely the dying god of vegetation, but also a public scapegoat, upon whom were laid all the evils that had afflicted the people during the past year. Joy on such an occasion is natural and appropriate, and if the dying god appears to be the object of that fear and abhorrence which are properly due not to himself, but to the sins and misfortunes with which he is laden, this arises merely from the difficulty of distinguishing, or at least of marking the distinction, between the bearer and the burden. When the burden is of a baleful character, the bearer of it will be feared and shunned just as much as if he were himself instinct with those dangerous properties of which, as it happens, he is only the vehicle. Similarly we have seen that disease-laden and sin-laden boats are dreaded and shunned by East Indian peoples. Again, the view that in these popular customs the Death is a scapegoat as well as a representative of the divine spirit of vegetation derives some support from the circumstance that its expulsion is always celebrated in spring and chiefly by Slavonic peoples. For the Slavonic year began in spring, and thus, in one of its aspects, the ceremony of "carrying out Death" would be an example of the widespread custom of expelling the accumulated evils of the old year before entering on a new one.

CHAPTER LVIII

HUMAN SCAPEGOATS IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY

§ 1. *The Human Scapegoat in Ancient Rome*—We are now prepared to notice the use of the human scapegoat in classical antiquity. Every year on the fourteenth of March a man clad in skins was led in procession through the streets of Rome, beaten with long white rods, and driven out of the city. He was called Mamurius Veturius, that is, "the old Mars," and as the ceremony took place on the day preceding the first full moon of the old Roman year (which began on the first of March), the skin-clad man must have represented the Mars of the past year, who was driven out at the beginning of a new one. Now Mars was

originally not a god of war but of vegetation. For it was to Mars that the Roman husbandman prayed for the prosperity of his corn and his vines, his fruit-trees and his copses; it was to Mars that the priestly college of the Arval Brothers, whose business it was to sacrifice for the growth of the crops, addressed their petitions almost exclusively, and it was to Mars, as we saw, that a horse was sacrificed in October to secure an abundant harvest. Moreover, it was to Mars, under his title of "Mars of the woods" (*Mars Silvanus*), that farmers offered sacrifice for the welfare of their cattle. We have already seen that cattle are commonly supposed to be under the special patronage of tree-gods. Once more, the consecration of the vernal month of March to Mars seems to point him out as the deity of the sprouting vegetation. Thus the Roman custom of expelling the old Mars at the beginning of the new year in spring is identical with the Slavonic custom of "carrying out Death," if the view here taken of the latter custom is correct. The similarity of the Roman and Slavonic customs has been already remarked by scholars, who appear, however, to have taken Mamurius Veturius and the corresponding figures in the Slavonic ceremonies to be representatives of the old year rather than of the old god of vegetation. It is possible that ceremonies of this kind may have come to be thus interpreted in later times even by the people who practised them. But the personification of a period of time is too abstract an idea to be primitive. However, in the Roman, as in the Slavonic, ceremony, the representative of the god appears to have been treated not only as a deity of vegetation but also as a scapegoat. His expulsion implies this, for there is no reason why the god of vegetation, as such, should be expelled the city. But it is otherwise if he is also a scapegoat, it then becomes necessary to drive him beyond the boundaries, that he may carry his sorrowful burden away to other lands. And, in fact, Mamurius Veturius appears to have been driven away to the land of the Oscans, the enemies of Rome.

§ 2 *The Human Scapegoat in Ancient Greece*—The ancient Greeks were also familiar with the use of a human scapegoat. In Plutarch's native town of Chaeronea a ceremony of this kind was performed by the chief magistrate at the Town Hall, and by each householder at his own home. It was called the "expulsion of hunger." A slave was beaten with rods of the *agnus castus*, and turned out of doors with the words, "Out with hunger, and in with wealth and health." When Plutarch held the office of chief magistrate of his native town he performed this ceremony at the Town Hall, and he has recorded the discussion to which the custom afterwards gave rise.

But in civilised Greece the custom of the scapegoat took darker forms than the innocent rite over which the amiable and pious Plutarch presided. Whenever Marseilles, one of the busiest and most brilliant of Greek colonies, was ravaged by a plague, a man of the poorer classes used to offer himself as a scapegoat. For a whole year he was maintained at the public expense, being fed on choice and pure food. At the expiry of the year he was dressed in sacred garments, decked with

holy branches, and led through the whole city, while prayers were uttered that all the evils of the people might fall on his head. He was then cast out of the city or stoned to death by the people outside of the walls. The Athenians regularly maintained a number of degraded and useless beings at the public expense, and when any calamity, such as plague, drought, or famine, befell the city, they sacrificed two of these outcasts as scapegoats. One of the victims was sacrificed for the men and the other for the women. The former wore round his neck a string of black, the latter a string of white figs. Sometimes, it seems, the victim slain on behalf of the women was a woman. They were led about the city and then sacrificed, apparently by being stoned to death outside the city. But such sacrifices were not confined to extraordinary occasions of public calamity, it appears that every year, at the festival of the Thargelia in May, two victims, one for the men and one for the women, were led out of Athens and stoned to death. The city of Abdera in Thrace was publicly purified once a year, and one of the burghers, set apart for the purpose, was stoned to death as a scapegoat or vicarious sacrifice for the life of all the others, six days before his execution he was excommunicated, "in order that he alone might bear the sins of all the people."

From the Lover's Leap, a white bluff at the southern end of their island, the Leucadians used annually to hurl a criminal into the sea as a scapegoat. But to lighten his fall they fastened live birds and feathers to him, and a flotilla of small boats waited below to catch him and convey him beyond the boundary. Probably these humane precautions were a mitigation of an earlier custom of flinging the scapegoat into the sea to drown. The Leucadian ceremony took place at the time of a sacrifice to Apollo, who had a temple or sanctuary on the spot. Elsewhere it was customary to cast a young man every year into the sea, with the prayer, "Be thou our offscouring." This ceremony was supposed to rid the people of the evils by which they were beset, or according to a somewhat different interpretation it redeemed them by paying the debt they owed to the sea-god. As practised by the Greeks of Asia Minor in the sixth century before our era, the custom of the scapegoat was as follows. When a city suffered from plague, famine, or other public calamity, an ugly or deformed person was chosen to take upon himself all the evils which afflicted the community. He was brought to a suitable place, where dried figs, a barley loaf, and cheese were put into his hand. These he ate. Then he was beaten seven times upon his genital organs with squills and branches of the wild fig and other wild trees, while the flutes played a particular tune. Afterwards he was burned on a pyre built of the wood of forest trees, and his ashes were cast into the sea. A similar custom appears to have been annually celebrated by the Asiatic Greeks at the harvest festival of the Thargelia.

In the ritual just described the scourging of the victim with squills, branches of the wild fig, and so forth, cannot have been intended to aggravate his sufferings, otherwise any stick would have been good

enough to beat him with. The true meaning of this part of the ceremony has been explained by W. Mannhardt. He points out that the ancients attributed to squills a magical power of averting evil influences, and that accordingly they hung them up at the doors of their houses and made use of them in purificatory rites. Hence the Arcadian custom of whipping the image of Pan with squills at a festival, or whenever the hunters returned empty-handed, must have been meant, not to punish the god, but to purify him from the harmful influences which were impeding him in the exercise of his divine functions as a god who should supply the hunter with game. Similarly the object of beating the human scapegoat on the genital organs with squills and so on must have been to release his reproductive energies from any restraint or spell under which they might be laid by demoniacal or other malignant agency, and as the Thargelia at which he was annually sacrificed was an early harvest festival celebrated in May, we must recognise in him a representative of the creative and fertilising god of vegetation. The representative of the god was annually slain for the purpose I have indicated, that of maintaining the divine life in perpetual vigour, untainted by the weakness of age, and before he was put to death it was not unnatural to stimulate his reproductive powers in order that these might be transmitted in full activity to his successor, the new god or new embodiment of the old god, who was doubtless supposed immediately to take the place of the one slain. Similar reasoning would lead to a similar treatment of the scapegoat on special occasions, such as drought or famine. If the crops did not answer to the expectation of the husbandman, this would be attributed to some failure in the generative powers of the god whose function it was to produce the fruits of the earth. It might be thought that he was under a spell or was growing old and feeble. Accordingly he was slain in the person of his representative, with all the ceremonies already described, in order that, born young again, he might infuse his own youthful vigour into the stagnant energies of nature. On the same principle we can understand why Mamurius Veturius was beaten with rods, why the slave at the Chaeronean ceremony was beaten with the *agnus castus* (a tree to which magical properties were ascribed), why the effigy of Death in some parts of Europe is assailed with sticks and stones, and why at Babylon the criminal who played the god was scourged before he was crucified. The purpose of the scourging was not to intensify the agony of the divine sufferer, but on the contrary to dispel any malignant influences by which at the supreme moment he might conceivably be beset.

Thus far I have assumed that the human victims at the Thargelia represented the spirits of vegetation in general, but it has been well remarked by Mr. W. R. Paton that these poor wretches seem to have masqueraded as the spirits of fig-trees in particular. He points out that the process of caprificatio, as it is called, that is, the artificial fertilisation of the cultivated fig-trees by hanging strings of wild figs among the boughs, takes place in Greece and Asia Minor in June about

a month after the date of the Thargelia, and he suggests that the hanging of the black and white figs round the necks of the two human victims, one of whom represented the men and the other the women, may have been a direct imitation of the process of caprification designed, on the principle of imitative magic, to assist the fertilisation of the fig-trees. And since caprification is in fact a marriage of the male fig-tree with the female fig-tree, Mr Paton further supposes that the loves of the trees may, on the same principle of imitative magic, have been simulated by a mock or even a real marriage between the two human victims, one of whom appears sometimes to have been a woman. On this view the practice of beating the human victims on their genitals with branches of wild fig-trees and with squills was a charm intended to stimulate the generative powers of the man and woman who for the time being personated the male and the female fig-trees respectively, and who by their union in marriage, whether real or pretended, were believed to help the trees to bear fruit.

The interpretation which I have adopted of the custom of beating the human scapegoat with certain plants is supported by many analogies. Thus among the Kai of German New Guinea, when a man wishes to make his banana shoots bear fruit quickly, he beats them with a stick cut from a banana-tree which has already borne fruit. Here it is obvious that fruitfulness is believed to inhere in a stick cut from a fruitful tree and to be imparted by contact to the young banana plants. Similarly in New Caledonia a man will beat his taro plants lightly with a branch, saying as he does so, "I beat this taro that it may grow," after which he plants the branch in the ground at the end of the field. Among the Indians of Brazil at the mouth of the Amazon, when a man wishes to increase the size of his generative organ, he strikes it with the fruit of a white aquatic plant called an *aninga*, which grows luxuriantly on the banks of the river. The fruit, which is inedible, resembles a banana, and is clearly chosen for this purpose on account of its shape. The ceremony should be performed three days before or after the new moon. In the county of Bekes, in Hungary, barren women are fertilised by being struck with a stick which has first been used to separate pairing dogs. Here a fertilising virtue is clearly supposed to be inherent in the stick and to be conveyed by contact to the women. The Toradjas of Central Celebes think that the plant *Dracaena terminalis* has a strong soul, because when it is lopped it soon grows up again. Hence when a man is ill, his friends will sometimes beat him on the crown of the head with *Dracaena* leaves in order to strengthen his weak soul with the strong soul of the plant.

These analogies, accordingly, support the interpretation which, following my predecessors W. Mannhardt and Mr W. R. Paton, I have given of the beating inflicted on the human victims at the Greek harvest festival of the Thargelia. That beating, being administered to the generative organs of the victims by fresh green plants and branches, is most naturally explained as a charm to increase the

reproductive energies of the men or women either by communicating to them the fruitfulness of the plants and branches, or by ridding them of maleficent influences, and this interpretation is confirmed by the observation that the two victims represented the two sexes, one of them standing for the men in general and the other for the women. The season of the year when the ceremony was performed, namely the time of the corn harvest, tallies well with the theory that the rite had an agricultural significance. Further, that it was above all intended to fertilise the fig-trees is strongly suggested by the strings of black and white figs which were hung round the necks of the victims, as well as by the blows which were given their genital organs with the branches of a wild fig-tree, since this procedure closely resembles the procedure which ancient and modern husbandmen in Greek lands have regularly resorted to for the purpose of actually fertilising their fig-trees. When we remember what an important part the artificial fertilisation of the date palm-tree appears to have played of old not only in the husbandry but in the religion of Mesopotamia, there seems no reason to doubt that the artificial fertilisation of the fig-tree may in like manner have vindicated for itself a place in the solemn ritual of Greek religion.

If these considerations are just, we must apparently conclude that while the human victims at the Thargelia certainly appear in later classical times to have figured chiefly as public scapegoats, who carried away with them the sins, misfortunes, and sorrows of the whole people, at an earlier time they may have been looked on as embodiments of vegetation, perhaps of the corn but particularly of the fig-trees, and that the beating which they received and the death which they died were intended primarily to brace and refresh the powers of vegetation then beginning to droop and languish under the torrid heat of the Greek summer.

The view here taken of the Greek scapegoat, if it is correct, obviates an objection which might otherwise be brought against the main argument of this book. To the theory that the priest of Aricia was slain as a representative of the spirit of the grove, it might have been objected that such a custom has no analogy in classical antiquity. But reasons have now been given for believing that the human being periodically and occasionally slain by the Asiatic Greeks was regularly treated as an embodiment of a divinity of vegetation. Probably the persons whom the Athenians kept to be sacrificed were similarly treated as divine. That they were social outcasts did not matter. On the primitive view a man is not chosen to be the mouth-piece or embodiment of a god on account of his high moral qualities or social rank. The divine afflatus descends equally on the good and the bad, the lofty and the lowly. If then the civilised Greeks of Asia and Athens habitually sacrificed men whom they regarded as incarnate gods, there can be no inherent improbability in the supposition that at the dawn of history a similar custom was observed by the semi-barbarous Latins in the Arician Grove.

But to clinch the argument, it is clearly desirable to prove that the custom of putting to death a human representative of a god was known and practised in ancient Italy elsewhere than in the Arician Grove. This proof I now propose to adduce.

§ 3 *The Roman Saturnalia*—We have seen that many peoples have been used to observe an annual period of license, when the customary restraints of law and morality are thrown aside, when the whole population give themselves up to extravagant mirth and jollity, and when the darker passions find a vent which would never be allowed them in the more staid and sober course of ordinary life. Such outbursts of the pent-up forces of human nature, too often degenerating into wild orgies of lust and crime, occur most commonly at the end of the year, and are frequently associated, as I have had occasion to point out, with one or other of the agricultural seasons, especially with the time of sowing or of harvest. Now, of all these periods of license the one which is best known and which in modern language has given its name to the rest is the Saturnalia. This famous festival fell in December, the last month of the Roman year, and was popularly supposed to commemorate the merry reign of Saturn, the god of sowing and of husbandry, who lived on earth long ago as a righteous and beneficent king of Italy, drew the rude and scattered dwellers on the mountains together, taught them to till the ground, gave them laws, and ruled in peace. His reign was the fabled Golden Age: the earth brought forth abundantly. no sound of war or discord troubled the happy world. no baleful love of lucre worked like poison in the blood of the industrious and contented peasantry. Slavery and private property were alike unknown: all men had all things in common. At last the good god, the kindly king, vanished suddenly, but his memory was cherished to distant ages, shrines were reared in his honour, and many hills and high places in Italy bore his name. Yet the bright tradition of his reign was crossed by a dark shadow: his altars are said to have been stained with the blood of human victims, for whom a more merciful age afterwards substituted effigies. Of this gloomy side of the god's religion there is little or no trace in the descriptions which ancient writers have left us of the Saturnalia. Feasting and revelry and all the mad pursuit of pleasure are the features that seem to have especially marked this carnival of antiquity, as it went on for seven days in the streets and public squares and houses of ancient Rome from the seventeenth to the twenty-third of December.

But no feature of the festival is more remarkable, nothing in it seems to have struck the ancients themselves more than the license granted to slaves at this time. The distinction between the free and the servile classes was temporarily abolished. The slave might rail at his master, intoxicate himself like his betters, sit down at table with them, and not even a word of reproof would be administered to him for conduct which at any other season might have been punished with stripes, imprisonment, or death. Nay, more, masters actually

changed places with their slaves and waited on them at table, and not till the serf had done eating and drinking was the board cleared and dinner set for his master. So far was this inversion of ranks carried, that each household became for a time a mimic republic in which the high offices of state were discharged by the slaves, who gave their orders and laid down the law as if they were indeed invested with all the dignity of the consulship, the praetorship, and the bench. Like the pale reflection of power thus accorded to bondsmen at the Saturnalia was the mock kingship for which freemen cast lots at the same season. The person on whom the lot fell enjoyed the title of king, and issued commands of a playful and ludicrous nature to his temporary subjects. One of them he might order to mix the wine, another to drink, another to sing, another to dance, another to speak in his own dispraise, another to carry a flute-girl on his back round the house.

Now, when we remember that the liberty allowed to slaves at this festive season was supposed to be an imitation of the state of society in Saturn's time, and that in general the Saturnalia passed for nothing more or less than a temporary revival or restoration of the reign of that merry monarch, we are tempted to surmise that the mock king who presided over the revels may have originally represented Saturn himself. The conjecture is strongly confirmed, if not established, by a very curious and interesting account of the way in which the Saturnalia was celebrated by the Roman soldiers stationed on the Danube in the reign of Maximian and Diocletian. The account is preserved in a narrative of the martyrdom of St. Dasius, which was unearthed from a Greek manuscript in the Paris library, and published by Professor Franz Cumont of Ghent. Two briefer descriptions of the event and of the custom are contained in manuscripts at Milan and Berlin, one of them had already seen the light in an obscure volume printed at Urbino in 1727, but its importance for the history of the Roman religion, both ancient and modern, appears to have been overlooked until Professor Cumont drew the attention of scholars to all three narratives by publishing them together some years ago. According to these narratives, which have all the appearance of being authentic, and of which the longest is probably based on official documents, the Roman soldiers at Durostorum in Lower Moesia celebrated the Saturnalia year by year in the following manner. Thirty days before the festival they chose by lot from amongst themselves a young and handsome man, who was then clothed in royal attire to resemble Saturn. Thus arrayed and attended by a multitude of soldiers he went about in public with full license to indulge his passions and to taste of every pleasure, however base and shameful. But if his reign was merry, it was short and ended tragically, for when the thirty days were up and the festival of Saturn had come, he cut his own throat on the altar of the god whom he personated. In the year A.D. 303 the lot fell upon the Christian soldier Dasius, but he refused to play the part of the heathen god

and soil his last days by debauchery. The threats and arguments of his commanding officer Bassus failed to shake his constancy, and accordingly he was beheaded, as the Christian martyrologist records with minute accuracy, at Durostorum by the soldier John on Friday the twentieth day of November, being the twenty-fourth day of the moon, at the fourth hour

Since this narrative was published by Professor Cumont, its historical character, which had been doubted or denied, has received strong confirmation from an interesting discovery. In the crypt of the cathedral which crowns the promontory of Ancona there is preserved, among other remarkable antiquities, a white marble sarcophagus bearing a Greek inscription, in characters of the age of Justinian, to the following effect: "Here lies the holy martyr Dasius, brought from Durostorum." The sarcophagus was transferred to the crypt of the cathedral in 1848 from the church of San Pellegrino, under the high altar of which, as we learn from a Latin inscription let into the masonry, the martyr's bones still repose with those of two other saints. How long the sarcophagus was deposited in the church of San Pellegrino, we do not know, but it is recorded to have been there in the year 1650. We may suppose that the saint's relics were transferred for safety to Ancona at some time in the troubled centuries which followed his martyrdom, when Moesia was occupied and ravaged by successive hordes of barbarian invaders. At all events it appears certain from the independent and mutually confirmatory evidence of the martyrology and the monuments that Dasius was no mythical saint, but a real man, who suffered death for his faith at Durostorum in one of the early centuries of the Christian era. Finding the narrative of the nameless martyrologist thus established as to the principal fact recorded, namely, the martyrdom of St. Dasius, we may reasonably accept his testimony as to the manner and cause of the martyrdom, all the more because his narrative is precise, circumstantial, and entirely free from the miraculous element. Accordingly I conclude that the account which he gives of the celebration of the Saturnalia among the Roman soldiers is trustworthy.

This account sets in a new and lurid light the office of the King of the Saturnalia, the ancient Lord of Misrule, who presided over the winter revels at Rome in the time of Horace and of Tacitus. It seems to prove that his business had not always been that of a mere harlequin or merry-andrew whose only care was that the revelry should run high and the fun grow fast and furious, while the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, while the streets swarmed with festive crowds, and through the clear frosty air, far away to the north, Soracte showed his coronal of snow. When we compare this comic monarch of the gay, the civilised metropolis with his grim counterpart of the rude camp on the Danube, and when we remember the long array of similar figures, ludicrous yet tragic, who in other ages and in other lands, wearing mock crowns and wrapped in sceptred palls, have played their little pranks for a few brief hours or days, then passed before their

time to a violent death, we can hardly doubt that in the King of the Saturnalia at Rome, as he is depicted by classical writers, we see only a feeble emasculated copy of that original, whose strong features have been fortunately preserved for us by the obscure author of the *Martyrdom of St Dasius*. In other words, the martyrologist's account of the Saturnalia agrees so closely with the accounts of similar rites elsewhere, which could not possibly have been known to him, that the substantial accuracy of his description may be regarded as established, and further, since the custom of putting a mock king to death as a representative of a god cannot have grown out of a practice of appointing him to preside over a holiday revel, whereas the reverse may very well have happened, we are justified in assuming that in an earlier and more barbarous age it was the universal practice in ancient Italy, wherever the worship of Saturn prevailed, to choose a man who played the part and enjoyed all the traditionary privileges of Saturn for a season, and then died, whether by his own or another's hand, whether by the knife or the fire or on the gallows-tree, in the character of the good god who gave his life for the world. In Rome itself and other great towns the growth of civilization had probably mitigated this cruel custom long before the Augustan age, and transformed it into the innocent shape it wears in the writings of the few classical writers who bestow a passing notice on the holiday King of the Saturnalia. But in remoter districts the older and sterner practice may long have survived, and even if after the unification of Italy the barbarous usage was suppressed by the Roman government, the memory of it would be handed down by the peasants and would tend from time to time, as still happens with the lowest forms of superstition among ourselves, to lead to a recrudescence of the practice, especially among the rude soldiery on the outskirts of the empire over whom the once iron hand of Rome was beginning to relax its grasp.

The resemblance between the Saturnalia of ancient and the Carnival of modern Italy has often been remarked, but in the light of all the facts that have come before us, we may well ask whether the resemblance does not amount to identity. We have seen that in Italy, Spain, and France, that is, in the countries where the influence of Rome has been deepest and most lasting, a conspicuous feature of the Carnival is a burlesque figure personifying the festive season, which after a short career of glory and dissipation is publicly shot, burnt, or otherwise destroyed, to the feigned grief or genuine delight of the populace. If the view here suggested of the Carnival is correct, this grotesque personage is no other than a direct successor of the old King of the Saturnalia, the master of the revels, the real man who personated Saturn and, when the revels were over, suffered a real death in his assumed character. The King of the Bean on Twelfth Night and the mediæval Bishop of Fools, Abbot of Unreason, or Lord of Misrule are figures of the same sort and may perhaps have had a similar origin. Whether that was so or not, we may conclude with a fair degree of probability that if the King of the Wood at Aricia lived and died as

an incarnation of a sylvan deity, he had of old a parallel at Rome in the men who, year by year, were slain in the character of King Saturn, the god of the sown and sprouting seed.

CHAPTER LIX

KILLING THE GOD IN MEXICO

By no people does the custom of sacrificing the human representative of a god appear to have been observed so commonly and with so much solemnity as by the Aztecs of ancient Mexico. With the ritual of these remarkable sacrifices we are well acquainted, for it has been fully described by the Spaniards who conquered Mexico in the sixteenth century, and whose curiosity was naturally excited by the discovery in this distant region of a barbarous and cruel religion which presented many curious points of analogy to the doctrine and ritual of their own church. "They took a captive," says the Jesuit Acosta, "such as they thought good, and afore they did sacrifice him unto their idols, they gave him the name of the idol, to whom he should be sacrificed, and apparelled him with the same ornaments like their idol, saying, that he did represent the same idol. And during the time that this representation lasted, which was for a year in some feasts, in others six months, and in others less, they revered and worshipped him in the same manner as the proper idol, and in the meantime he did eat, drink, and was merry. When he went through the streets, the people came forth to worship him, and every one brought him an alms, with children and sick folks, that he might cure them, and bless them, suffering him to do all things at his pleasure, only he was accompanied with ten or twelve men lest he should fly. And he (to the end he might be revered as he passed) sometimes sounded upon a small flute, that the people might prepare to worship him. The feast being come, and he grown fat, they killed him, opened him, and ate him, making a solemn sacrifice of him."

This general description of the custom may now be illustrated by particular examples. Thus at the festival called *Toxcatl*, the greatest festival of the Mexican year, a young man was annually sacrificed in the character of *Tezcatlipoca*, "the god of gods," after having been maintained and worshipped as that great deity in person for a whole year. According to the old Franciscan monk Sahagun, our best authority on the Aztec religion, the sacrifice of the human god fell at Easter or a few days later, so that, if he is right, it would correspond in date as well as in character to the Christian festival of the death and resurrection of the Redeemer. More exactly he tells us that the sacrifice took place on the first day of the fifth Aztec month, which according to him began on the twenty-third or twenty-seventh day of April.

At this festival the great god died in the person of one human representative and came to life again in the person of another, who was destined to enjoy the fatal honour of divinity for a year and to perish, like all his predecessors, at the end of it. The young man singled out for this high dignity was carefully chosen from among the captives on the ground of his personal beauty. He had to be of unblemished body, slim as a reed and straight as a pillar, neither too tall nor too short. If through high living he grew too fat, he was obliged to reduce himself by drinking salt water. And in order that he might behave in his lofty station with becoming grace and dignity he was carefully trained to comport himself like a gentleman of the first quality, to speak correctly and elegantly, to play the flute, to smoke cigars and to snuff at flowers with a dandified air. He was honourably lodged in the temple, where the nobles waited on him and paid him homage, bringing him meat and serving him like a prince. The king himself saw to it that he was apparelled in gorgeous attire, "for already he esteemed him as a god." Eagle down was gummed to his head and white cock's feathers were stuck in his hair, which drooped to his girdle. A wreath of flowers like roasted maize crowned his brows, and a garland of the same flowers passed over his shoulders and under his arm-pits. Golden ornaments hung from his nose, golden armlets adorned his arms, golden bells jingled on his legs at every step he took, earrings of turquoise dangled from his ears, bracelets of turquoise bedecked his wrists; necklaces of shells encircled his neck and depended on his breast; he wore a mantle of network, and round his middle a rich waistcloth. When this bejewelled exquisite lounged through the streets playing on his flute, puffing at a cigar, and smelling at a nose-gay, the people whom he met threw themselves on the earth before him and prayed to him with sighs and tears, taking up the dust in their hands and putting it in their mouths in token of the deepest humiliation and subjection. Women came forth with children in their arms and presented them to him, saluting him as a god. For "he passed for our Lord God, the people acknowledged him as the Lord." All who thus worshipped him on his passage he saluted gravely and courteously. Lest he should flee, he was everywhere attended by a guard of eight pages in the royal livery, four of them with shaven crowns like the palace-slaves, and four of them with the flowing locks of warriors; and if he contrived to escape, the captain of the guard had to take his place as the representative of the god and to die in his stead. Twenty days before he was to die, his costume was changed, and four damsels delicately nurtured and bearing the names of four goddesses—the Goddess of Flowers, the Goddess of the Young Maize, the Goddess "Our Mother among the Water," and the Goddess of Salt—were given him to be his brides, and with them he consorted. During the last five days divine honours were showered on the destined victim. The king remained in his palace while the whole court went after the human god. Solemn banquets and dances followed each other in regular succession and at appointed places. On the last day the young

man, attended by his wives and pages, embarked in a canoe covered with a royal canopy and was ferried across the lake to a spot where a little hill rose from the edge of the water. It was called the Mountain of Parting, because there his wives bade him a last farewell. Then, accompanied only by his pages, he repaired to a small and lonely temple by the wayside. Like the Mexican temples in general, it was built in the form of a pyramid, and as the young man ascended the stairs he broke at every step one of the flutes on which he had played in the days of his glory. On reaching the summit he was seized and held down by the priests on his back upon a block of stone, while one of them cut open his breast, thrust his hand into the wound, and wrenching out his heart held it up in sacrifice to the sun. The body of the dead god was not, like the bodies of common victims, sent rolling down the steps of the temple, but was carried down to the foot, where the head was cut off and spitted on a pike. Such was the regular end of the man who personated the greatest god of the Mexican pantheon.

The honour of living for a short time in the character of a god and dying a violent death in the same capacity was not restricted to men in Mexico, women were allowed, or rather compelled, to enjoy the glory and to share the doom as representatives of goddesses. Thus at a great festival in September, which was preceded by a strict fast of seven days, they sanctified a young slave girl of twelve or thirteen years, the prettiest they could find, to represent the Maize Goddess Chicomecohuatl. They invested her with the ornaments of the goddess, putting a mitre on her head and maize-cobs round her neck and in her hands, and fastening a green feather upright on the crown of her head to imitate an ear of maize. This they did, we are told, in order to signify that the maize was almost ripe at the time of the festival, but because it was still tender they chose a girl of tender years to play the part of the Maize Goddess. The whole long day they led the poor child in all her finery, with the green plume nodding on her head, from house to house dancing merrily to cheer people after the dulness and privations of the fast.

In the evening all the people assembled at the temple, the courts of which they lit up by a multitude of lanterns and candles. There they passed the night without sleeping, and at midnight, while the trumpets, flutes, and horns discoursed solemn music, a portable framework or palanquin was brought forth, bedecked with festoons of maize-cobs and peppers and filled with seeds of all sorts. This the bearers set down at the door of the chamber in which the wooden image of the goddess stood. Now the chamber was adorned and wreathed, both outside and inside, with wreaths of maize-cobs, peppers, pumpkins, roses, and seeds of every kind, a wonder to behold, the whole floor was covered deep with these verdant offerings of the pious. When the music ceased, a solemn procession came forth of priests and dignitaries, with flaring lights and smoking censers, leading in their midst the girl who played the part of the goddess. Then they made

her mount the framework, where she stood upright on the maize and peppers and pumpkins with which it was strewed, her hands resting on two banisters to keep her from falling. Then the priests swung the smoking censers round her, the music struck up again, and while it played, a great dignitary of the temple suddenly stepped up to her with a razor in his hand and adroitly shore off the green feather she wore on her head, together with the hair in which it was fastened, snipping the lock off by the root. The feather and the hair he then presented to the wooden image of the goddess with great solemnity and elaborate ceremonies, weeping and giving her thanks for the fruits of the earth and the abundant crops which she had bestowed on the people that year, and as he wept and prayed, all the people, standing in the courts of the temple, wept and prayed with him. When that ceremony was over, the girl descended from the framework and was escorted to the place where she was to spend the rest of the night. But all the people kept watch in the courts of the temple by the light of torches till break of day.

The morning being come, and the courts of the temple being still crowded by the multitude, who would have deemed it sacrilege to quit the precincts, the priests again brought forth the damsel attired in the costume of the goddess, with the mitre on her head and the cobs of maize about her neck. Again she mounted the portable framework or palanquin and stood on it, supporting herself by her hands on the banisters. Then the elders of the temple lifted it on their shoulders, and while some swung burning censers and others played on instruments or sang, they carried it in procession through the great courtyard to the hall of the god Huitzilopochtli and then back to the chamber, where stood the wooden image of the Maize Goddess, whom the girl personated. There they caused the damsel to descend from the palanquin and to stand on the heaps of corn and vegetables that had been spread in profusion on the floor of the sacred chamber. While she stood there all the elders and nobles came in a line, one behind the other, carrying saucers full of dry and clotted blood which they had drawn from their ears by way of penance during the seven days' fast. One by one they squatted on their haunches before her, which was the equivalent of falling on their knees with us, and scraping the crust of blood from the saucer cast it down before her as an offering in return for the benefits which she, as the embodiment of the Maize Goddess, had conferred upon them. When the men had thus humbly offered their blood to the human representative of the goddess, the women, forming a long line, did so likewise, each of them dropping on her hams before the girl and scraping her blood from the saucer. The ceremony lasted a long time, for great and small, young and old, all without exception had to pass before the incarnate deity and make their offering. When it was over, the people returned home with glad hearts to feast on flesh and viands of every sort as merrily, we are told, as good Christians at Easter partake of meat and other carnal mercies after the long abstinence of Lent. And when they had eaten and

drunk their fill and rested after the night watch, they returned quite refreshed to the temple to see the end of the festival. And the end of the festival was this. The multitude being assembled, the priests solemnly incensed the girl who personated the goddess; then they threw her on her back on the heap of corn and seeds, cut off her head, caught the gushing blood in a tub, and sprinkled the blood on the wooden image of the goddess, the walls of the chamber, and the offerings of corn, peppers, pumpkins, seeds, and vegetables which cumbered the floor. After that they flayed the headless trunk, and one of the priests made shift to squeeze himself into the bloody skin. Having done so they clad him in all the robes which the girl had worn, they put the mitre on his head, the necklace of golden maize-cobs about his neck, the maize-cobs of feathers and gold in his hands, and thus arrayed they led him forth in public, all of them dancing to the tuck of drum, while he acted as fogleman, skipping and posturing at the head of the procession as briskly as he could be expected to do, incommoded as he was by the tight and clammy skin of the girl and by her clothes, which must have been much too small for a grown man.

In the foregoing custom the identification of the young girl with the Maize Goddess appears to be complete. The golden maize-cobs which she wore round her neck, the artificial maize-cobs which she carried in her hands, the green feather which was stuck in her hair in imitation (we are told) of a green ear of maize, all set her forth as a personification of the corn-spirit, and we are expressly informed that she was specially chosen as a young girl to represent the young maize, which at the time of the festival had not yet fully ripened. Further, her identification with the corn and the corn-goddess was clearly announced by making her stand on the heaps of maize and there receive the homage and blood-offerings of the whole people, who thereby returned her thanks for the benefits which in her character of a divinity she was supposed to have conferred upon them. Once more, the practice of beheading her on a heap of corn and seeds and sprinkling her blood, not only on the image of the Maize Goddess, but on the piles of maize, peppers, pumpkins, seeds, and vegetables, can seemingly have had no other object but to quicken and strengthen the crops of corn and the fruits of the earth in general by infusing into their representatives the blood of the Corn Goddess herself. The analogy of this Mexican sacrifice, the meaning of which appears to be indisputable, may be allowed to strengthen the interpretation which I have given of other human sacrifices offered for the crops. If the Mexican girl, whose blood was sprinkled on the maize, indeed personated the Maize Goddess, it becomes more than ever probable that the girl whose blood the Pawnees similarly sprinkled on the seed corn personated in like manner the female Spirit of the Corn, and so with the other human beings whom other races have slaughtered for the sake of promoting the growth of the crops.

Lastly, the concluding act of the sacred drama, in which the body of the dead Maize Goddess was flayed and her skin worn, together

with all her sacred insignia, by a man who danced before the people in this grim attire, seems to be best explained on the hypothesis that it was intended to ensure that the divine death should be immediately followed by the divine resurrection. If that was so, we may infer with some degree of probability that the practice of killing a human representative of a deity has commonly, perhaps always, been regarded merely as a means of perpetuating the divine energies in the fulness of youthful vigour, untainted by the weakness and frailty of age, from which they must have suffered if the deity had been allowed to die a natural death.

These Mexican rites suffice to prove that human sacrifices of the sort I suppose to have prevailed at Aricia were, as a matter of fact, regularly offered by a people whose level of culture was probably not inferior, if indeed it was not distinctly superior, to that occupied by the Italian races at the early period to which the origin of the Arician priesthood must be referred. The positive and indubitable evidence of the prevalence of such sacrifices in one part of the world may reasonably be allowed to strengthen the probability of their prevalence in places for which the evidence is less full and trustworthy. Taken all together, the facts which we have passed in review seem to show that the custom of killing men whom their worshippers regard as divine has prevailed in many parts of the world.

CHAPTER LX

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

§ 1 *Not to touch the Earth* —At the outset of this book two questions were proposed for answer. Why had the priest of Aricia to slay his predecessor? And why, before doing so, had he to pluck the Golden Bough? Of these two questions the first has now been answered. The priest of Aricia, if I am right, was one of those sacred kings or human divinities on whose life the welfare of the community and even the course of nature in general are believed to be intimately dependent. It does not appear that the subjects or worshippers of such a spiritual potentate form to themselves any very clear notion of the exact relationship in which they stand to him, probably their ideas on the point are vague and fluctuating, and we should err if we attempted to define the relationship with logical precision. All that the people know, or rather imagine, is that somehow they themselves, their cattle, and their crops are mysteriously bound up with their divine king, so that according as he is well or ill the community is healthy or sickly, the flocks and herds thrive or languish with disease, and the fields yield an abundant or a scanty harvest. The worst evil which they can conceive of is the natural death of their ruler, whether he succumb to sickness or old age, for in the opinion of his followers such a death

would entail the most disastrous consequences on themselves and their possessions, fatal epidemics would sweep away man and beast, the earth would refuse her increase, nay, the very frame of nature itself might be dissolved. To guard against these catastrophes it is necessary to put the king to death while he is still in the full bloom of his divine manhood, in order that his sacred life, transmitted in unabated force to his successor, may renew its youth, and thus by successive transmissions through a perpetual line of vigorous incarnations may remain eternally fresh and young, a pledge and security that men and animals shall in like manner renew their youth by a perpetual succession of generations, and that seedtime and harvest, and summer and winter, and rain and sunshine shall never fail. That, if my conjecture is right, was why the priest of Aricia, the King of the Wood at Nem, had regularly to perish by the sword of his successor.

But we have still to ask, What was the Golden Bough? and why had each candidate for the Arician priesthood to pluck it before he could slay the priest? These questions I will now try to answer.

It will be well to begin by noticing two of those rules or taboos by which, as we have seen, the life of divine kings or priests is regulated. The first of the rules to which I would call the reader's attention is that the divine personage may not touch the ground with his foot. This rule was observed by the supreme pontiff of the Zapotecs in Mexico, he profaned his sanctity if he so much as touched the ground with his foot. Montezuma, emperor of Mexico, never set foot on the ground, he was always carried on the shoulders of noblemen, and if he lighted anywhere they laid rich tapestry for him to walk upon. For the Mikado of Japan to touch the ground with his foot was a shameful degradation, indeed, in the sixteenth century, it was enough to deprive him of his office. Outside his palace he was carried on men's shoulders, within it he walked on exquisitely wrought mats. The king and queen of Tahiti might not touch the ground anywhere but within their hereditary domains, for the ground on which they trod became sacred. In travelling from place to place they were carried on the shoulders of sacred men. They were always accompanied by several pairs of these sanctified attendants, and when it became necessary to change their bearers, the king and queen vaulted on to the shoulders of their new bearers without letting their feet touch the ground. It was an evil omen if the king of Dosuma touched the ground, and he had to perform an expiatory ceremony. Within his palace the king of Persia walked on carpets on which no one else might tread, outside of it he was never seen on foot but only in a chariot or on horseback. In old days the king of Siam never set foot upon the earth, but was carried on a throne of gold from place to place. Formerly neither the kings of Uganda, nor their mothers, nor their queens might walk on foot outside of the spacious enclosures in which they lived. Whenever they went forth they were carried on the shoulders of men of the Buffalo clan, several of whom accompanied any of these royal personages on a journey and took it in turn to bear

the burden The king sat astride the bearer's neck with a leg over each shoulder and his feet tucked under the bearer's arms When one of these royal carriers grew tired he shot the king on to the shoulders of a second man without allowing the royal feet to touch the ground In this way they went at a great pace and travelled long distances in a day, when the king was on a journey The bearers had a special hut in the king's enclosure in order to be at hand the moment they were wanted Among the Bakuba, or rather Bushongo, a nation in the southern region of the Congo, down to a few years ago persons of the royal blood were forbidden to touch the ground, they must sit on a hide, a chair, or the back of a slave, who crouched on hands and feet; their feet rested on the feet of others When they travelled they were carried on the backs of men, but the king journeyed in a litter supported on shafts. Among the Ibo people about Awka, in Southern Nigeria, the priest of the Earth has to observe many taboos, for example, he may not see a corpse, and if he meets one on the road he must hide his eyes with his wristlet He must abstain from many foods, such as eggs, birds of all sorts, mutton, dog, bush-buck, and so forth He may neither wear nor touch a mask, and no masked man may enter his house If a dog enters his house, it is killed and thrown out As priest of the Earth he may not sit on the bare ground, nor eat things that have fallen on the ground, nor may earth be thrown at him According to ancient Brahmanic ritual a king at his inauguration trod on a tiger's skin and a golden plate, he was shod with shoes of boar's skin, and so long as he lived thereafter he might not stand on the earth with his bare feet

But besides persons who are permanently sacred or tabooed and are therefore permanently forbidden to touch the ground with their feet, there are others who enjoy the character of sanctity or taboo only on certain occasions, and to whom accordingly the prohibition in question only applies at the definite seasons during which they exhale the odour of sanctity Thus among the Kayans or Bahaus of Central Borneo, while the priestesses are engaged in the performance of certain rites they may not step on the ground, and boards are laid for them to tread on Warriors, again, on the war-path are surrounded, so to say, by an atmosphere of taboo, hence some Indians of North America might not sit on the bare ground the whole time they were out on a warlike expedition In Laos the hunting of elephants gives rise to many taboos, one of them is that the chief hunter may not touch the earth with his foot Accordingly, when he alights from his elephant, the others spread a carpet of leaves for him to step upon

Apparently holiness, magical virtue, taboo, or whatever we may call that mysterious quality which is supposed to pervade sacred or tabooed persons, is conceived by the primitive philosopher as a physical substance or fluid, with which the sacred man is charged just as a Leyden jar is charged with electricity, and exactly as the electricity in the jar can be discharged by contact with a good conductor, so the holiness or magical virtue in the man can be discharged and drained

away by contact with the earth, which on this theory serves as an excellent conductor for the magical fluid. Hence in order to preserve the charge from running to waste, the sacred or tabooed personage must be carefully prevented from touching the ground, in electrical language he must be insulated, if he is not to be emptied of the precious substance or fluid with which he, as a vial, is filled to the brim. And in many cases apparently the insulation of the tabooed person is recommended as a precaution not merely for his own sake but for the sake of others, for since the virtue of holiness or taboo is, so to say, a powerful explosive which the smallest touch may detonate, it is necessary in the interest of the general safety to keep it within narrow bounds, lest breaking out it should blast, blight, and destroy whatever it comes into contact with.

§ 2 *Not to see the Sun*—The second rule to be here noted is that the sun may not shine upon the divine person. This rule was observed both by the Mikado and by the pontiff of the Zapotecs. The latter “was looked upon as a god whom the earth was not worthy to hold, nor the sun to shine upon.” The Japanese would not allow that the Mikado should expose his sacred person to the open air, and the sun was not thought worthy to shine on his head. The Indians of Granada, in South America, “kept those who were to be rulers or commanders, whether men or women, locked up for several years when they were children, some of them seven years, and this so close that they were not to see the sun, for if they should happen to see it they forfeited their lordship, eating certain sorts of food appointed, and those who were their keepers at certain times went into their retreat or prison and scourged them severely.” Thus, for example, the heir to the throne of Bogota, who was not the son but the sister’s son of the king, had to undergo a rigorous training from his infancy. He lived in complete retirement in a temple, where he might not see the sun nor eat salt nor converse with a woman. He was surrounded by guards who observed his conduct and noted all his actions. If he broke a single one of the rules laid down for him, he was deemed infamous and forfeited all his rights to the throne. So, too, the heir to the kingdom of Sogamoso, before succeeding to the crown, had to fast for seven years in the temple, being shut up in the dark and not allowed to see the sun or light. The prince who was to become Inca of Peru had to fast for a month without seeing light.

§ 3 *The Seclusion of Girls at Puberty*—Now it is remarkable that the foregoing two rules—not to touch the ground and not to see the sun—are observed either separately or conjointly by girls at puberty in many parts of the world. Thus amongst the negroes of Loango girls at puberty are confined in separate huts, and they may not touch the ground with any part of their bare body. Among the Zulus and kindred tribes of South Africa, when the first signs of puberty show themselves “while a girl is walking, gathering wood, or working in the field, she runs to the river and hides herself among the reeds for the day, so as not to be seen by men. She covers her head carefully with

her blanket that the sun may not shine on it and shrivel her up into a withered skeleton, as would result from exposure to the sun's beams After dark she returns to her home and is secluded " in a hut for some time With the Awa-nkonde, a tribe at the northern end of Lake Nyassa, it is a rule that after her first menstruation a girl must be kept apart, with a few companions of her own sex, in a darkened house The floor is covered with dry banana leaves, but no fire may be lit in the house, which is called " the house of the Awasungu," that is, " of maidens who have no hearts "

In New Ireland girls are confined for four or five years in small cages, being kept in the dark and not allowed to set foot on the ground The custom has been thus described by an eye-witness " I heard from a teacher about some strange custom connected with some of the young girls here, so I asked the chief to take me to the house where they were The house was about twenty-five feet in length, and stood in a reed and bamboo enclosure, across the entrance to which a bundle of dried grass was suspended to show that it was strictly ' *tabu* ' Inside the house were three conical structures about seven or eight feet in height, and about ten or twelve feet in circumference at the bottom, and for about four feet from the ground, at which point they tapered off to a point at the top These cages were made of the broad leaves of the pandanus-tree, sewn quite close together so that no light and little or no air could enter On one side of each is an opening which is closed by a double door of plaited cocoa-nut tree and pandanus-tree leaves About three feet from the ground there is a stage of bamboos which forms the floor In each of these cages we were told there was a young woman confined, each of whom had to remain for at least four or five years, without ever being allowed to go outside the house. I could scarcely credit the story when I heard it, the whole thing seemed too horrible to be true I spoke to the chief, and told him that I wished to see the inside of the cages, and also to see the girls that I might make them a present of a few beads He told me that it was ' *tabu*, ' forbidden for any men but their own relations to look at them, but I suppose the promised beads acted as an inducement, and so he sent away for some old lady who had charge, and who alone is allowed to open the doors While we were waiting we could hear the girls talking to the chief in a querulous way as if objecting to something or expressing their fears The old woman came at length and certainly she did not seem a very pleasant jailor or guardian, nor did she seem to favour the request of the chief to allow us to see the girls, as she regarded us with anything but pleasant looks However, she had to undo the door when the chief told her to do so, and then the girls peeped out at us, and, when told to do so, they held out their hands for the beads I, however, purposely sat at some distance away and merely held out the beads to them, as I wished to draw them quite outside, that I might inspect the inside of the cages This desire of mine gave rise to another difficulty, as these girls were not allowed to put their feet to the ground all the time they were confined in these

places. However, they wished to get the beads, and so the old lady had to go outside and collect a lot of pieces of wood and bamboo, which she placed on the ground, and then going to one of the girls, she helped her down and held her hand as she stepped from one piece of wood to another until she came near enough to get the beads I held out to her. I then went to inspect the inside of the cage out of which she had come, but could scarcely put my head inside of it, the atmosphere was so hot and stifling. It was clean and contained nothing but a few short lengths of bamboo for holding water. There was only room for the girl to sit or lie down in a crouched position on the bamboo platform, and when the doors are shut it must be nearly or quite dark inside. The girls are never allowed to come out except once a day to bathe in a dish or wooden bowl placed close to each cage. They say that they perspire profusely. They are placed in these stifling cages when quite young, and must remain there until they are young women, when they are taken out and have each a great marriage feast provided for them. One of them was about fourteen or fifteen years old, and the chief told us that she had been there for five years, but would soon be taken out now. The other two were about eight and ten years old, and they have to stay there for several years longer."

In Kabadi, a district of British New Guinea, "daughters of chiefs, when they are about twelve or thirteen years of age, are kept indoors for two or three years, never being allowed, under any pretence, to descend from the house, and the house is so shaded that the sun cannot shine on them." Among the Yabim and Bukaua, two neighbouring and kindred tribes on the coast of Northern New Guinea, a girl at puberty is secluded for some five or six weeks in an inner part of the house, but she may not sit on the floor, lest her uncleanness should cleave to it, so a log of wood is placed for her to squat on. Moreover, she may not touch the ground with her feet, hence if she is obliged to quit the house for a short time, she is muffled up in mats and walks on two halves of a coco-nut shell, which are fastened like sandals to her feet by creeping plants. Among the Ot Danoms of Borneo girls at the age of eight or ten years are shut up in a little room or cell of the house, and cut off from all intercourse with the world for a long time. The cell, like the rest of the house, is raised on piles above the ground, and is lit by a single small window opening on a lonely place, so that the girl is in almost total darkness. She may not leave the room on any pretext whatever, not even for the most necessary purposes. None of her family may see her all the time she is shut up, but a single slave woman is appointed to wait on her. During her lonely confinement, which often lasts seven years, the girl occupies herself in weaving mats or with other handiwork. Her bodily growth is stunted by the long want of exercise, and when, on attaining womanhood, she is brought out, her complexion is pale and wax-like. She is now shown the sun, the earth, the water, the trees, and the flowers, as if she were newly born. Then a great feast is made, a slave is killed, and the girl is smeared with his blood. In Ceram girls at puberty were formerly

shut up by themselves in a hut which was kept dark In Yap, one of the Caroline Islands, should a girl be overtaken by her first menstruation on the public road, she may not sit down on the earth, but must beg for a coco-nut shell to put under her She is shut up for several days in a small hut at a distance from her parents' house, and afterwards she is bound to sleep for a hundred days in one of the special houses which are provided for the use of menstruous women.

In the island of Mabuiag, Torres Straits, when the signs of puberty appear on a girl, a circle of bushes is made in a dark corner of the house Here, decked with shoulder-belts, armlets, leglets just below the knees, and anklets, wearing a chaplet on her head, and shell ornaments in her ears, on her chest, and on her back, she squats in the midst of the bushes, which are piled so high round about her that only her head is visible. In this state of seclusion she must remain for three months All this time the sun may not shine upon her, but at night she is allowed to slip out of the hut, and the bushes that hedge her in are then changed She may not feed herself or handle food, but is fed by one or two old women, her maternal aunts, who are especially appointed to look after her One of these women cooks food for her at a special fire in the forest The girl is forbidden to eat turtle or turtle eggs during the season when the turtles are breeding, but no vegetable food is refused her No man, not even her own father, may come into the house while her seclusion lasts, for if her father saw her at this time he would certainly have bad luck in his fishing, and would probably smash his canoe the very next time he went out in it At the end of the three months she is carried down to a fresh-water creek by her attendants, hanging on to their shoulders in such a way that her feet do not touch the ground, while the women of the tribe form a ring round her, and thus escort her to the beach Arrived at the shore, she is stripped of her ornaments, and the bearers stagger with her into the creek, where they immerse her, and all the other women join in splashing water over both the girl and her bearers When they come out of the water one of the two attendants makes a heap of grass for her charge to squat upon The other runs to the reef, catches a small crab, tears off its claws, and hastens back with them to the creek Here in the meantime a fire has been kindled, and the claws are roasted at it The girl is then fed by her attendants with the roasted claws After that she is freshly decorated, and the whole party marches back to the village in a single rank, the girl walking in the centre between her two old aunts, who hold her by the wrists The husbands of her aunts now receive her and lead her into the house of one of them, where all partake of food, and the girl is allowed once more to feed herself in the usual manner A dance follows, in which the girl takes a prominent part, dancing between the husbands of the two aunts who had charge of her in her retirement

Among the Yaraikanna tribe of Cape York Peninsula, in Northern Queensland, a girl at puberty is said to live by herself for a month or six weeks, no man may see her, though any woman may. She

stays in a hut or shelter specially made for her, on the floor of which she lies supine. She may not see the sun, and towards sunset she must keep her eyes shut until the sun has gone down, otherwise it is thought that her nose will be diseased. During her seclusion she may eat nothing that lives in salt water, or a snake would kill her. An old woman waits upon her and supplies her with roots, yams, and water. Some Australian tribes are wont to bury their girls at such seasons more or less deeply in the ground, perhaps in order to hide them from the light of the sun.

Among the Indians of California a girl at her first menstruation "was thought to be possessed of a particular degree of supernatural power, and this was not always regarded as entirely defiling or malevolent. Often, however, there was a strong feeling of the power of evil inherent in her condition. Not only was she secluded from her family and the community, but an attempt was made to seclude the world from her. One of the injunctions most strongly laid upon her was not to look about her. She kept her head bowed and was forbidden to see the world and the sun. Some tribes covered her with a blanket. Many of the customs in this connexion resembled those of the North Pacific Coast most strongly, such as the prohibition to the girl to touch or scratch her head with her hand, a special implement being furnished her for the purpose. Sometimes she could eat only when fed and in other cases fasted altogether."

Among the Chinook Indians who inhabited the coast of Washington State, when a chief's daughter attained to puberty, she was hidden for five days from the view of the people; she might not look at them nor at the sky, nor might she pick berries. It was believed that if she were to look at the sky, the weather would be bad, that if she picked berries, it would rain, and that when she hung her towel of cedar-bark on a spruce-tree, the tree withered up at once. She went out of the house by a separate door and bathed in a creek far from the village. She fasted for some days, and for many days more she might not eat fresh food.

Amongst the Aht or Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, when girls reach puberty they are placed in a sort of gallery in the house "and are there surrounded completely with mats, so that neither the sun nor any fire can be seen. In this cage they remain for several days. Water is given them, but no food. The longer a girl remains in this retirement the greater honour is it to the parents, but she is disgraced for life if it is known that she has seen fire or the sun during this initiatory ordeal." Pictures of the mythical thunder-bird are painted on the screens behind which she hides. During her seclusion she may neither move nor lie down, but must always sit in a squatting posture. She may not touch her hair with her hands, but is allowed to scratch her head with a comb or a piece of bone provided for the purpose. To scratch her body is also forbidden, as it is believed that every scratch would leave a scar. For eight months after reaching maturity she may not eat any fresh food, particularly salmon, moreover, she must eat by herself, and use a cup and dish of her own.

In the Tsetsaut tribe of British Columbia a girl at puberty wears a large hat of skin which comes down over her face and screens it from the sun. It is believed that if she were to expose her face to the sun or to the sky, rain would fall. The hat protects her face also against the fire, which ought not to strike her skin; to shield her hands she wears mittens. In her mouth she carries the tooth of an animal to prevent her own teeth from becoming hollow. For a whole year she may not see blood unless her face is blackened, otherwise she would grow blind. For two years she wears the hat and lives in a hut by herself, although she is allowed to see other people. At the end of two years a man takes the hat from her head and throws it away. In the Bilqula or Bella Coola tribe of British Columbia, when a girl attains puberty she must stay in the shed which serves as her bedroom, where she has a separate fireplace. She is not allowed to descend to the main part of the house, and may not sit by the fire of the family. For four days she is bound to remain motionless in a sitting posture. She fasts during the day, but is allowed a little food and drink very early in the morning. After the four days' seclusion she may leave her room, but only through a separate opening cut in the floor, for the houses are raised on piles. She may not yet come into the chief room. In leaving the house she wears a large hat which protects her face against the rays of the sun. It is believed that if the sun were to shine on her face her eyes would suffer. She may pick berries on the hills, but may not come near the river or sea for a whole year. Were she to eat fresh salmon she would lose her senses, or her mouth would be changed into a long beak.

Amongst the Tlingit (Thlinket) or Kolosh Indians of Alaska, when a girl showed signs of womanhood she used to be confined to a little hut or cage, which was completely blocked up with the exception of a small air-hole. In this dark and filthy abode she had to remain a year, without fire, exercise, or associates. Only her mother and a female slave might supply her with nourishment. Her food was put in at the little window, she had to drink out of the wing-bone of a white-headed eagle. The time of her seclusion was afterwards reduced in some places to six or three months or even less. She had to wear a sort of hat with long flaps, that her gaze might not pollute the sky, for she was thought unfit for the sun to shine upon, and it was imagined that her look would destroy the luck of a hunter, fisher, or gambler, turn things to stone, and do other mischief. At the end of her confinement her old clothes were burnt, new ones were made, and a feast was given, at which a slit was cut in her under lip parallel to the mouth, and a piece of wood or shell was inserted to keep the aperture open. Among the Koniags, an Esquimau people of Alaska, a girl at puberty was placed in a small hut in which she had to remain on her hands and feet for six months, then the hut was enlarged a little so as to allow her to straighten her back, but in this posture she had to remain for six months more. All this time she was regarded as an unclean being with whom no one might hold intercourse.

When symptoms of puberty appeared on a girl for the first time, the Guaranis of Southern Brazil, on the borders of Paraguay, used to sew her up in her hammock, leaving only a small opening in it to allow her to breathe. In this condition, wrapt up and shrouded like a corpse, she was kept for two or three days or so long as the symptoms lasted, and during this time she had to observe a most rigorous fast. After that she was entrusted to a matron, who cut the girl's hair and enjoined her to abstain most strictly from eating flesh of any kind until her hair should be grown long enough to hide her ears. In similar circumstances the Chiriguano of South-eastern Bolivia hoisted the girl in her hammock to the roof, where she stayed for a month. The second month the hammock was let half-way down from the roof, and in the third month old women, armed with sticks, entered the hut and ran about striking everything they met, saying they were hunting the snake that had wounded the girl.

Among the Matacos or Mataguayos, an Indian tribe of the Gran Chaco, a girl at puberty has to remain in seclusion for some time. She lies covered up with branches or other things in a corner of the hut, seeing no one and speaking to no one, and during this time she may eat neither flesh nor fish. Meantime a man beats a drum in front of the house. Among the Yuracares, an Indian tribe of Eastern Bolivia, when a girl perceives the signs of puberty, her father constructs a little hut of palm leaves near the house. In this cabin he shuts up his daughter so that she cannot see the light, and there she remains fasting rigorously for four days.

Amongst the Macusis of British Guiana, when a girl shows the first signs of puberty, she is hung in a hammock at the highest point of the hut. For the first few days she may not leave the hammock by day, but at night she must come down, light a fire, and spend the night beside it, else she would break out in sores on her neck, throat, and other parts of her body. So long as the symptoms are at their height, she must fast rigorously. When they have abated, she may come down and take up her abode in a little compartment that is made for her in the darkest corner of the hut. In the morning she may cook her food, but it must be at a separate fire and in a vessel of her own. After about ten days the magician comes and undoes the spell by muttering charms and breathing on her and on the more valuable of the things with which she has come in contact. The pots and drinking-vessels which she used are broken and the fragments buried. After her first bath, the girl must submit to be beaten by her mother with thin rods without uttering a cry. At the end of the second period she is again beaten, but not afterwards. She is now "clean," and can mix again with people. Other Indians of Guiana, after keeping the girl in her hammock at the top of the hut for a month, expose her to certain large ants, whose bite is very painful. Sometimes, in addition to being stung with ants, the sufferer has to fast day and night so long as she remains slung up on high in her hammock, so that when she comes down she is reduced to a skeleton.

When a Hindoo maiden reaches maturity she is kept in a dark room for four days, and is forbidden to see the sun. She is regarded as unclean; no one may touch her. Her diet is restricted to boiled rice, milk, sugar, curd, and tamarind without salt. On the morning of the fifth day she goes to a neighbouring tank, accompanied by five women whose husbands are alive. Smeared with turmeric water, they all bathe and return home, throwing away the mat and other things that were in the room. The Rarhi Brahmans of Bengal compel a girl at puberty to live alone, and do not allow her to see the face of any male. For three days she remains shut up in a dark room, and has to undergo certain penances. Fish, flesh, and sweetmeats are forbidden her, she must live upon rice and ghee. Among the Tiyans of Malabar a girl is thought to be polluted for four days from the beginning of her first menstruation. During this time she must keep to the north side of the house, where she sleeps on a grass mat of a particular kind, in a room festooned with garlands of young coco-nut leaves. Another girl keeps her company and sleeps with her, but she may not touch any other person, tree or plant. Further, she may not see the sky, and woe betide her if she catches sight of a crow or a cat! Her diet must be strictly vegetarian, without salt, tamarinds, or chillies. She is armed against evil spirits by a knife, which is placed on the mat or carried on her person.

In Cambodia a girl at puberty is put to bed under a mosquito curtain, where she should stay a hundred days. Usually, however, four, five, ten, or twenty days are thought enough, and even this, in a hot climate and under the close meshes of the curtain, is sufficiently trying. According to another account, a Cambodian maiden at puberty is said to "enter into the shade." During her retirement, which, according to the rank and position of her family, may last any time from a few days to several years, she has to observe a number of rules, such as not to be seen by a strange man, not to eat flesh or fish, and so on. She goes nowhere, not even to the pagoda. But this state of seclusion is discontinued during eclipses, at such times she goes forth and pays her devotions to the monster who is supposed to cause eclipses by catching the heavenly bodies between his teeth. This permission to break her rule of retirement and appear abroad during an eclipse seems to show how literally the injunction is interpreted which forbids maidens entering on womanhood to look upon the sun.

A superstition so widely diffused as this might be expected to leave traces in legends and folk-tales. And it has done so. The old Greek story of Danae, who was confined by her father in a subterranean chamber or a brazen tower, but impregnated by Zeus, who reached her in the shape of a shower of gold, perhaps belongs to this class of tales. It has its counterpart in the legend which the Kirghiz of Siberia tell of their ancestry. A certain Khan had a fair daughter, whom he kept in a dark iron house, that no man might see her. An old woman tended her, and when the girl was grown

to maidenhood she asked the old woman, "Where do you go so often?" "My child," said the old dame, "there is a bright world. In that bright world your father and mother live, and all sorts of people live there. That is where I go." The maiden said, "Good mother, I will tell nobody, but show me that bright world." So the old woman took the girl out of the iron house. But when she saw the bright world, the girl tottered and fainted, and the eye of God fell upon her, and she conceived. Her angry father put her in a golden chest and sent her floating away (fairy gold can float in fairyland) over the wide sea. The shower of gold in the Greek story, and the eye of God in the Kirghiz legend, probably stand for sunlight and the sun. The idea that women may be impregnated by the sun is not uncommon in legends, and there are even traces of it in marriage customs.

§ 4 *Reasons for the Seclusion of Girls at Puberty*—The motive for the restraints so commonly imposed on girls at puberty is the deeply engrained dread which primitive man universally entertains of menstruous blood. He fears it at all times but especially on its first appearance, hence the restrictions under which women lie at their first menstruation are usually more stringent than those which they have to observe at any subsequent recurrence of the mysterious flow. Some evidence of the fear and of the customs based on it has been cited in an earlier part of this work, but as the terror, for it is nothing less, which the phenomenon periodically strikes into the mind of the savage has deeply influenced his life and institutions, it may be well to illustrate the subject with some further examples.

Thus in the Encounter Bay tribe of South Australia there is, or used to be, a "superstition which obliges a woman to separate herself from the camp at the time of her monthly illness, when, if a young man or boy should approach, she calls out, and he immediately makes a circuit to avoid her. If she is neglectful upon this point, she exposes herself to scolding, and sometimes to severe beating by her husband or nearest relation, because the boys are told from their infancy that if they see the blood they will early become grey-headed, and their strength will fail prematurely." The Dieri of Central Australia believe that if women at these times were to eat fish or bathe in a river the fish would all die and the water would dry up. The Arunta of the same region forbid menstruous women to gather the *irriakura* bulbs, which form a staple article of diet for both men and women. They think that were a woman to break this rule, the supply of bulbs would fail.

In some Australian tribes the seclusion of menstruous women was even more rigid, and was enforced by severer penalties than a scolding or a beating. Thus "there is a regulation relating to camps in the Wakelbura tribe which forbids the women coming into the encampment by the same path as the men. Any violation of this rule would in a large camp be punished with death. The reason for this is the dread with which they regard the menstrual period of women. During such a time, a woman is kept entirely away from

the camp, half a mile at least. A woman in such a condition has boughs of some tree of her totem tied round her loins, and is constantly watched and guarded, for it is thought that should any male be so unfortunate as to see a woman in such a condition, he would die. If such a woman were to let herself be seen by a man, she would probably be put to death. When the woman has recovered, she is painted red and white, her head covered with feathers, and returns to the camp."

In Muralug, one of the Torres Straits Islands, a menstruous woman may not eat anything that lives in the sea, else the natives believe that the fisheries would fail. In Galela, to the west of New Guinea, women at their monthly periods may not enter a tobacco-field, or the plants would be attacked by disease. The Minangkabauers of Sumatra are persuaded that if a woman in her unclean state were to go near a rice-field the crop would be spoiled.

The Bushmen of South Africa think that, by a glance of a girl's eye at the time when she ought to be kept in strict retirement, men become fixed in whatever position they happen to occupy, with whatever they were holding in their hands, and are changed into trees that talk. Cattle-rearing tribes of South Africa hold that their cattle would die if the milk were drunk by a menstruous woman, and they fear the same disaster if a drop of her blood were to fall on the ground and the oxen were to pass over it. To prevent such a calamity women in general, not menstruous women only, are forbidden to enter the cattle enclosure, and more than that, they may not use the ordinary paths in entering the village or in passing from one hut to another. They are obliged to make circuitous tracks at the back of the huts in order to avoid the ground in the middle of the village where the cattle stand or lie down. These women's tracks may be seen at every Caffre village. Among the Baganda, in like manner, no menstruous woman might drink milk or come into contact with any milk-vessel, and she might not touch anything that belonged to her husband, nor sit on his mat, nor cook his food. If she touched anything of his at such a time it was deemed equivalent to wishing him dead or to actually working magic for his destruction. Were she to handle any article of his, he would surely fall ill, were she to touch his weapons, he would certainly be killed in the next battle. Further, the Baganda would not suffer a menstruous woman to visit a well, if she did so, they feared that the water would dry up, and that she herself would fall sick and die, unless she confessed her fault and the medicine-man made atonement for her. Among the Akikuyu of British East Africa, if a new hut is built in a village and the wife chances to menstruate in it on the day she lights the first fire there, the hut must be broken down and demolished the very next day. The woman may on no account sleep a second night in it, there is a curse both on her and on it.

According to the Talmud, if a woman at the beginning of her period passes between two men, she thereby kills one of them. Peasants

of the Lebanon think that menstruous women are the cause of many misfortunes, their shadow causes flowers to wither and trees to perish, it even arrests the movements of serpents, if one of them mounts a horse, the animal might die or at least be disabled for a long time

The Guayquiries of the Orinoco believe that when a woman has her courses, everything upon which she steps will die, and that if a man treads on the place where she has passed, his legs will immediately swell up. Among the Bri-bri Indians of Costa Rica a married woman at her periods uses for plates only banana leaves, which, when she has done with them, she throws away in a sequestered spot, for should a cow find and eat them, the animal would waste away and perish. Also she drinks only out of a special vessel, because any person who should afterwards drink out of the same vessel would infallibly pine away and die

Among most tribes of North American Indians the custom was that women in their courses retired from the camp or the village and lived during the time of their uncleanness in special huts or shelters which were appropriated to their use. There they dwelt apart, eating and sleeping by themselves, warming themselves at their own fires, and strictly abstaining from all communications with men, who shunned them just as if they were stricken with the plague

Thus, to take examples, the Creek and kindred Indians of the United States compelled women at menstruation to live in separate huts at some distance from the village. There the women had to stay, at the risk of being surprised and cut off by enemies. It was thought "a most horrid and dangerous pollution" to go near the women at such times, and the danger extended to enemies who, if they slew the women, had to cleanse themselves from the pollution by means of certain sacred herbs and roots. The Steelis Indians of British Columbia imagined that if a menstruous woman were to step over a bundle of arrows, the arrows would thereby be rendered useless and might even cause the death of their owner, and similarly that if she passed in front of a hunter who carried a gun, the weapon would never shoot straight again. Among the Chippeways and other Indians of the Hudson Bay Territory, menstruous women are excluded from the camp, and take up their abode in huts of branches. They wear long hoods, which effectually conceal the head and breast. They may not touch the household furniture nor any objects used by men, for their touch "is supposed to defile them, so that their subsequent use would be followed by certain mischief or misfortune," such as disease or death. They must drink out of a swan's bone. They may not walk on the common paths nor cross the tracks of animals. They "are never permitted to walk on the ice of rivers or lakes, or near the part where the men are hunting beaver, or where a fishing-net is set, for fear of averting their success. They are also prohibited at those times from partaking of the head of any animal, and even from walking in or crossing the track where the head of a deer, moose, beaver, and many other animals

have lately been carried, either on a sledge or on the back. To be guilty of a violation of this custom is considered as of the greatest importance ; because they firmly believe that it would be a means of preventing the hunter from having an equal success in his future excursions." So the Lapps forbid women at menstruation to walk on that part of the shore where the fishers are in the habit of setting out their fish , and the Esquimaux of Bering Strait believe that if hunters were to come near women in their courses they would catch no game. For a like reason the Carrier Indians will not suffer a menstruous woman to cross the tracks of animals , if need be, she is carried over them. They think that if she waded in a stream or a lake, the fish would die.

Amongst the civilised nations of Europe the superstitions which cluster round this mysterious aspect of woman's nature are not less extravagant than those which prevail among savages. In the oldest existing cyclopaedia—the *Natural History* of Pliny—the list of dangers apprehended from menstruation is longer than any furnished by mere barbarians. According to Pliny, the touch of a menstruous woman turned wine to vinegar, blighted crops, killed seedlings, blasted gardens, brought down the fruit from trees, dimmed mirrors, blunted razors, rusted iron and brass (especially at the waning of the moon), killed bees, or at least drove them from their hives, caused mares to miscarry, and so forth. Similarly, in various parts of Europe, it is still believed that if a woman in her courses enters a brewery the beer will turn sour , if she touches beer, wine, vinegar, or milk, it will go bad , if she makes jam, it will not keep , if she mounts a mare, it will miscarry , if she touches buds, they will wither , if she climbs a cherry tree, it will die. In Brunswick people think that if a menstruous woman assists at the killing of a pig the pork will putrefy. In the Greek island of Calymnos a woman at such times may not go to the well to draw water, nor cross a running stream, nor enter the sea. Her presence in a boat is said to raise storms.

Thus the object of secluding women at menstruation is to neutralise the dangerous influences which are supposed to emanate from them at such times. That the danger is believed to be especially great at the first menstruation appears from the unusual precautions taken to isolate girls at this crisis. Two of these precautions have been illustrated above, namely, the rules that the girl may not touch the ground nor see the sun. The general effect of these rules is to keep her suspended, so to say, between heaven and earth. Whether enveloped in her hammock and slung up to the roof, as in South America, or raised above the ground in a dark and narrow cage, as in New Ireland, she may be considered to be out of the way of doing mischief, since, being shut off both from the earth and from the sun, she can poison neither of these great sources of life by her deadly contagion. In short, she is rendered harmless by being, in electrical language, insulated. But the precautions thus taken to isolate or insulate the girl are dictated by a regard for her own safety as well as for the safety of others. For it is thought that she herself would

suffer if she were to neglect the prescribed regimen. Thus Zulu girls, as we have seen, believe that they would shrivel to skeletons if the sun were to shine on them at puberty, and the Macusis imagine that, if a young woman were to transgress the rules, she would suffer from sores on various parts of her body. In short, the girl is viewed as charged with a powerful force which, if not kept within bounds, may prove destructive both to herself and to all with whom she comes in contact. To repress this force within the limits necessary for the safety of all concerned is the object of the taboos in question.

The same explanation applies to the observance of the same rules by divine kings and priests. The uncleanness, as it is called, of girls at puberty and the sanctity of holy men do not, to the primitive mind, differ materially from each other. They are only different manifestations of the same mysterious energy which, like energy in general, is in itself neither good nor bad, but becomes beneficent or maleficent according to its application. Accordingly, if, like girls at puberty, divine personages may neither touch the ground nor see the sun, the reason is, on the one hand, a fear lest their divinity might, at contact with earth or heaven, discharge itself with fatal violence on either, and, on the other hand, an apprehension that the divine being, thus drained of his ethereal virtue, might thereby be incapacitated for the future performance of those magical functions, upon the proper discharge of which the safety of the people and even of the world is believed to hang. Thus the rules in question fall under the head of the taboos which we examined in an earlier part of this book; they are intended to preserve the life of the divine person and with it the life of his subjects and worshippers. Nowhere, it is thought, can his precious yet dangerous life be at once so safe and so harmless as when it is neither in heaven nor on earth, but, as far as possible, suspended between the two.

CHAPTER LXI

THE MYTH OF BALDER

A DEITY whose life might in a sense be said to be neither in heaven nor on earth but between the two was the Norse Balder, the good and beautiful god, the son of the great god Odín, and himself the wisest mildest, best beloved of all the immortals. The story of his death, as it is told in the younger or prose *Edda*, runs thus. Once on a time Balder dreamed heavy dreams which seemed to forebode his death. Thereupon the gods held a council and resolved to make him secure against every danger. So the goddess Frigg took an oath from fire and water, iron and all metals, stones and earth, from trees, sicknesses and poisons, and from all four-footed beasts, birds, and creeping things, that they would not hurt Balder. When this was done Balder was

deemed invulnerable, so the gods amused themselves by setting him in their midst, while some shot at him, others hewed at him, and others threw stones at him. But whatever they did, nothing could hurt him; and at this they were all glad. Only Loki, the mischief-maker, was displeased, and he went in the guise of an old woman to Frigg, who told him that the weapons of the gods could not wound Balder, since she had made them all swear not to hurt him. Then Loki asked, "Have all things sworn to spare Balder?" She answered, "East of Walhalla grows a plant called mistletoe, it seemed to me too young to swear." So Loki went and pulled the mistletoe and took it to the assembly of the gods. There he found the blind god Hother standing at the outside of the circle. Loki asked him, "Why do you not shoot at Balder?" Hother answered, "Because I do not see where he stands, besides I have no weapon." Then said Loki, "Do like the rest and show Balder honour, as they all do. I will show you where he stands, and do you shoot at him with this twig." Hother took the mistletoe and threw it at Balder, as Loki directed him. The mistletoe struck Balder and pierced him through and through, and he fell down dead. And that was the greatest misfortune that ever befell gods and men. For a while the gods stood speechless, then they lifted up their voices and wept bitterly. They took Balder's body and brought it to the sea-shore. There stood Balder's ship, it was called Ringhorn, and was the hugest of all ships. The gods wished to launch the ship and to burn Balder's body on it, but the ship would not stir. So they sent for a giantess called Hyrrockin. She came riding on a wolf and gave the ship such a push that fire flashed from the rollers and all the earth shook. Then Balder's body was taken and placed on the funeral pile upon his ship. When his wife Nanna saw that, her heart burst for sorrow and she died. So she was laid on the funeral pile with her husband, and fire was put to it. Balder's horse, too, with all its trappings, was burned on the pile.

Whether he was a real or merely a mythical personage, Balder was worshipped in Norway. On one of the bays of the beautiful Sogne Fiord, which penetrates far into the depths of the solemn Norwegian mountains, with their sombre pine-forests and their lofty cascades dissolving into spray before they reach the dark water of the fiord far below, Balder had a great sanctuary. It was called Balder's Grove. A palisade enclosed the hallowed ground, and within it stood a spacious temple with the images of many gods, but none of them was worshipped with such devotion as Balder. So great was the awe with which the heathen regarded the place that no man might harm another there, nor steal his cattle, nor defile himself with women. But women cared for the images of the gods in the temple, they warmed them at the fire, anointed them with oil, and dried them with cloths.

Whatever may be thought of an historical kernel underlying a mythical husk in the legend of Balder, the details of the story suggest that it belongs to that class of myths which have been dramatised in ritual, or, to put it otherwise, which have been performed as

magical ceremonies for the sake of producing those natural effects which they describe in figurative language. A myth is never so graphic and precise in its details as when it is, so to speak, the book of the words which are spoken and acted by the performers of the sacred rite. That the Norse story of Balder was a myth of this sort will become probable if we can prove that ceremonies resembling the incidents in the tale have been performed by Norsemen and other European peoples. Now the main incidents in the tale are two—first, the pulling of the mistletoe, and second, the death and burning of the god, and both of them may perhaps be found to have had their counterparts in yearly rites observed, whether separately or conjointly, by people in various parts of Europe. These rites will be described and discussed in the following chapters. We shall begin with the annual festivals of fire and shall reserve the pulling of the mistletoe for consideration later on.

CHAPTER LXII

THE FIRE-FESTIVALS OF EUROPE

§ 1 *The Fire-festivals in general*—All over Europe the peasants have been accustomed from time immemorial to kindle bonfires on certain days of the year, and to dance round or leap over them. Customs of this kind can be traced back on historical evidence to the Middle Ages, and their analogy to similar customs observed in antiquity goes with strong internal evidence to prove that their origin must be sought in a period long prior to the spread of Christianity. Indeed the earliest proof of their observance in Northern Europe is furnished by the attempts made by Christian synods in the eighth century to put them down as heathenish rites. Not uncommonly effigies are burned in these fires, or a pretence is made of burning a living person in them, and there are grounds for believing that anciently human beings were actually burned on these occasions. A brief view of the customs in question will bring out the traces of human sacrifice, and will serve at the same time to throw light on their meaning.

The seasons of the year when these bonfires are most commonly lit are spring and midsummer, but in some places they are kindled also at the end of autumn or during the course of the winter, particularly on Hallow E'en (the thirty-first of October), Christmas Day, and the Eve of Twelfth Day. Space forbids me to describe all these festivals at length; a few specimens must serve to illustrate their general character. We shall begin with the fire-festivals of spring, which usually fall on the first Sunday of Lent (*Quadragesima* or *Invocavit*), Easter Eve, and May Day.

§ 2 *The Lenten Fires*—The custom of kindling bonfires on the first Sunday in Lent has prevailed in Belgium, the north of France, and many parts of Germany. Thus in the Belgian Ardennes for a week

or a fortnight before the "day of the great fire," as it is called, children go about from farm to farm collecting fuel. At Grand Halleux any one who refuses their request is pursued next day by the children, who try to blacken his face with the ashes of the extinct fire. When the day has come, they cut down bushes, especially juniper and broom, and in the evening great bonfires blaze on all the heights. It is a common saying that seven bonfires should be seen if the village is to be safe from conflagrations. If the Meuse happens to be frozen hard at the time, bonfires are lit also on the ice. At Grand Halleux they set up a pole called *makral*, or "the witch," in the midst of the pile, and the fire is kindled by the man who was last married in the village. In the neighbourhood of Morlanwelz a straw man is burnt in the fire. Young people and children dance and sing round the bonfires, and leap over the embers to secure good crops or a happy marriage within the year, or as a means of guarding themselves against colic. In Brabant on the same Sunday, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, women and men disguised in female attire used to go with burning torches to the fields, where they danced and sang comic songs for the purpose, as they alleged, of driving away "the wicked sower," who is mentioned in the Gospel for the day. At Pâturages, in the province of Hamaut, down to about 1840 the custom was observed under the name of *Escouvion* or *Scouvion*. Every year on the first Sunday of Lent, which was called the Day of the Little Scouvion, young folks and children used to run with lighted torches through the gardens and orchards. As they ran they cried at the pitch of their voices

*"Bear apples, bear pears, and cherries all black
To Scouvion!"*

At these words the torch-bearer whirled his blazing brand and hurled it among the branches of the apple-trees, the pear-trees, and the cherry-trees. The next Sunday was called the Day of the Great Scouvion, and the same race with lighted torches among the trees of the orchards was repeated in the afternoon till darkness fell.

In the French department of the Ardennes the whole village used to dance and sing round the bonfires which were lighted on the first Sunday in Lent. Here, too, it was the person last married, sometimes a man and sometimes a woman, who put the match to the fire. The custom is still kept up very commonly in the district. Cats used to be burnt in the fire or roasted to death by being held over it; and while they were burning the shepherds drove their flocks through the smoke and flames as a sure means of guarding them against sickness and witchcraft. In some communes it was believed that the livelier the dance round the fire, the better would be the crops that year.

In the French province of Franche-Comté, to the west of the Jura Mountains, the first Sunday of Lent is known as the Sunday of the Firebrands (*Brandons*), on account of the fires which it is customary to kindle on that day. On the Saturday or the Sunday the village

lads harness themselves to a cart and drag it about the streets, stopping at the doors of the houses where there are girls and begging for a faggot. When they have got enough, they cart the fuel to a spot at some little distance from the village, pile it up, and set it on fire. All the people of the parish come out to see the bonfire. In some villages, when the bells have rung the Angelus, the signal for the observance is given by cries of, "To the fire! to the fire!" Lads, lasses, and children dance round the blaze, and when the flames have died down they vie with each other in leaping over the red embers. He or she who does so without singeing his or her garments will be married within the year. Young folk also carry lighted torches about the streets or the fields, and when they pass an orchard they cry out, "More fruit than leaves!" Down to recent years at Laviron, in the department of Doubs, it was the young married couples of the year who had charge of the bonfires. In the midst of the bonfire a pole was planted with a wooden figure of a cock fastened to the top. Then there were races, and the winner received the cock as a prize.

In Auvergne fires are everywhere kindled on the evening of the first Sunday in Lent. Every village, every hamlet, even every waid, every isolated farm has its bonfire or *figo*, as it is called, which blazes up as the shades of night are falling. The fires may be seen flaring on the heights and in the plains, the people dance and sing round about them and leap through the flames. Then they proceed to the ceremony of the *Grannas-mias*. A *granno-mio* is a torch of straw fastened to the top of a pole. When the pyre is half consumed, the bystanders kindle the torches at the expiring flames and carry them into the neighbouring orchards, fields, and gardens, wherever there are fruit-trees. As they march they sing at the top of their voices, "Granno my friend, Granno my father, Granno my mother." Then they pass the burning torches under the branches of every tree, singing

"Brando, brandounci tsaque brantso, in plan panet!"

that is, "Firebrand burn, every branch a basketful!" In some villages the people also run across the sown fields and shake the ashes of the torches on the ground, also they put some of the ashes in the fowls' nests, in order that the hens may lay plenty of eggs throughout the year. When all these ceremonies have been performed, everybody goes home and feasts, the special dishes of the evening are fritters and pancakes. Here the application of the fire to the fruit-trees, to the sown fields, and to the nests of the poultry is clearly a charm intended to ensure fertility, and the Granno to whom the invocations are addressed, and who gives his name to the torches, may possibly be, as Dr Pommerol suggests, no other than the ancient Celtic god Grannus, whom the Romans identified with Apollo, and whose worship is attested by inscriptions found not only in France but in Scotland and on the Danube.

The custom of carrying lighted torches of straw (*brandons*) about the orchards and fields to fertilise them on the first Sunday of Lent

seems to have been common in France, whether it was accompanied with the practice of kindling bonfires or not. Thus in the province of Picardy "on the first Sunday of Lent people carried torches through the fields, exorcising the field-mice, the darnel, and the smut. They imagined that they did much good to the gardens and caused the onions to grow large. Children ran about the fields, torch in hand, to make the land more fertile." At Verges, a village between the Jura and the Combe d'Ain, the torches at this season were kindled on the top of a mountain, and the bearers went to every house in the village, demanding roasted peas and obliging all couples who had been married within the year to dance. In Berry, a district of Central France, it appears that bonfires are not lighted on this day, but when the sun has set the whole population of the villages, armed with blazing torches of straw, disperse over the country and scour the fields, the vineyards, and the orchards. Seen from afar, the multitude of moving lights, twinkling in the darkness, appear like will-o'-the-wisps chasing each other across the plains, along the hillsides, and down the valleys. While the men wave their flambeaus about the branches of the fruit-trees, the women and children tie bands of wheaten-straw round the tree-trunks. The effect of the ceremony is supposed to be to avert the various plagues from which the fruits of the earth are apt to suffer, and the bands of straw fastened round the stems of the trees are believed to render them fruitful.

In Germany, Austria, and Switzerland at the same season similar customs have prevailed. Thus in the Eifel Mountains, Rhenish Prussia, on the first Sunday in Lent young people used to collect straw and brushwood from house to house. These they carried to an eminence and piled up round a tall, slim beech-tree, to which a piece of wood was fastened at right angles to form a cross. The structure was known as the "hut" or "castle." Fire was set to it and the young people marched round the blazing "castle" bare-headed, each carrying a lighted torch and praying aloud. Sometimes a straw-man was burned in the "hut." People observed the direction in which the smoke blew from the fire. If it blew towards the corn-fields, it was a sign that the harvest would be abundant. On the same day, in some parts of the Eifel, a great wheel was made of straw and dragged by three horses to the top of a hill. Thither the village boys marched at nightfall, set fire to the wheel, and sent it rolling down the slope. At Oberstattfeld the wheel had to be provided by the young man who was last married. About Echternach in Luxemburg the same ceremony is called "burning the witch." At Voralberg in the Tyrol, on the first Sunday in Lent, a slender young fir-tree is surrounded with a pile of straw and firewood. To the top of the tree is fastened a human figure called the "witch," made of old clothes and stuffed with gunpowder. At night the whole is set on fire and boys and girls dance round it, swinging torches and singing rhymes in which the words "corn in the winnowing-basket, the plough in the earth" may be distinguished. In Swabia on the first Sunday in Lent a figure

called the "witch" or the "old wife" or "winter's grandmother" is made up of clothes and fastened to a pole. This is stuck in the middle of a pile of wood, to which fire is applied. While the "witch" is burning, the young people throw blazing discs into the air. The discs are thin round pieces of wood, a few inches in diameter, with notched edges to imitate the rays of the sun or stars. They have a hole in the middle, by which they are attached to the end of a wand. Before the disc is thrown it is set on fire, the wand is swung to and fro, and the impetus thus communicated to the disc is augmented by dashing the rod sharply against a sloping board. The burning disc is thus thrown off, and mounting high into the air, describes a long fiery curve before it reaches the ground. The charred embers of the burned "witch" and discs are taken home and planted in the flax-fields the same night, in the belief that they will keep vermin from the fields. In the Rhon Mountains, situated on the borders of Hesse and Bavaria, the people used to march to the top of a hill or eminence on the first Sunday in Lent. Children and lads carried torches, brooms daubed with tar, and poles swathed in straw. A wheel, wrapt in combustibles, was kindled and rolled down the hill, and the young people rushed about the fields with their burning torches and brooms, till at last they flung them in a heap, and standing round them, struck up a hymn or a popular song. The object of running about the fields with the blazing torches was to "drive away the wicked sower." Or it was done in honour of the Virgin, that she might preserve the fruits of the earth throughout the year and bless them. In neighbouring villages of Hesse, between the Rhon and the Vogel Mountains, it is thought that wherever the burning wheels roll, the fields will be safe from hail and storm.

In Switzerland, also, it is or used to be customary to kindle bonfires on high places on the evening of the first Sunday in Lent, and the day is therefore popularly known as Spark Sunday. The custom prevailed, for example, throughout the canton of Lucerne. Boys went about from house to house begging for wood and straw, then piled the fuel on a conspicuous mountain or hill round about a pole, which bore a straw effigy called "the witch." At nightfall the pile was set on fire, and the young folks danced wildly round it, some of them cracking whips or ringing bells, and when the fire burned low enough, they leaped over it. This was called "burning the witch." In some parts of the canton also they used to wrap old wheels in straw and thorns, put a light to them, and send them rolling and blazing down hill. The more bonfires could be seen sparkling and flaring in the darkness, the more fruitful was the year expected to be, and the higher the dancers leaped beside or over the fire, the higher, it was thought, would grow the flax. In some districts it was the last married man or woman who must kindle the bonfire.

It seems hardly possible to separate from these bonfires, kindled on the first Sunday in Lent, the fires in which, about the same season, the effigy called Death is burned as part of the ceremony of "carrying

out Death " We have seen that at Spachendorf, in Austrian Silesia, on the morning of Rupert's Day (Shrove Tuesday?), a straw-man, dressed in a fur coat and a fur cap, is laid in a hole outside the village and there burned, and that while it is blazing every one seeks to snatch a fragment of it, which he fastens to a branch of the highest tree in his garden or buries in his field, believing that this will make the crops to grow better The ceremony is known as the "burying of Death" Even when the straw-man is not designated as Death, the meaning of the observance is probably the same, for the name Death, as I have tried to show, does not express the original intention of the ceremony At Cobern in the Eifel Mountains the lads make up a straw-man on Shrove Tuesday The effigy is formally tried and accused of having perpetrated all the thefts that have been committed in the neighbourhood throughout the year Being condemned to death, the straw-man is led through the village, shot, and burned upon a pyre They dance round the blazing pile, and the last bride must leap over it In Oldenburg on the evening of Shrove Tuesday people used to make long bundles of straw, which they set on fire, and then ran about the fields waving them, shrieking, and singing wild songs Finally they burned a straw-man on the field In the district of Dusseldorf the straw-man burned on Shrove Tuesday was made of an unthreshed sheaf of corn On the first Monday after the spring equinox the urchins of Zurich drag a straw-man on a little cart through the streets, while at the same time the girls carry about a May-tree When vespers ring, the straw-man is burned In the district of Aachen on Ash Wednesday a man used to be encased in peas-straw and taken to an appointed place Here he slipped quietly out of his straw casing, which was then burned, the children thinking that it was the man who was being burned In the Val di Ledro (Tyrol) on the last day of the Carnival a figure is made up of straw and brushwood and then burned The figure is called the Old Woman, and the ceremony "burning the Old Woman"

§ 3 *The Easter Fires*—Another occasion on which these fire-festivals are held is Easter Eve, the Saturday before Easter Sunday On that day it has been customary in Catholic countries to extinguish all the lights in the churches, and then to make a new fire, sometimes with flint and steel, sometimes with a burning-glass At this fire is lit the great Paschal or Easter candle, which is then used to rekindle all the extinguished lights in the church In many parts of Germany a bonfire is also kindled, by means of the new fire, on some open space near the church It is consecrated, and the people bring sticks of oak, walnut, and beech, which they char in the fire, and then take home with them Some of these charred sticks are thereupon burned at home in a newly-kindled fire, with a prayer that God will preserve the homestead from fire, lightning, and hail Thus every house receives "new fire" Some of the sticks are kept throughout the year and laid on the hearth-fire during heavy thunder-storms to prevent the house from being struck by lightning, or they are inserted

in the roof with the like intention Others are placed in the fields, gardens, and meadows, with a prayer that God will keep them from blight and hail Such fields and gardens are thought to thrive more than others, the corn and the plants that grow in them are not beaten down by hail, nor devoured by mice, vermin, and beetles; no witch harms them, and the ears of corn stand close and full The charred sticks are also applied to the plough The ashes of the Easter bonfire, together with the ashes of the consecrated palm-branches, are mixed with the seed at sowing A wooden figure called Judas is sometimes burned in the consecrated bonfire, and even where this custom has been abolished the bonfire itself in some places goes by the name of "the burning of Judas"

The essentially pagan character of the Easter fire festival appears plainly both from the mode in which it is celebrated by the peasants and from the superstitious beliefs which they associate with it All over Northern and Central Germany, from Altmark and Anhalt on the east, through Brunswick, Hanover, Oldenburg, the Harz district, and Hesse to Westphalia the Easter bonfires still blaze simultaneously on the hill-tops As many as forty may sometimes be counted within sight at once Long before Easter the young people have been busy collecting firewood, every farmer contributes, and tar-barrels, petroleum cases, and so forth go to swell the pile Neighbouring villages vie with each other as to which shall send up the greatest blaze The fires are always kindled, year after year, on the same hill, which accordingly often takes the name of Easter Mountain It is a fine spectacle to watch from some eminence the bonfires flaring up one after another on the neighbouring heights As far as their light reaches, so far, in the belief of the peasants, the fields will be fruitful, and the houses on which they shine will be safe from conflagration or sickness At Volkmarsen and other places in Hesse the people used to observe which way the wind blew the flames, and then they sowed flax seed in that direction, confident that it would grow well. Brands taken from the bonfires preserve houses from being struck by lightning, and the ashes increase the fertility of the fields, protect them from mice, and mixed with the drinking-water of cattle make the animals thrive and ensure them against plague As the flames die down, young and old leap over them, and cattle are sometimes driven through the smouldering embers In some places tar-barrels or wheels wrapt in straw used to be set on fire, and then sent rolling down the hillside In others the boys light torches and wisps of straw at the bonfires and rush about brandishing them in their hands

In Munsterland these Easter fires are always kindled upon certain definite hills, which are hence known as Easter or Paschal Mountains The whole community assembles about the fire The young men and maidens, singing Easter hymns, march round and round the fire, till the blaze dies down Then the girls jump over the fire in a line, one after the other, each supported by two young men who hold her hands and run beside her In the twilight boys with blazing bundles of straw

run over the fields to make them fruitful At Delmenhorst, in Oldenburg, it used to be the custom to cut down two trees, plant them in the ground side by side, and pile twelve tar-barrels against each. Brushwood was then heaped about the trees, and on the evening of Easter Saturday the boys, after rushing about with blazing bean-poles in their hands, set fire to the whole. At the end of the ceremony the urchins tried to blacken each other and the clothes of grown-up people In the Altmark it is believed that as far as the blaze of the Easter bonfire is visible, the corn will grow well throughout the year, and no conflagration will break out At Braunrode, in the Harz Mountains, it was the custom to burn squirrels in the Easter bonfire In the Altmark, bones were burned in it

Near Forchheim, in Upper Franken, a straw-man called the Judas used to be burned in the churchyards on Easter Saturday. The whole village contributed wood to the pyre on which he perished, and the charred sticks were afterwards kept and planted in the fields on Walpurgis Day (the first of May) to preserve the wheat from blight and mildew About a hundred years ago or more the custom at Althenneberg, in Upper Bavaria, used to be as follows On the afternoon of Easter Saturday the lads collected wood, which they piled in a corn-field, while in the middle of the pile they set up a tall wooden cross all swathed in straw. After the evening service they lighted their lanterns at the consecrated candle in the church, and ran with them at full speed to the pyre, each striving to get there first The first to arrive set fire to the heap No woman or girl might come near the bonfire, but they were allowed to watch it from a distance As the flames rose the men and lads rejoiced and made merry, shouting, "We are burning the Judas!" The man who had been the first to reach the pyre and to kindle it was rewarded on Easter Sunday by the women, who gave him coloured eggs at the church door The object of the whole ceremony was to keep off the hail At other villages of Upper Bavaria the ceremony, which took place between nine and ten at night on Easter Saturday, was called "burning the Easter Man" On a height about a mile from the village the young fellows set up a tall cross enveloped in straw, so that it looked like a man with his arms stretched out This was the Easter Man No lad under eighteen years of age might take part in the ceremony One of the young men stationed himself beside the Easter Man, holding in his hand a consecrated taper which he had brought from the church and lighted The rest stood at equal intervals in a great circle round the cross At a given signal they raced thrice round the circle, and then at a second signal ran straight at the cross and at the lad with the lighted taper beside it, the one who reached the goal first had the right of setting fire to the Easter Man Great was the jubilation while he was burning When he had been consumed in the flames, three lads were chosen from among the rest, and each of the three drew a circle on the ground with a stick thrice round the ashes Then they all left the spot On Easter Monday the villagers gathered the ashes

and strewed them on their fields, also they planted in the fields palm-branches which had been consecrated on Palm Sunday, and sticks which had been charred and hallowed on Good Friday, all for the purpose of protecting their fields against showers of hail. In some parts of Swabia the Easter fires might not be kindled with iron or steel or flint, but only by the friction of wood.

The custom of the Easter fires appears to have prevailed all over Central and Western Germany from north to south. We find it also in Holland, where the fires were kindled on the highest eminences, and the people danced round them and leaped through the flames or over the glowing embers. Here too, as often in Germany, the materials for the bonfire were collected by the young folk from door to door. In many parts of Sweden firearms are discharged in all directions on Easter Eve, and huge bonfires are lighted on hills and eminences. Some people think that the intention is to keep off the Troll and other evil spirits who are especially active at this season.

§ 4 *The Beltane Fires*—In the Central Highlands of Scotland bonfires, known as the Beltane fires, were formerly kindled with great ceremony on the first of May, and the traces of human sacrifices at them were particularly clear and unequivocal. The custom of lighting the bonfires lasted in various places far into the eighteenth century, and the descriptions of the ceremony by writers of that period present such a curious and interesting picture of ancient heathendom surviving in our own country that I will reproduce them in the words of their authors. The fullest of the descriptions is the one bequeathed to us by John Ramsay, laird of Ochertyre, near Crieff, the patron of Burns and the friend of Sir Walter Scott. He says: "But the most considerable of the Druidical festivals is that of Beltane, or May-day, which was lately observed in some parts of the Highlands with extraordinary ceremonies . . . Like the other public worship of the Druids, the Beltane feast seems to have been performed on hills or eminences. They thought it degrading to him whose temple is the universe, to suppose that he would dwell in any house made with hands. Their sacrifices were therefore offered in the open air, frequently upon the tops of hills, where they were presented with the grandest views of nature, and were nearest the seat of warmth and order. And, according to tradition, such was the manner of celebrating this festival in the Highlands within the last hundred years. But since the decline of superstition, it has been celebrated by the people of each hamlet on some hill or rising ground around which their cattle were pasturing. Thither the young folks repaired in the morning, and cut a trench, on the summit of which a seat of turf was formed for the company. And in the middle a pile of wood or other fuel was placed, which of old they kindled with *tem-egin*—i.e., forced-fire or *need-fire*. Although, for many years past, they have been contented with common fire, yet we shall now describe the process, because it will hereafter appear that recourse is still had to the *tem-egin* upon extraordinary emergencies,

“The night before, all the fires in the country were carefully extinguished, and next morning the materials for exciting this sacred fire were prepared. The most primitive method seems to be that which was used in the islands of Skye, Mull, and Tiree. A well-seasoned plank of oak was procured, in the midst of which a hole was bored. A wimble of the same timber was then applied, the end of which they fitted to the hole. But in some parts of the mainland the machinery was different. They used a frame of green wood, of a square form, in the centre of which was an axle-tree. In some places three times three persons, in others three times nine, were required for turning round by turns the axle-tree or wimble. If any of them had been guilty of murder, adultery, theft, or other atrocious crime, it was imagined either that the fire would not kindle, or that it would be devoid of its usual virtue. So soon as any sparks were emitted by means of the violent friction, they applied a species of agaric which grows on old birch-trees, and is very combustible. This fire had the appearance of being immediately derived from heaven, and manifold were the virtues ascribed to it. They esteemed it a preservative against witchcraft, and a sovereign remedy against malignant diseases, both in the human species and in cattle, and by it the strongest poisons were supposed to have their nature changed.

“After kindling the bonfire with the *tein-eygn* the company prepared their victuals. And as soon as they had finished their meal, they amused themselves a while in singing and dancing round the fire. Towards the close of the entertainment, the person who officiated as master of the feast produced a large cake baked with eggs and scalloped round the edge, called *am bonnach beal-tine—i e*, the Beltane cake. It was divided into a number of pieces, and distributed in great form to the company. There was one particular piece which whoever got was called *cailleach beal-tine—i e*, the Beltane *carline*, a term of great reproach. Upon his being known, part of the company laid hold of him and made a show of putting him into the fire, but the majority interposing, he was rescued. And in some places they laid him flat on the ground, making as if they would quarter him. Afterwards, he was pelted with egg-shells, and retained the odious appellation during the whole year. And while the feast was fresh in people’s memory, they affected to speak of the *cailleach beal-tine* as dead.”

In the parish of Callander, a beautiful district of western Perthshire, the Beltane custom was still in vogue towards the end of the eighteenth century. It has been described as follows by the parish minister of the time. “Upon the first day of May, which is called *Beltan*, or *Bal-tem* day, all the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground, of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one

another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal, until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the *devoted* person who is to be sacrificed to *Baal*, whose favour they mean to implore, in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. There is little doubt of these inhuman sacrifices having been once offered in this country, as well as in the east, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing, and only compel the *devoted* person to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremonies of this festival are closed."

Thomas Pennant, who travelled in Perthshire in the year 1769, tells us that "on the first of May, the herdsmen of every village hold their Bel-tien, a rural sacrifice. They cut a square trench on the ground, leaving the turf in the middle, on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal and milk, and bring besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whisky, for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation. On that every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulders, says, 'This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses, this to thee, preserve thou my sheep, and so on.' After that, they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. 'This I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs, this to thee, O hooded crow! this to thee, O eagle!' When the ceremony is over, they dine on the caudle, and after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons deputed for that purpose, but on the next Sunday they reassemble, and finish the reliques of the first entertainment."

Another writer of the eighteenth century has described the Beltane festival as it was held in the parish of Logierait in Perthshire. He says. "On the first of May, O S, a festival called *Beltan* is annually held here. It is chiefly celebrated by the cow-herds, who assemble by scores in the fields, to dress a dinner for themselves, of boiled milk and eggs. These dishes they eat with a sort of cakes baked for the occasion, and having small lumps in the form of *mipples*, raised all over the surface." In this last account no mention is made of bonfires, but they were probably lighted, for a contemporary writer informs us that in the parish of Kirkmichael, which adjoins the parish of Logierait on the east, the custom of lighting a fire in the fields and baking a consecrated cake on the first of May was not quite obsolete in his time. We may conjecture that the cake with knobs was formerly used for the purpose of determining who should be the "Beltane carline" or victim doomed to the flames. A trace of this custom

survived, perhaps, in the custom of baking oatmeal cakes of a special kind and rolling them down hill about noon on the first of May; for it was thought that the person whose cake broke as it rolled would die or be unfortunate within the year. These cakes, or bannocks as we call them in Scotland, were baked in the usual way, but they were washed over with a thin batter composed of whipped egg, milk or cream, and a little oatmeal. This custom appears to have prevailed at or near Kingussie in Inverness-shire.

In the north-east of Scotland the Beltane fires were still kindled in the latter half of the eighteenth century, the herdsmen of several farms used to gather dry wood, kindle it, and dance three times "southways" about the burning pile. But in this region, according to a later authority, the Beltane fires were lit not on the first but on the second of May, Old Style. They were called bone-fires. The people believed that on that evening and night the witches were abroad and busy casting spells on cattle and stealing cows' milk. To counteract their machinations, pieces of rowan-tree and woodbine, but especially of rowan-tree, were placed over the doors of the cow-houses, and fires were kindled by every farmer and cottar. Old thatch, straw, furze, or broom was piled in a heap and set on fire a little after sunset. While some of the bystanders kept tossing the blazing mass, others hoisted portions of it on pitchforks or poles and ran hither and thither, holding them as high as they could. Meantime the young people danced round the fire or ran through the smoke shouting, "Fire! blaze and burn the witches, fire! fire! burn the witches." In some districts a large round cake of oat or barley meal was rolled through the ashes. When all the fuel was consumed, the people scattered the ashes far and wide, and till the night grew quite dark they continued to run through them, crying, "Fire! burn the witches."

In the Hebrides "the Beltane bannock is smaller than that made at St Michael's, but is made in the same way, it is no longer made in Uist, but Father Allan remembers seeing his grandmother make one about twenty-five years ago. There was also a cheese made, generally on the first of May, which was kept to the next Beltane as a sort of charm against the bewitching of milk-produce. The Beltane customs seem to have been the same as elsewhere. Every fire was put out and a large one lit on the top of the hill, and the cattle driven round it sunwards (*dessil*), to keep off murrain all the year. Each man would take home fire wherewith to kindle his own."

In Wales also the custom of lighting Beltane fires at the beginning of May used to be observed, but the day on which they were kindled varied from the eve of May Day to the third of May. The flame was sometimes elicited by the friction of two pieces of oak, as appears from the following description. "The fire was done in this way. Nine men would turn their pockets inside out, and see that every piece of money and all metals were off their persons. Then the men went into the nearest woods, and collected sticks of nine different kinds of trees. These were carried to the spot where the fire had

to be built There a circle was cut in the sod, and the sticks were set crosswise All around the circle the people stood and watched the proceedings One of the men would then take two bits of oak, and rub them together until a flame was kindled This was applied to the sticks, and soon a large fire was made Sometimes two fires were set up side by side These fires, whether one or two, were called *coelcerth* or bonfire Round cakes of oatmeal and brown meal were split in four, and placed in a small flour-bag, and everybody present had to pick out a portion The last bit in the bag fell to the lot of the bag-holder Each person who chanced to pick up a piece of brown-meal cake was compelled to leap three times over the flames, or to run thrice between the two fires, by which means the people thought they were sure of a plentiful harvest Shouts and screams of those who had to face the ordeal could be heard ever so far, and those who chanced to pick the oatmeal portions sang and danced and clapped their hands in approval, as the holders of the brown bits leaped three times over the flames, or ran three times between the two fires "

The belief of the people that by leaping thrice over the bonfires or running thrice between them they ensured a plentiful harvest is worthy of note The mode in which this result was supposed to be brought about is indicated by another writer on Welsh folk-lore, according to whom it used to be held that "the bonfires lighted in May or Midsummer protected the lands from sorcery, so that good crops would follow. The ashes were also considered valuable as charms " Hence it appears that the heat of the fires was thought to fertilise the fields, not directly by quickening the seeds in the ground, but indirectly by counteracting the baleful influence of witchcraft or perhaps by burning up the persons of the witches

The Beltane fires seem to have been kindled also in Ireland, for Cormac, "or somebody in his name, says that *belltaine*, May-day, was so called from the 'lucky fire,' or the 'two fires,' which the druids of Erin used to make on that day with great incantations, and cattle, he adds, used to be brought to those fires, or to be driven between them, as a safeguard against the diseases of the year " The custom of driving cattle through or between fires on May Day or the eve of May Day persisted in Ireland down to a time within living memory

The first of May is a great popular festival in the more midland and southern parts of Sweden On the eve of the festival huge bonfires, which should be lighted by striking two flints together, blaze on all the hills and knolls Every large hamlet has its own fire, round which the young people dance in a ring The old folk notice whether the flames incline to the north or to the south In the former case, the spring will be cold and backward, in the latter, it will be mild and genial In Bohemia, on the eve of May Day, young people kindle fires on hills and eminences, at crossways, and in pastures, and dance round them They leap over the glowing embers or even through the flames The ceremony is called "burning the witches." In some

places an effigy representing a witch used to be burnt in the bonfire. We have to remember that the eve of May Day is the notorious Walpurgis Night, when the witches are everywhere speeding unseen through the air on their hellish errands. On this witching night children in Voigtland also light bonfires on the heights and leap over them. Moreover, they wave burning brooms or toss them into the air. So far as the light of the bonfire reaches, so far will a blessing rest on the fields. The kindling of the fires on Walpurgis Night is called "driving away the witches." The custom of kindling fires on the eve of May Day (Walpurgis Night) for the purpose of burning the witches is, or used to be, widespread in the Tyrol, Moravia, Saxony and Silesia.

§ 5 *The Midsummer Fires*—But the season at which these fire-festivals have been mostly generally held all over Europe is the summer solstice, that is Midsummer Eve (the twenty-third of June) or Midsummer Day (the twenty-fourth of June). A faint tinge of Christianity has been given to them by naming Midsummer Day after St John the Baptist, but we cannot doubt that the celebration dates from a time long before the beginning of our era. The summer solstice, or Midsummer Day, is the great turning-point in the sun's career, when, after climbing higher and higher day by day in the sky, the luminary stops and thenceforth retraces his steps down the heavenly road. Such a moment could not but be regarded with anxiety by primitive man so soon as he began to observe and ponder the courses of the great lights across the celestial vault, and having still to learn his own powerlessness in face of the vast cyclic changes of nature, he may have fancied that he could help the sun in his seeming decline—could prop his failing steps and rekindle the sinking flame of the red lamp in his feeble hand. In some such thoughts as these the midsummer festivals of our European peasantry may perhaps have taken their rise. Whatever their origin, they have prevailed all over this quarter of the globe, from Ireland on the west to Russia on the east, and from Norway and Sweden on the north to Spain and Greece on the south. According to a mediæval writer, the three great features of the midsummer celebration were the bonfires, the procession with torches round the fields, and the custom of rolling a wheel. He tells us that boys burned bones and filth of various kinds to make a foul smoke, and that the smoke drove away certain noxious dragons which at this time, excited by the summer heat, copulated in the air and poisoned the wells and rivers by dropping their seed into them, and he explains the custom of trundling a wheel to mean that the sun, having now reached the highest point in the ecliptic, begins thenceforward to descend.

The main features of the midsummer fire-festival resemble those which we have found to characterise the vernal festivals of fire. The similarity of the two sets of ceremonies will plainly appear from the following examples.

A writer of the first half of the sixteenth century informs us that

in almost every village and town of Germany public bonfires were kindled on the Eve of St John, and young and old, of both sexes, gathered about them and passed the time in dancing and singing. People on this occasion wore chaplets of mugwort and vervain, and they looked at the fire through bunches of larkspur which they held in their hands, believing that this would preserve their eyes in a healthy state throughout the year. As each departed, he threw the mugwort and vervain into the fire, saying, "May all my ill-luck depart and be burnt up with these." At Lower Konz, a village situated on a hillside overlooking the Moselle, the midsummer festival used to be celebrated as follows. A quantity of straw was collected on the top of the steep Stromberg Hill. Every inhabitant, or at least every householder, had to contribute his share of straw to the pile. At nightfall the whole male population, men and boys, mustered on the top of the hill, the women and girls were not allowed to join them, but had to take up their position at a certain spring half-way down the slope. On the summit stood a huge wheel completely encased in some of the straw which had been jointly contributed by the villagers, the rest of the straw was made into torches. From each side of the wheel the axle-tree projected about three feet, thus furnishing handles to the lads who were to guide it in its descent. The mayor of the neighbouring town of Sierck, who always received a basket of cherries for his services, gave the signal, a lighted torch was applied to the wheel, and as it burst into flame, two young fellows, strong-limbed and swift of foot, seized the handles and began running with it down the slope. A great shout went up. Every man and boy waved a blazing torch in the air, and took care to keep it alight so long as the wheel was trundling down the hill. The great object of the young men who guided the wheel was to plunge it blazing into the water of the Moselle, but they rarely succeeded in their efforts, for the vineyards which cover the greater part of the declivity impeded their progress, and the wheel was often burned out before it reached the river. As it rolled past the women and girls at the spring, they raised cries of joy which were answered by the men on the top of the mountain, and the shouts were echoed by the inhabitants of neighbouring villages who watched the spectacle from their hills on the opposite bank of the Moselle. If the fiery wheel was successfully conveyed to the bank of the river and extinguished in the water, the people looked for an abundant vintage that year, and the inhabitants of Konz had the right to exact a waggon-load of white wine from the surrounding vineyards. On the other hand, they believed that, if they neglected to perform the ceremony, the cattle would be attacked by giddiness and convulsions and would dance in their stalls.

Down at least to the middle of the nineteenth century the midsummer fires used to blaze all over Upper Bavaria. They were kindled especially on the mountains, but also far and wide in the lowlands, and we are told that in the darkness and stillness of night the moving

groups, lit up by the flickering glow of the flames, presented an impressive spectacle. Cattle were driven through the fire to cure the sick animals and to guard such as were sound against plague and harm of every kind throughout the year. Many a householder on that day put out the fire on the domestic hearth and rekindled it by means of a brand taken from the midsummer bonfire. The people judged of the height to which the flax would grow in the year by the height to which the flames of the bonfire rose; and whoever leaped over the burning pile was sure not to suffer from backache in reaping the corn at harvest. In many parts of Bavaria it was believed that the flax would grow as high as the young people leaped over the fire. In others the old folk used to plant three charred sticks from the bonfire in the fields, believing that this would make the flax grow tall. Elsewhere an extinguished brand was put in the roof of the house to protect it against fire. In the towns about Wurzburg the bonfires used to be kindled in the market-places, and the young people who jumped over them wore garlands of flowers, especially of mugwort and vervain, and carried sprigs of larkspur in their hands. They thought that such as looked at the fire holding a bit of larkspur before their face would be troubled by no malady of the eyes throughout the year. Further, it was customary at Wurzburg, in the sixteenth century, for the bishop's followers to throw burning discs of wood into the air from a mountain which overhangs the town. The discs were discharged by means of flexible rods, and in their flight through the darkness presented the appearance of fiery dragons.

Similarly in Swabia, lads and lasses, hand in hand, leap over the midsummer bonfire, praying that the hemp may grow three ells high, and they set fire to wheels of straw and send them rolling down the hill. Sometimes, as the people sprang over the midsummer bonfire they cried out, "Flax, flax! may the flax this year grow seven ells high!" At Rottenburg a rude effigy in human form, called the Angelman, used to be enveloped in flowers and then burnt in the midsummer fire by boys, who afterwards leaped over the glowing embers.

So in Baden the children collected fuel from house to house for the midsummer bonfire on St. John's Day, and lads and lasses leaped over the fire in couples. Here, as elsewhere, a close connexion was traced between these bonfires and the harvest. In some places it was thought that those who leaped over the fires would not suffer from backache at reaping. Sometimes, as the young folk sprang over the flames, they cried, "Grow, that the hemp may be three ells high!" This notion that the hemp or the corn would grow as high as the flames blazed or as the people jumped over them seems to have been widespread in Baden. It was held that the parents of the young people who bounded highest over the fire would have the most abundant harvest; and on the other hand, if a man contributed nothing to the bonfire, it was imagined that there would be no blessing on his crops, and that his hemp in particular would never grow. At Edersleben, near Sangerhausen, a high pole was planted in the ground and a tar-

barrel was hung from it by a chain which reached to the ground. The barrel was then set on fire and swung round the pole amid shouts of joy.

In Denmark and Norway also midsummer fires were kindled on St. John's Eve on roads, open spaces, and hills. People in Norway thought that the fires banished sickness from among the cattle. Even yet the fires are said to be lighted all over Norway on Midsummer Eve. They are kindled in order to keep off the witches, who are said to be flying from all parts that night to the Blocksberg, where the big witch lives. In Sweden the Eve of St. John (St. Hans) is the most joyous night of the whole year. Throughout some parts of the country, especially in the provinces of Bohus and Scania and in districts bordering on Norway, it is celebrated by the frequent discharge of firearms and by huge bonfires, formerly called Balder's Balefires (*Balder's Bålar*), which are kindled at dusk on hills and eminences and throw a glare of light over the surrounding landscape. The people dance round the fires and leap over or through them. In parts of Norrland on St. John's Eve the bonfires are lit at the cross-roads. The fuel consists of nine different sorts of wood, and the spectators cast into the flames a kind of toad-stool (*Baran*) in order to counteract the power of the Trolls and other evil spirits, who are believed to be abroad that night; for at that mystic season the mountains open and from their cavernous depths the uncanny crew pours forth to dance and disport themselves for a time. The peasants believe that should any of the Trolls be in the vicinity they will show themselves, and if an animal, for example a he or she goat, happens to be seen near the blazing, crackling pile, the peasants are firmly persuaded that it is no other than the Evil One in person. Further, it deserves to be remarked that in Sweden St. John's Eve is a festival of water as well as of fire, for certain holy springs are then supposed to be endowed with wonderful medicinal virtues, and many sick people resort to them for the healing of their infirmities.

In Austria the midsummer customs and superstitions resemble those of Germany. Thus in some parts of the Tyrol bonfires are kindled and burning discs hurled into the air. In the lower valley of the Inn a tatterdemalion effigy is carted about the village on Midsummer Day and then burned. He is called the *Lotter*, which has been corrupted into Luther. At Ambras, one of the villages where Martin Luther is thus burned in effigy, they say that if you go through the village between eleven and twelve on St. John's Night and wash yourself in three wells you will see all who are to die in the following year. At Gratz on St. John's Eve (the twenty-third of June) the common people used to make a puppet called the *Tatermann*, which they dragged to the bleaching ground, and pelted with burning besoms till it took fire. At Reutte, in the Tyrol, people believed that the flax would grow as high as they leaped over the midsummer bonfire, and they took pieces of charred wood from the fire and stuck them in their flax-fields the same night, leaving them there till the flax harvest had been got in. In Lower Austria bonfires are kindled on the heights,

and the boys caper round them, brandishing lighted torches drenched in pitch. Whoever jumps thrice across the fire will not suffer from fever within the year. Cart-wheels are often smeared with pitch, ignited, and sent rolling and blazing down the hillsides.

All over Bohemia bonfires still burn on Midsummer Eve. In the afternoon boys go about with handcarts from house to house collecting fuel and threatening with evil consequences the curmudgeons who refuse them a dole. Sometimes the young men fell a tall straight fir in the woods and set it up on a height, where the girls deck it with nosegays, wreaths of leaves, and red ribbons. Then brushwood is piled about it, and at nightfall the whole is set on fire. While the flames break out, the young men climb the tree and fetch down the wreaths which the girls had placed on it. After that lads and lasses stand on opposite sides of the fire and look at one another through the wreaths to see whether they will be true to each other and marry within the year. Also the girls throw the wreaths across the flames to the men, and woe to the awkward swain who fails to catch the wreath thrown him by his sweetheart. When the blaze has died down, each couple takes hands and leaps thrice across the fire. He or she who does so will be free from ague throughout the year, and the flax will grow as high as the young folks leap. A girl who sees nine bonfires on Midsummer Eve will marry before the year is out. The singed wreaths are carried home and carefully preserved throughout the year. During thunderstorms a bit of the wreath is burned on the hearth with a prayer, some of it is given to kine that are sick or calving, and some of it serves to fumigate house and cattle-stall, that man and beast may keep hale and well. Sometimes an old cart-wheel is smeared with resin, ignited, and sent rolling down the hill. Often the boys collect all the worn-out besoms they can get hold of, dip them in pitch, and having set them on fire wave them about or throw them high into the air. Or they rush down the hillside in troops, brandishing the flaming brooms and shouting. The stumps of the brooms and embers from the fire are preserved and stuck in cabbage gardens to protect the cabbages from caterpillars and gnats. Some people insert charred sticks and ashes from the midsummer bonfire in their sown fields and meadows, in their gardens and the roofs of their houses, as a talisman against lightning and foul weather, or they fancy that the ashes placed in the roof will prevent any fire from breaking out in the house. In some districts they crown or gird themselves with mugwort while the midsummer fire is burning, for this is supposed to be a protection against ghosts, witches, and sickness, in particular, a wreath of mugwort is a sure preventive of sore eyes. Sometimes the girls look at the bonfires through garlands of wild flowers, praying the fire to strengthen their eyes and eyelids. She who does this thrice will have no sore eyes all that year. In some parts of Bohemia they used to drive the cows through the midsummer fire to guard them against witchcraft.

In Slavonic countries, also, the midsummer festival is celebrated

with similar rites We have already seen that in Russia on the Eve of St. John young men and maidens jump over a bonfire in couples carrying a straw effigy of Kupalo in their arms In some parts of Russia an image of Kupalo is burnt or thrown into a stream on St John's Night Again, in some districts of Russia the young folk wear garlands of flowers and girdles of holy herbs when they spring through the smoke or flames, and sometimes they drive the cattle also through the fire in order to protect the animals against wizards and witches, who are then ravenous after milk In Little Russia a stake is driven into the ground on St John's Night, wrapt in straw, and set on fire As the flames rise the peasant women throw birchen boughs into them, saying, "May my flax be as tall as this bough!" In Ruthenia the bonfires are lighted by a flame procured by the friction of wood While the elders of the party are engaged in thus "churning" the fire, the rest maintain a respectful silence, but when the flame bursts from the wood, they break forth into joyous songs As soon as the bonfires are kindled, the young people take hands and leap in pairs through the smoke, if not through the flames, and after that the cattle in their turn are driven through the fire

In many parts of Prussia and Lithuania great fires are kindled on Midsummer Eve All the heights are ablaze with them, as far as the eye can see The fires are supposed to be a protection against witchcraft, thunder, hail, and cattle disease, especially if next morning the cattle are driven over the places where the fires burned Above all, the bonfires ensure the farmer against the arts of witches, who try to steal the milk from his cows by charms and spells That is why next morning you may see the young fellows who lit the bonfire going from house to house and receiving jugfuls of milk And for the same reason they stick burs and mugwort on the gate or the hedge through which the cows go to pasture, because that is supposed to be a preservative against witchcraft In Masuren, a district of Eastern Prussia inhabited by a branch of the Polish family, it is the custom on the evening of Midsummer Day to put out all the fires in the village Then an oaken stake is driven into the ground and a wheel is fixed on it as on an axle This wheel the villagers, working by relays, cause to revolve with great rapidity till fire is produced by friction. Every one takes home a lighted brand from the new fire and with it rekindles the fire on the domestic hearth In Serbia on Midsummer Eve herdsmen light torches of birch bark and march round the sheepfolds and cattle-stalls, then they climb the hills and there allow the torches to burn out

Among the Magyars in Hungary the midsummer fire-festival is marked by the same features that meet us in so many parts of Europe On Midsummer Eve in many places it is customary to kindle bonfires on heights and to leap over them, and from the manner in which the young people leap the bystanders predict whether they will marry soon On this day also many Hungarian swineherds make fire by rotating a wheel round a wooden axle wrapt in hemp, and through the fire thus made they drive their pigs to preserve them from sickness.

The Esthonians of Russia, who, like the Magyars, belong to the great Turanian family of mankind, also celebrate the summer solstice in the usual way. They think that the St John's fire keeps witches from the cattle, and they say that he who does not come to it will have his barley full of thistles and his oats full of weeds. In the Esthonian island of Oesel, while they throw fuel into the midsummer fire, they call out, "Weeds to the fire, flax to the field," or they fling three billets into the flames, saying, "Flax grow long!" And they take charred sticks from the bonfire home with them and keep them to make the cattle thrive. In some parts of the island the bonfire is formed by piling brushwood and other combustibles round a tree, at the top of which a flag flies. Whoever succeeds in knocking down the flag with a pole before it begins to burn will have good luck. Formerly the festivities lasted till daybreak, and ended in scenes of debauchery which looked doubly hideous by the growing light of a summer morning.

When we pass from the east to the west of Europe we still find the summer solstice celebrated with rites of the same general character. Down to about the middle of the nineteenth century the custom of lighting bonfires at midsummer prevailed so commonly in France that there was hardly a town or a village, we are told, where they were not kindled. People danced round and leaped over them, and took charred sticks from the bonfire home with them to protect the houses against lightning, conflagrations, and spells.

In Brittany, apparently, the custom of the midsummer bonfires is kept up to this day. When the flames have died down, the whole assembly kneels round about the bonfire and an old man prays aloud. Then they all rise and march thrice round the fire, at the third turn they stop and every one picks up a pebble and throws it on the burning pile. After that they disperse. In Brittany and Berry it is believed that a girl who dances round nine midsummer bonfires will marry within the year. In the valley of the Orne the custom was to kindle the bonfire just at the moment when the sun was about to dip below the horizon, and the peasants drove their cattle through the fires to protect them against witchcraft, especially against the spells of witches and wizards who attempted to steal the milk and butter. At Jumieges in Normandy, down to the first half of the nineteenth century, the midsummer festival was marked by certain singular features which bore the stamp of a very high antiquity. Every year, on the twenty-third of June, the Eve of St John, the Brotherhood of the Green Wolf chose a new chief or master, who had always to be taken from the hamlet of Conihout. On being elected, the new head of the brotherhood assumed the title of the Green Wolf, and donned a peculiar costume consisting of a long green mantle and a very tall green hat of a conical shape and without a brim. Thus arrayed he stalked solemnly at the head of the brothers, chanting the hymn of St John, the crucifix and holy banner leading the way, to a place called Chouquet. Here the procession was met by the priest, precentors, and choir, who conducted the brotherhood to the

parish church After hearing mass the company adjourned to the house of the Green Wolf, where a simple repast was served up to them At night a bonfire was kindled to the sound of hand-bells by a young man and a young woman, both decked with flowers Then the Green Wolf and his brothers, with their hoods down on their shoulders and holding each other by the hand, ran round the fire after the man who had been chosen to be the Green Wolf of the following year Though only the first and the last man of the chain had a hand free, their business was to surround and seize thrice the future Green Wolf, who in his efforts to escape belaboured the brothers with a long wand which he carried When at last they succeeded in catching him they carried him to the burning pile and made as if they would throw him on it This ceremony over, they returned to the house of the Green Wolf, where a supper, still of the most meagre fare, was set before them Up till midnight a sort of religious solemnity prevailed But at the stroke of twelve all this was changed Constraint gave way to license, pious hymns were replaced by Bacchanalian ditties, and the shrill quavering notes of the village fiddle hardly rose above the roar of voices that went up from the merry brotherhood of the Green Wolf Next day, the twenty-fourth of June or Midsummer Day, was celebrated by the same personages with the same noisy gaiety One of the ceremonies consisted in parading, to the sound of musketry, an enormous loaf of consecrated bread, which, rising in tiers, was surmounted by a pyramid of verdure adorned with ribbons After that the holy hand-bells, deposited on the step of the altar, were entrusted as insignia of office to the man who was to be the Green Wolf next year.

At Château-Thierry, in the department of Aisne, the custom of lighting bonfires and dancing round them at the midsummer festival of St John lasted down to about 1850, the fires were kindled especially when June had been rainy, and the people thought that the lighting of the bonfires would cause the rain to cease In the Vosges it is still customary to kindle bonfires upon the hill-tops on Midsummer Eve, the people believe that the fires help to preserve the fruits of the earth and ensure good crops

Bonfires were lit in almost all the hamlets of Poitou on the Eve of St John People marched round them thrice, carrying a branch of walnut in their hand. Shepherdesses and children passed sprigs of mullein (*verbascum*) and nuts across the flames, the nuts were supposed to cure toothache, and the mullein to protect the cattle from sickness and sorcery When the fire died down people took some of the ashes home with them, either to keep them in the house as a preservative against thunder or to scatter them on the fields for the purpose of destroying corn-cockles and darnel In Poitou also it used to be customary on the Eve of St John to trundle a blazing wheel wrapt in straw over the fields to fertilise them

In the mountainous part of Comminges, a province of Southern France, the midsummer fire is made by splitting open the trunk of a

tall tree, stuffing the crevice with shavings, and igniting the whole. A garland of flowers is fastened to the top of the tree, and at the moment when the fire is lighted the man who was last married has to climb up a ladder and bring the flowers down. In the flat parts of the same district the materials of the midsummer bonfires consist of fuel piled in the usual way, but they must be put together by men who have been married since the last midsummer festival, and each of these benedicts is obliged to lay a wreath of flowers on the top of the pile.

In Provence the midsummer fires are still popular. Children go from door to door begging for fuel, and they are seldom sent empty away. Formerly the priest, the mayor, and the aldermen used to walk in procession to the bonfire, and even deigned to light it, after which the assembly marched thrice round the burning pile. At Aix a nominal king, chosen from among the youth for his skill in shooting at a popinjay, presided over the midsummer festival. He selected his own officers, and escorted by a brilliant train marched to the bonfire, kindled it, and was the first to dance round it. Next day he distributed largesse to his followers. His reign lasted a year, during which he enjoyed certain privileges. He was allowed to attend the mass celebrated by the commander of the Knights of St John on St John's Day, the right of hunting was accorded to him, and soldiers might not be quartered in his house. At Marseilles also on this day one of the guilds chose a king of the *badache* or double axe; but it does not appear that he kindled the bonfire, which is said to have been lighted with great ceremony by the *préfet* and other authorities.

In Belgium the custom of kindling the midsummer bonfires has long disappeared from the great cities, but it is still kept up in rural districts and small towns. In that country the Eve of St Peter's Day (the twenty-ninth of June) is celebrated by bonfires and dances exactly like those which commemorate St John's Eve. Some people say that the fires of St Peter, like those of St John, are lighted in order to drive away dragons. In French Flanders down to 1789 a straw figure representing a man was always burned in the midsummer bonfire, and the figure of a woman was burned on St Peter's Day, the twenty-ninth of June. In Belgium people jump over the midsummer bonfires as a preventive of colic, and they keep the ashes at home to hinder fire from breaking out.

The custom of lighting bonfires at midsummer has been observed in many parts of our own country, and as usual people danced round and leaped over them. In Wales three or nine different kinds of wood and charred faggots carefully preserved from the last midsummer were deemed necessary to build the bonfire, which was generally done on rising ground. In the Vale of Glamorgan a cart-wheel swathed in straw used to be ignited and sent rolling down the hill. If it kept alight all the way down and blazed for a long time, an abundant harvest was expected. On Midsummer Eve people in the Isle of Man were wont to light fires to the windward of every field, so that the smoke might pass over the corn, and they folded their cattle and

carried blazing furze or gorse round them several times. In Ireland cattle, especially barren cattle, were driven through the midsummer fires, and the ashes were thrown on the fields to fertilise them, or live coals were carried into them to prevent blight. In Scotland the traces of midsummer fires are few, but at that season in the highlands of Perthshire cowherds used to go round their folds thrice, in the direction of the sun, with lighted torches. Thus they did to purify the flocks and herds and to keep them from falling sick.

The practice of lighting bonfires on Midsummer Eve and dancing or leaping over them is, or was till recently, common all over Spain and in some parts of Italy and Sicily. In Malta great fires are kindled in the streets and squares of the towns and villages on the Eve of St John (Midsummer Eve), formerly the Grand Master of the Order of St John used on that evening to set fire to a heap of pitch barrels placed in front of the sacred Hospital. In Greece, too, the custom of kindling fires on St John's Eve and jumping over them is said to be still universal. One reason assigned for it is a wish to escape from the fleas. According to another account, the women cry out, as they leap over the fire, "I leave my sins behind me." In Lesbos the fires on St John's Eve are usually lighted by threes, and the people spring thrice over them, each with a stone on his head, saying, "I jump the hare's fire, my head a stone!" In Calymnos the midsummer fire is supposed to ensure abundance in the coming year as well as deliverance from fleas. The people dance round the fires singing, with stones on their heads, and then jump over the blaze or the glowing embers. When the fire is burning low, they throw the stones into it, and when it is nearly out, they make crosses on their legs and then go straightway and bathe in the sea.

The custom of kindling bonfires on Midsummer Day or on Midsummer Eve is widely spread among the Mohammedan peoples of North Africa, particularly in Morocco and Algeria, it is common both to the Berbers and to many of the Arabs or Arabic-speaking tribes. In these countries Midsummer Day (the twenty-fourth of June, Old Style) is called *l'ânsăra*. The fires are lit in the courtyards, at cross-roads, in the fields, and sometimes on the threshing-floors. Plants which in burning give out a thick smoke and an aromatic smell are much sought after for fuel on these occasions, among the plants used for the purpose are giant-fennel, thyme, rue, chervil-seed, camomile, geranium, and penny-royal. People expose themselves, and especially their children, to the smoke, and drive it towards the orchards and the crops. Also they leap across the fires, in some places everybody ought to repeat the leap seven times. Moreover they take burning brands from the fires and carry them through the houses in order to fumigate them. They pass things through the fire, and bring the sick into contact with it, while they utter prayers for their recovery. The ashes of the bonfires are also reputed to possess beneficial properties; hence in some places people rub their hair or their bodies with them. In some places they think that by leaping over the fires

they rid themselves of all misfortune, and that childless couples thereby obtain offspring. Berbers of the Rif province, in Northern Morocco, make great use of fires at midsummer for the good of themselves, their cattle, and their fruit-trees. They jump over the bonfires in the belief that this will preserve them in good health, and they light fires under fruit-trees to keep the fruit from falling untimely. And they imagine that by rubbing a paste of the ashes on their hair they prevent the hair from falling off their heads. In all these Moroccan customs, we are told, the beneficial effect is attributed wholly to the smoke, which is supposed to be endued with a magical quality that removes misfortune from men, animals, fruit-trees, and crops.

The celebration of a midsummer festival by Mohammedan peoples is particularly remarkable, because the Mohammedan calendar, being purely lunar and uncorrected by intercalation, necessarily takes no note of festivals which occupy fixed points in the solar year, all strictly Mohammedan feasts, being pinned to the moon, slide gradually with that luminary through the whole period of the earth's revolution about the sun. This fact of itself seems to prove that among the Mohammedan peoples of Northern Africa, as among the Christian peoples of Europe, the midsummer festival is quite independent of the religion which the people publicly profess, and is a relic of a far older paganism.

§ 6 *The Hallowe'en Fires* — From the foregoing survey we may infer that among the heathen forefathers of the European peoples the most popular and widespread fire-festival of the year was the great celebration of Midsummer Eve or Midsummer Day. The coincidence of the festival with the summer solstice can hardly be accidental. Rather we must suppose that our pagan ancestors purposely timed the ceremony of fire on earth to coincide with the arrival of the sun at the highest point of his course in the sky. If that was so, it follows that the old founders of the midsummer rites had observed the solstices or turning-points of the sun's apparent path in the sky, and that they accordingly regulated their festal calendar to some extent by astronomical considerations.

But while this may be regarded as fairly certain for what we may call the aborigines throughout a large part of the continent, it appears not to have been true of the Celtic peoples who inhabited the Land's End of Europe, the islands and promontories that stretch out into the Atlantic Ocean on the north-west. The principal fire-festivals of the Celts, which have survived, though in a restricted area and with diminished pomp, to modern times and even to our own day, were seemingly timed without any reference to the position of the sun in the heaven. They were two in number, and fell at an interval of six months, one being celebrated on the eve of May Day and the other on Allhallow Even or Hallowe'en, as it is now commonly called, that is, on the thirty-first of October, the day preceding All Saints' or Allhallows' Day. These dates coincide with none of the four great hinges on which the solar year revolves, to wit, the solstices and the

equinoxes Nor do they agree with the principal seasons of the agricultural year, the sowing in spring and the reaping in autumn For when May Day comes, the seed has long been committed to the earth, and when November opens, the harvest has long been reaped and garnered, the fields lie bare, the fruit-trees are stripped, and even the yellow leaves are fast fluttering to the ground Yet the first of May and the first of November mark turning-points of the year in Europe, the one ushers in the genial heat and the rich vegetation of summer, the other heralds, if it does not share, the cold and barrenness of winter Now these particular points of the year, as has been well pointed out by a learned and ingenious writer, while they are of comparatively little moment to the European husbandman, do deeply concern the European herdsman, for it is on the approach of summer that he drives his cattle out into the open to crop the fresh grass, and it is on the approach of winter that he leads them back to the safety and shelter of the stall Accordingly it seems not improbable that the Celtic bisection of the year into two halves at the beginning of May and the beginning of November dates from a time when the Celts were mainly a pastoral people, dependent for their subsistence on their herds, and when accordingly the great epochs of the year for them were the days on which the cattle went forth from the homestead in early summer and returned to it again in early winter Even in Central Europe, remote from the region now occupied by the Celts, a similar bisection of the year may be clearly traced in the great popularity, on the one hand, of May Day and its Eve (Walpurgis Night), and, on the other hand, of the Feast of All Souls at the beginning of November, which under a thin Christian cloak conceals an ancient pagan festival of the dead Hence we may conjecture that everywhere throughout Europe the celestial division of the year according to the solstices was preceded by what we may call a terrestrial division of the year according to the beginning of summer and the beginning of winter

Be that as it may, the two great Celtic festivals of May Day and the first of November, or, to be more accurate, the Eves of these two days, closely resemble each other in the manner of their celebration and in the superstitions associated with them, and alike, by the antique character impressed upon both, betray a remote and purely pagan origin The festival of May Day or Beltane, as the Celts called it, which ushered in summer, has already been described, it remains to give some account of the corresponding festival of Hallowe'en, which announced the arrival of winter

Of the two feasts Hallowe'en was perhaps of old the more important, since the Celts would seem to have dated the beginning of the year from it rather than from Beltane In the Isle of Man, one of the fortresses in which the Celtic language and lore longest held out against the siege of the Saxon invaders, the first of November, Old Style, has been regarded as New Year's Day down to recent times Thus Manx mummers used to go round on Hallowe'en (Old Style), singing, in the

Manx language, a sort of Hogmanay song which began "To-night is New Year's Night, *Hogunnaa!*" In ancient Ireland, a new fire used to be kindled every year on Hallowe'en or the Eve of Samhain, and from this sacred flame all the fires in Ireland were rekindled. Such a custom points strongly to Samhain or All Saints' Day (the first of November) as New Year's Day, since the annual kindling of a new fire takes place most naturally at the beginning of the year, in order that the blessed influence of the fresh fire may last throughout the whole period of twelve months. Another confirmation of the view that the Celts dated their year from the first of November is furnished by the manifold modes of divination which were commonly resorted to by Celtic peoples on Hallowe'en for the purpose of ascertaining their destiny, especially their fortune in the coming year, for when could these devices for prying into the future be more reasonably put in practice than at the beginning of the year? As a season of omens and auguries Hallowe'en seems to have far surpassed Beltane in the imagination of the Celts; from which we may with some probability infer that they reckoned their year from Hallowe'en rather than Beltane. Another circumstance of great moment which points to the same conclusion is the association of the dead with Hallowe'en. Not only among the Celts but throughout Europe, Hallowe'en, the night which marks the transition from autumn to winter, seems to have been of old the time of year when the souls of the departed were supposed to revisit their old homes in order to warm themselves by the fire and to comfort themselves with the good cheer provided for them in the kitchen or the parlour by their affectionate kinsfolk. It was, perhaps, a natural thought that the approach of winter should drive the poor shivering hungry ghosts from the bare fields and the leafless woodlands to the shelter of the cottage with its familiar fireside. Did not the lowing kine then troop back from the summer pastures in the forests and on the hills to be fed and cared for in the stalls, while the bleak winds whistled among the swaying boughs and the snow-drifts deepened in the hollows? and could the good-man and the good-wife deny to the spirits of their dead the welcome which they gave to the cows?

But it is not only the souls of the departed who are supposed to be hovering unseen on the day "when autumn to winter resigns the pale year." Witches then speed on their errands of mischief, some sweeping through the air on besoms, others galloping along the roads on tabby-cats, which for that evening are turned into coal-black steeds. The fairies, too, are all let loose, and hobgoblins of every sort roam freely about.

Yet while a glamour of mystery and awe has always clung to Hallowe'en in the minds of the Celtic peasantry, the popular celebration of the festival has been, at least in modern times, by no means of a prevalingly gloomy cast, on the contrary it has been attended by picturesque features and merry pastimes, which rendered it the gayest night of all the year. Amongst the things which in the High-

lands of Scotland contributed to invest the festival with a romantic beauty were the bonfires which used to blaze at frequent intervals on the heights. "On the last day of autumn children gathered ferns, tar-barrels, the long thin stalks called *gàrnsg*, and everything suitable for a bonfire. These were placed in a heap on some eminence near the house, and in the evening set fire to. The fires were called *Samhnagan*. There was one for each house, and it was an object of ambition who should have the biggest. Whole districts were brilliant with bonfires, and their glare across a Highland loch, and from many eminences, formed an exceedingly picturesque scene." Like the Beltane fires on the first of May, the Hallowe'en bonfires seem to have been kindled most commonly in the Perthshire Highlands. In the parish of Callander they still blazed down to near the end of the eighteenth century. When the fire had died down, the ashes were carefully collected in the form of a circle, and a stone was put in, near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire. Next morning, if any of these stones was found to be displaced or injured, the people made sure that the person represented by it was *sey* or devoted, and that he could not live twelve months from that day. At Balquhider down to the latter part of the nineteenth century each household kindled its bonfire at Hallowe'en, but the custom was chiefly observed by children. The fires were lighted on any high knoll near the house, there was no dancing round them. Hallowe'en fires were also lighted in some districts of the north-east of Scotland, such as Buchan. Villagers and farmers alike must have their fire. In the villages the boys went from house to house and begged a peat from each householder, usually with the words, "Ge's a peat t' burn the witches." When they had collected enough peats, they piled them in a heap, together with straw, furze, and other combustible materials, and set the whole on fire. Then each of the youths, one after another, laid himself down on the ground as near to the fire as he could without being scorched, and thus lying allowed the smoke to roll over him. The others ran through the smoke and jumped over their prostrate comrade. When the heap was burned down, they scattered the ashes, vying with each other who should scatter them most.

In the northern part of Wales it used to be customary for every family to make a great bonfire called *Coel Coeth* on Hallowe'en. The fire was kindled on the most conspicuous spot near the house; and when it had nearly gone out every one threw into the ashes a white stone, which he had first marked. Then having said their prayers round the fire, they went to bed. Next morning, as soon as they were up, they came to search out the stones, and if any one of them was found to be missing, they had a notion that the person who threw it would die before he saw another Hallowe'en. According to Sir John Rhys, the habit of celebrating Hallowe'en by lighting bonfires on the hills is perhaps not yet extinct in Wales, and men still living can remember how the people who assisted at the bonfires would

wait till the last spark was out and then would suddenly take to their heels, shouting at the top of their voices, "The cropped black sow seize the hindmost!" The saying, as Sir John Rhys justly remarks, implies that originally one of the company became a victim in dead earnest. Down to the present time the saying is current in Carnarvonshire, where allusions to the cutty black sow are still occasionally made to frighten children. We can now understand why in Lower Brittany every person throws a pebble into the midsummer bonfire. Doubtless there, as in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, omens of life and death have at one time or other been drawn from the position and state of the pebbles on the morning of All Saints' Day. The custom, thus found among three separate branches of the Celtic stock, probably dates from a period before their dispersion, or at least from a time when alien races had not yet driven home the wedges of separation between them.

In the Isle of Man also, another Celtic country, Hallowe'en was celebrated down to modern times by the kindling of fires, accompanied with all the usual ceremonies designed to prevent the baneful influence of fairies and witches.

§ 7 *The Midwinter Fires*—If the heathen of ancient Europe celebrated, as we have good reason to believe, the season of Midsummer with a great festival of fire, of which the traces have survived in many places down to our own time, it is natural to suppose that they should have observed with similar rites the corresponding season of Midwinter; for Midsummer and Midwinter, or, in more technical language, the summer solstice and the winter solstice, are the two great turning-points in the sun's apparent course through the sky, and from the standpoint of primitive man nothing might seem more appropriate than to kindle fires on earth at the two moments when the fire and heat of the great luminary in heaven begin to wane or to wax.

In modern Christendom the ancient fire-festival of the winter solstice appears to survive, or to have survived down to recent years, in the old custom of the Yule log, clog, or block, as it was variously called in England. The custom was widespread in Europe, but seems to have flourished especially in England, France, and among the South Slavs, at least the fullest accounts of the custom come from these quarters. That the Yule log was only the winter counterpart of the midsummer bonfire, kindled within doors instead of in the open air on account of the cold and inclement weather of the season, was pointed out long ago by our English antiquary John Brand; and the view is supported by the many quaint superstitions attaching to the Yule log, superstitions which have no apparent connexion with Christianity but carry their heathen origin plainly stamped upon them. But while the two solstitial celebrations were both festivals of fire, the necessity or desirability of holding the winter celebration within doors lent it the character of a private or domestic festivity, which contrasts strongly with the publicity of the summer celebration, at which the people gathered on some open space or

conspicuous height, kindled a huge bonfire in common, and danced and made merry round it together

Down to about the middle of the nineteenth century the old rite of the Yule log was kept up in some parts of Central Germany. Thus in the valleys of the Sieg and Lahn the Yule log, a heavy block of oak, was fitted into the floor of the hearth, where, though it glowed under the fire, it was hardly reduced to ashes within a year. When the new log was laid next year, the remains of the old one were ground to powder and strewed over the fields during the Twelve Nights, which was supposed to promote the growth of the crops. In some villages of Westphalia the practice was to withdraw the Yule log (*Christbrand*) from the fire so soon as it was slightly charred, it was then kept carefully to be replaced on the fire whenever a thunderstorm broke, because the people believed that lightning would not strike a house in which the Yule log was smouldering. In other villages of Westphalia the old custom was to tie up the Yule log in the last sheaf cut at harvest.

In several provinces of France, and particularly in Provence, the custom of the Yule log or *tréfour*, as it was called in many places, was long observed. A French writer of the seventeenth century denounces as superstitious "the belief that a log called the *tréfour* or Christmas brand, which you put on the fire for the first time on Christmas Eve and continue to put on the fire for a little while every day till Twelfth Night, can, if kept under the bed, protect the house for a whole year from fire and thunder, that it can prevent the inmates from having chilblains on their heels in winter, that it can cure the cattle of many maladies, that if a piece of it be steeped in the water which cows drink it helps them to calve, and lastly that if the ashes of the log be strewn on the fields it can save the wheat from mildew."

In some parts of Flanders and France the remains of the Yule log were regularly kept in the house under a bed as a protection against thunder and lightning, in Berry, when thunder was heard, a member of the family used to take a piece of the log and throw it on the fire, which was believed to avert the lightning. Again, in Perigord, the charcoal and ashes are carefully collected and kept for healing swollen glands, the part of the trunk which has not been burnt in the fire is used by ploughmen to make the wedge for their plough, because they allege that it causes the seeds to thrive better; and the women keep pieces of it till Twelfth Night for the sake of their chickens. Some people imagine that they will have as many chickens as there are sparks that fly out of the brands of the log when they shake them, and others place the extinct brands under the bed to drive away vermin. In various parts of France the charred log is thought to guard the house against sorcery as well as against lightning.

In England the customs and beliefs concerning the Yule log used to be similar. On the night of Christmas Eve, says the antiquary John Brand, "our ancestors were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas Candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire,

called a Yule-clog or Christmas-block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, to turn night into day " The old custom was to light the Yule log with a fragment of its predecessor, which had been kept throughout the year for the purpose, where it was so kept, the fiend could do no mischief The remains of the log were also supposed to guard the house against fire and lightning

To this day the ritual of bringing in the Yule log is observed with much solemnity among the Southern Slavs, especially the Serbians. The log is usually a block of oak, but sometimes of olive or beech. They seem to think that they will have as many calves, lambs, pigs, and kids as they strike sparks out of the burning log. Some people carry a piece of the log out to the fields to protect them against hail In Albania down to recent years it was a common custom to burn a Yule log at Christmas, and the ashes of the fire were scattered on the fields to make them fertile The Huzuls, a Slavonic people of the Carpathians, kindle fire by the friction of wood on Christmas Eve (Old Style, the fifth of January) and keep it burning till Twelfth Night

It is remarkable how common the belief appears to have been that the remains of the Yule log, if kept throughout the year, had power to protect the house against fire and especially against lightning As the Yule log was frequently of oak, it seems possible that this belief may be a relic of the old Aryan creed which associated the oak-tree with the god of thunder. Whether the curative and fertilising virtues ascribed to the ashes of the Yule log, which are supposed to heal cattle as well as men, to enable cows to calve, and to promote the fruitfulness of the earth, may not be derived from the same ancient source, is a question which deserves to be considered

§ 8 *The Need-fire*—The fire-festivals hitherto described are all celebrated periodically at certain stated times of the year But besides these regularly recurring celebrations the peasants in many parts of Europe have been wont from time immemorial to resort to a ritual of fire at irregular intervals in seasons of distress and calamity, above all when their cattle were attacked by epidemic disease No account of the popular European fire-festivals would be complete without some notice of these remarkable rites, which have all the greater claim on our attention because they may perhaps be regarded as the source and origin of all the other fire-festivals, certainly they must date from a very remote antiquity The general name by which they are known among the Teutonic peoples is need-fire Sometimes the need-fire was known as "wild fire," to distinguish it no doubt from the tame fire produced by more ordinary methods Among Slavonic peoples it is called "living fire"

The history of the custom can be traced from the early Middle Ages, when it was denounced by the Church as a heathen superstition, down to the first half of the nineteenth century, when it was still occasionally practised in various parts of Germany, England, Scotland, and Ireland Among Slavonic peoples it appears to have lingered even longer. The usual occasion for performing the rite was an

outbreak of plague or cattle-disease, for which the need-fire was believed to be an infallible remedy. The animals which were subjected to it included cows, pigs, horses, and sometimes geese. As a necessary preliminary to the kindling of the need-fire all other fires and lights in the neighbourhood were extinguished, so that not so much as a spark remained alight, for so long as even a night-light burned in a house, it was imagined that the need-fire could not kindle. Sometimes it was deemed enough to put out all the fires in the village, but sometimes the extinction extended to neighbouring villages or to a whole parish. In some parts of the Highlands of Scotland the rule was that all householders who dwelt within the two nearest running streams should put out their lights and fires on the day appointed. Usually the need-fire was made in the open air, but in some parts of Serbia it was kindled in a dark room, sometimes the place was a cross-way or a hollow in a road. In the Highlands of Scotland the proper places for performing the rite seem to have been knolls or small islands in rivers.

The regular method of producing the need-fire was by the friction of two pieces of wood; it might not be struck by flint and steel. Very exceptionally among some South Slavs we read of a practice of kindling a need-fire by striking a piece of iron on an anvil. Where the wood to be employed is specified, it is generally said to be oak, but on the Lower Rhine the fire was kindled by the friction of oak-wood or fir-wood. In Slavonic countries we hear of poplar, pear, and cornel wood being used for the purpose. Often the material is simply described as two pieces of dry wood. Sometimes nine different kinds of wood were deemed necessary, but rather perhaps to be burned in the bonfire than to be rubbed together for the production of the need-fire. The particular mode of kindling the need-fire varied in different districts, a very common one was this. Two poles were driven into the ground about a foot and a half from each other. Each pole had in the side facing the other a socket into which a smooth cross-piece or roller was fitted. The sockets were stuffed with linen, and the two ends of the roller were rammed tightly into the sockets. To make it more inflammable the roller was often coated with tar. A rope was then wound round the roller, and the free ends at both sides were gripped by two or more persons, who by pulling the rope to and fro caused the roller to revolve rapidly, till through the friction the linen in the sockets took fire. The sparks were immediately caught in tow or oakum and waved about in a circle until they burst into a bright glow, when straw was applied to it, and the blazing straw used to kindle the fuel that had been stacked to make the bonfire. Often a wheel, sometimes a cart-wheel or even a spinning-wheel, formed part of the mechanism, in Aberdeenshire it was called "the muckle wheel", in the island of Mull the wheel was turned from east to west over nine spindles of oak-wood. Sometimes we are merely told that two wooden planks were rubbed together. Sometimes it was prescribed that the cart-wheel used for fire-making and the axle

on which it turned should both be new. Similarly it was said that the rope which turned the roller should be new, if possible it should be woven of strands taken from a gallows rope with which people had been hanged, but this was a counsel of perfection rather than a strict necessity.

Various rules were also laid down as to the kind of persons who might or should make the need-fire. Sometimes it was said that the two persons who pulled the rope which twirled the roller should always be brothers or at least bear the same baptismal name; sometimes it was deemed sufficient if they were both chaste young men. In some villages of Brunswick people thought that if everybody who lent a hand in kindling the need-fire did not bear the same Christian name, they would labour in vain. In Silesia the tree employed to produce the need-fire used to be felled by a pair of twin brothers. In the western islands of Scotland the fire was kindled by eighty-one married men, who rubbed two great planks against each other, working in relays of nine; in North Uist the nine times nine who made the fire were all first-begotten sons, but we are not told whether they were married or single. Among the Serbians the need-fire is sometimes kindled by a boy and girl between eleven and fourteen years of age, who work stark naked in a dark room, sometimes it is made by an old man and an old woman also in the dark. In Bulgaria, too, the makers of need-fire strip themselves of their clothes, in Caithness they divested themselves of all kinds of metal. If after long rubbing of the wood no fire was elicited they concluded that some fire must still be burning in the village, so a strict search was made from house to house, any fire that might be found was put out, and the negligent householder punished or upbraided, indeed a heavy fine might be inflicted on him.

When the need-fire was at last kindled, the bonfire was lit from it, and as soon as the blaze had somewhat died down, the sick animals were driven over the glowing embers, sometimes in a regular order of precedence, first the pigs, next the cows, and last of all the horses. Sometimes they were driven twice or thrice through the smoke and flames, so that occasionally some of them were scorched to death. As soon as all the beasts were through, the young folk would rush wildly at the ashes and cinders, sprinkling and blackening each other with them, those who were most blackened would march in triumph behind the cattle into the village and would not wash themselves for a long time. From the bonfire people carried live embers home and used them to rekindle the fires in their houses. These brands, after being extinguished in water, they sometimes put in the mangers at which the cattle fed, and kept them there for a while. Ashes from the need-fire were also strewed on the fields to protect the crops against vermin, sometimes they were taken home to be employed as remedies in sickness, being sprinkled on the ailing part or mixed in water and drunk by the patient. In the western islands of Scotland and on the adjoining mainland, as soon as the fire on the domestic hearth had been rekindled from the need-

fire, a pot full of water was set on it, and the water thus heated was afterwards sprinkled upon the people infected with the plague or upon the cattle that were tainted by the murrain. Special virtue was attributed to the smoke of the bonfire, in Sweden fruit-trees and nets were fumigated with it, in order that the trees might bear fruit and the nets catch fish. In the Highlands of Scotland the need-fire was accounted a sovereign remedy for witchcraft. In the island of Mull, when the fire was kindled as a cure for the murrain, we hear of the rite being accompanied by the sacrifice of a sick heifer, which was cut in pieces and burnt. Slavonian and Bulgarian peasants conceive cattle-plague as a foul fiend or vampyre which can be kept at bay by interposing a barrier of fire between it and the herds. A similar conception may perhaps have originally everywhere underlain the use of the need-fire as a remedy for the murrain. It appears that in some parts of Germany the people did not wait for an outbreak of cattle-plague, but, taking time by the forelock, kindled a need-fire annually to prevent the calamity. Similarly in Poland the peasants are said to kindle fires in the village streets every year on St. Rochus's day and to drive the cattle thrice through them in order to protect the beasts against the murrain. We have seen that in the Hebrides the cattle were in like manner driven annually round the Beltane fires for the same purpose. In some cantons of Switzerland children still kindle a need-fire by the friction of wood for the sake of dispelling a mist.

CHAPTER LXIII

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE FIRE-FESTIVALS

§ I *On the Fire-festivals in general*—The foregoing survey of the popular fire-festivals of Europe suggests some general observations. In the first place we can hardly help being struck by the resemblance which the ceremonies bear to each other, at whatever time of the year and in whatever part of Europe they are celebrated. The custom of kindling great bonfires, leaping over them, and driving cattle through or round them would seem to have been practically universal throughout Europe, and the same may be said of the processions or races with blazing torches round fields, orchards, pastures, or cattle-stalls. Less widespread are the customs of hurling lighted discs into the air and trundling a burning wheel down hill. The ceremonial of the Yule log is distinguished from that of the other fire-festivals by the privacy and domesticity which characterise it, but this distinction may well be due simply to the rough weather of midwinter, which is apt not only to render a public assembly in the open air disagreeable, but also at any moment to defeat the object of the assembly by extinguishing the all-important fire under a downpour of rain or a fall of snow. Apart from these local or seasonal differences, the general resemblance between

the fire-festivals at all times of the year and in all places is tolerably close. And as the ceremonies themselves resemble each other, so do the benefits which the people expect to reap from them. Whether applied in the form of bonfires blazing at fixed points, or of torches carried about from place to place, or of embers and ashes taken from the smouldering heap of fuel, the fire is believed to promote the growth of the crops and the welfare of man and beast, either positively by stimulating them, or negatively by averting the dangers and calamities which threaten them from such causes as thunder and lightning, conflagration, blight, mildew, vermin, sterility, disease, and not least of all witchcraft

But we naturally ask, How did it come about that benefits so great and manifold were supposed to be attained by means so simple? In what way did people imagine that they could procure so many goods or avoid so many ills by the application of fire and smoke, of embers and ashes? Two different explanations of the fire-festivals have been given by modern enquirers. On the one hand it has been held that they are sun-charms or magical ceremonies intended, on the principle of imitative magic, to ensure a needful supply of sunshine for men, animals, and plants by kindling fires which mimic on earth the great source of light and heat in the sky. This was the view of Wilhelm Mannhardt. It may be called the solar theory. On the other hand it has been maintained that the ceremonial fires have no necessary reference to the sun but are simply purificatory in intention, being designed to burn up and destroy all harmful influences, whether these are conceived in a personal form as witches, demons, and monsters, or in an impersonal form as a sort of pervading taint or corruption of the air. This is the view of Dr Edward Westermarck and apparently of Professor Eugen Mogk. It may be called the purificatory theory. Obviously the two theories postulate two very different conceptions of the fire which plays the principal part in the rites. On the one view, the fire, like sunshine in our latitude, is a genial creative power which fosters the growth of plants and the development of all that makes for health and happiness; on the other view, the fire is a fierce destructive power which blasts and consumes all the noxious elements, whether spiritual or material, that menace the life of men, of animals, and of plants. According to the one theory the fire is a stimulant, according to the other it is a disinfectant, on the one view its virtue is positive, on the other it is negative.

Yet the two explanations, different as they are in the character which they attribute to the fire, are perhaps not wholly irreconcilable. If we assume that the fires kindled at these festivals were primarily intended to imitate the sun's light and heat, may we not regard the purificatory and disinfecting qualities, which popular opinion certainly appears to have ascribed to them, as attributes derived directly from the purificatory and disinfecting qualities of sunshine? In this way we might conclude that, while the imitation of sunshine in these ceremonies was primary and original, the purification attributed to

them was secondary and derivative. Such a conclusion, occupying an intermediate position between the two opposing theories and recognising an element of truth in both of them, was adopted by me in earlier editions of this work, but in the meantime Dr Westermarck has argued powerfully in favour of the purificatory theory alone, and I am bound to say that his arguments carry great weight, and that on a fuller review of the facts the balance of evidence seems to me to incline decidedly in his favour. However, the case is not so clear as to justify us in dismissing the solar theory without discussion, and accordingly I propose to adduce the considerations which tell for it before proceeding to notice those which tell against it. A theory which had the support of so learned and sagacious an investigator as W. Mannhardt is entitled to a respectful hearing.

§ 2 *The Solar Theory of the Fire-festivals*—In an earlier part of this work we saw that savages resort to charms for making sunshine, and it would be no wonder if primitive man in Europe did the same. Indeed, when we consider the cold and cloudy climate of Europe during a great part of the year, we shall find it natural that sun-charms should have played a much more prominent part among the superstitious practices of European peoples than among those of savages who live nearer the equator and who consequently are apt to get in the course of nature more sunshine than they want. This view of the festivals may be supported by various arguments drawn partly from their dates, partly from the nature of the rites, and partly from the influence which they are believed to exert upon the weather and on vegetation.

First, in regard to the dates of the festivals it can be no mere accident that two of the most important and widely spread of the festivals are timed to coincide more or less exactly with the summer and winter solstices, that is, with the two turning-points in the sun's apparent course in the sky when he reaches respectively his highest and his lowest elevation at noon. Indeed with respect to the mid-winter celebration of Christmas we are not left to conjecture, we know from the express testimony of the ancients that it was instituted by the church to supersede an old heathen festival of the birth of the sun, which was apparently conceived to be born again on the shortest day of the year, after which his light and heat were seen to grow till they attained their full maturity at midsummer. Therefore it is no very far-fetched conjecture to suppose that the Yule log, which figures so prominently in the popular celebration of Christmas, was originally designed to help the labouring sun of midwinter to rekindle his seemingly expiring light.

Not only the date of some of the festivals but the manner of their celebration suggests a conscious imitation of the sun. The custom of rolling a burning wheel down a hill, which is often observed at these ceremonies, might well pass for an imitation of the sun's course in the sky, and the imitation would be especially appropriate on Midsummer Day when the sun's annual declension begins. Indeed the custom

has been thus interpreted by some of those who have recorded it. Not less graphic, it may be said, is the mimicry of his apparent revolution by swinging a burning tar-barrel round a pole. Again, the common practice of throwing fiery discs, sometimes expressly said to be shaped like suns, into the air at the festivals may well be a piece of imitative magic. In these, as in so many cases, the magic force may be supposed to take effect through mimicry or sympathy · by imitating the desired result you actually produce it : by counterfeiting the sun's progress through the heavens you really help the luminary to pursue his celestial journey with punctuality and despatch. The name " fire of heaven," by which the midsummer fire is sometimes popularly known, clearly implies a consciousness of a connexion between the earthly and the heavenly flame.

Again, the manner in which the fire appears to have been originally kindled on these occasions has been alleged in support of the view that it was intended to be a mock-sun. As some scholars have perceived, it is highly probable that at the periodic festivals in former times fire was universally obtained by the friction of two pieces of wood. It is still so procured in some places both at the Easter and the Midsummer festivals, and it is expressly said to have been formerly so procured at the Beltane celebration both in Scotland and Wales. But what makes it nearly certain that this was once the invariable mode of kindling the fire at these periodic festivals is the analogy of the need-fire, which has almost always been produced by the friction of wood, and sometimes by the revolution of a wheel. It is a plausible conjecture that the wheel employed for this purpose represents the sun, and if the fires at the regularly recurring celebrations were formerly produced in the same way, it might be regarded as a confirmation of the view that they were originally sun-charms. In point of fact there is, as Kuhn has indicated, some evidence to show that the midsummer fire was originally thus produced. We have seen that many Hungarian swine-herds make fire on Midsummer Eve by rotating a wheel round a wooden axle wrapt in hemp, and that they drive their pigs through the fire thus made. At Obermedlingen, in Swabia, the " fire of heaven," as it was called, was made on St. Vitus's Day (the fifteenth of June) by igniting a cart-wheel, which, smeared with pitch and plaited with straw, was fastened on a pole twelve feet high, the top of the pole being inserted in the nave of the wheel. This fire was made on the summit of a mountain, and as the flame ascended, the people uttered a set form of words, with eyes and arms directed heavenward. Here the fixing of a wheel on a pole and igniting it suggests that originally the fire was produced, as in the case of the need-fire, by the revolution of a wheel. The day on which the ceremony takes place (the fifteenth of June) is near midsummer, and we have seen that in Masuren fire is, or used to be, actually made on Midsummer Day by turning a wheel rapidly about an oaken pole, though it is not said that the new fire so obtained is used to light a bonfire. However, we must bear in mind that in all such cases the use of a wheel may be merely a mechanical

device to facilitate the operation of fire-making by increasing the friction, it need not have any symbolical significance

Further, the influence which these fires, whether periodic or occasional, are supposed to exert on the weather and vegetation may be cited in support of the view that they are sun-charms, since the effects ascribed to them resemble those of sunshine. Thus, the French belief that in a rainy June the lighting of the midsummer bonfires will cause the rain to cease appears to assume that they can disperse the dark clouds and make the sun to break out in radiant glory, drying the wet earth and dripping trees. Similarly the use of the need-fire by Swiss children on foggy days for the purpose of clearing away the mist may very naturally be interpreted as a sun-charm. In the Vosges Mountains the people believe that the midsummer fires help to preserve the fruits of the earth and ensure good crops. In Sweden the warmth or cold of the coming season is inferred from the direction in which the flames of the May Day bonfire are blown, if they blow to the south, it will be warm, if to the north, cold. No doubt at present the direction of the flames is regarded merely as an augury of the weather, not as a mode of influencing it. But we may be pretty sure that this is one of the cases in which magic has dwindled into divination. So in the Eifel Mountains, when the smoke blows towards the corn-fields, this is an omen that the harvest will be abundant. But the older view may have been not merely that the smoke and flames prognosticated, but that they actually produced an abundant harvest, the heat of the flames acting like sunshine on the corn. Perhaps it was with this view that people in the Isle of Man lit fires to windward of their fields in order that the smoke might blow over them. So in South Africa, about the month of April, the Matabeles light huge fires to the windward of their gardens, "their idea being that the smoke, by passing over the crops, will assist the ripening of them." Among the Zulus also "medicine is burned on a fire placed to windward of the garden, the fumigation which the plants in consequence receive being held to improve the crop." Again, the idea of our European peasants that the corn will grow well as far as the blaze of the bonfire is visible, may be interpreted as a remnant of the belief in the quickening and fertilising power of the bonfires. The same belief, it may be argued, reappears in the notion that embers taken from the bonfires and inserted in the fields will promote the growth of the crops, and it may be thought to underlie the customs of sowing flax-seed in the direction in which the flames blow, of mixing the ashes of the bonfire with the seed-corn at sowing, of scattering the ashes by themselves over the field to fertilise it, and of incorporating a piece of the Yule log in the plough to make the seeds thrive. The opinion that the flax or hemp will grow as high as the flames rise or the people leap over them belongs clearly to the same class of ideas. Again, at Konz, on the banks of the Moselle, if the blazing wheel which was trundled down the hillside reached the river without being extinguished, this was hailed as a proof that the vintage would be abundant. So firmly was this belief

held that the successful performance of the ceremony entitled the villagers to levy a tax upon the owners of the neighbouring vineyards. Here the unextinguished wheel might be taken to represent an unclouded sun, which in turn would portend an abundant vintage. So the waggon-load of white wine which the villagers received from the vineyards round about might pass for a payment for the sunshine which they had procured for the grapes. Similarly in the Vale of Glamorgan a blazing wheel used to be trundled down hill on Midsummer Day, and if the fire were extinguished before the wheel reached the foot of the hill, the people expected a bad harvest; whereas if the wheel kept alight all the way down and continued to blaze for a long time, the farmers looked forward to heavy crops that summer. Here, again, it is natural to suppose that the rustic mind traced a direct connexion between the fire of the wheel and the fire of the sun, on which the crops are dependent.

But in popular belief the quickening and fertilising influence of the bonfires is not limited to the vegetable world, it extends also to animals. This plainly appears from the Irish custom of driving barren cattle through the midsummer fires, from the French belief that the Yule log steeped in water helps cows to calve, from the French and Serbian notion that there will be as many chickens, calves, lambs, and kids as there are sparks struck out of the Yule log, from the French custom of putting the ashes of the bonfires in the fowls' nests to make the hens lay eggs, and from the German practice of mixing the ashes of the bonfires with the drink of cattle in order to make the animals thrive. Further, there are clear indications that even human fecundity is supposed to be promoted by the genial heat of the fires. In Morocco the people think that childless couples can obtain offspring by leaping over the midsummer bonfire. It is an Irish belief that a girl who jumps thrice over the midsummer bonfire will soon marry and become the mother of many children, in Flanders women leap over the midsummer fires to ensure an easy delivery; in various parts of France they think that if a girl dances round nine fires she will be sure to marry within the year, and in Bohemia they fancy that she will do so if she merely sees nine of the bonfires. On the other hand, in Lechain people say that if a young man and woman, leaping over the midsummer fire together, escaped unsmirched, the young woman will not become a mother within twelve months the flames have not touched and fertilised her. In parts of Switzerland and France the lighting of the Yule log is accompanied by a prayer that the women may bear children, the she-goats bring forth kids, and the ewes drop lambs. The rule observed in some places that the bonfires should be kindled by the person who was last married seems to belong to the same class of ideas, whether it be that such a person is supposed to receive from, or to impart to, the fire a generative and fertilising influence. The common practice of lovers leaping over the fires hand in hand may very well have originated in a notion that thereby their marriage would be blessed with offspring, and the like motive would explain

the custom which obliges couples married within the year to dance to the light of torches. And the scenes of profligacy which appear to have marked the midsummer celebration among the Esthonians, as they once marked the celebration of May Day among ourselves, may have sprung, not from the mere licence of holiday-makers, but from a crude notion that such orgies were justified, if not required, by some mysterious bond which linked the life of man to the courses of the heavens at this turning-point of the year.

At the festivals which we are considering the custom of kindling bonfires is commonly associated with a custom of carrying lighted torches about the fields, the orchards, the pastures, the flocks and the herds ; and we can hardly doubt that the two customs are only two different ways of attaining the same object, namely, the benefits which are believed to flow from the fire, whether it be stationary or portable. Accordingly if we accept the solar theory of the bonfires, we seem bound to apply it also to the torches, we must suppose that the practice of marching or running with blazing torches about the country is simply a means of diffusing far and wide the genial influence of the sunshine, of which these flickering flames are a feeble imitation. In favour of this view it may be said that sometimes the torches are carried about the fields for the express purpose of fertilising them, and with the same intention live coals from the bonfires are sometimes placed in the fields to prevent blight. On the eve of Twelfth Day in Normandy men, women, and children run wildly through the fields and orchards with lighted torches, which they wave about the branches and dash against the trunks of the fruit-trees for the sake of burning the moss and driving away the moles and field-mice. "They believe that the ceremony fulfils the double object of exorcising the vermin whose multiplication would be a real calamity, and of imparting fecundity to the trees, the fields, and even the cattle"; and they imagine that the more the ceremony is prolonged, the greater will be the crop of fruit next autumn. In Bohemia they say that the corn will grow as high as they fling the blazing besoms into the air. Nor are such notions confined to Europe. In Corea, a few days before the New Year festival, the eunuchs of the palace swing burning torches, chanting invocations the while, and this is supposed to ensure bountiful crops for the next season. The custom of trundling a burning wheel over the fields, which used to be observed in Poitou for the express purpose of fertilising them, may be thought to embody the same idea in a still more graphic form ; since in this way the mock-sun itself, not merely its light and heat represented by torches, is made actually to pass over the ground which is to receive its quickening and kindly influence. Once more, the custom of carrying lighted brands round cattle is plainly equivalent to driving the animals through the bonfire ; and if the bonfire is a sun-charm, the torches must be so also.

§ 3 *The Purificatory Theory of the Fire-festivals* — Thus far we have considered what may be said for the theory that at the European fire-festivals the fire is kindled as a charm to ensure an abundant supply

of sunshine for man and beast, for corn and fruits. It remains to consider what may be said against this theory and in favour of the view that in these rites fire is employed not as a creative but as a cleansing agent, which purifies men, animals, and plants by burning up and consuming the noxious elements, whether material or spiritual, which menace all living things with disease and death.

First, then, it is to be observed that the people who practise the fire-customs appear never to allege the solar theory in explanation of them, while on the contrary they do frequently and emphatically put forward the purificatory theory. This is a strong argument in favour of the purificatory and against the solar theory; for the popular explanation of a popular custom is never to be rejected except for grave cause. And in the present case there seems to be no adequate reason for rejecting it. The conception of fire as a destructive agent, which can be turned to account for the consumption of evil things, is so simple and obvious that it could hardly escape the minds even of the rude peasantry with whom these festivals originated. On the other hand the conception of fire as an emanation of the sun, or at all events as linked to it by a bond of physical sympathy, is far less simple and obvious; and though the use of fire as a charm to produce sunshine appears to be undeniable, nevertheless in attempting to explain popular customs we should never have recourse to a more recondite idea when a simpler one lies to hand and is supported by the explicit testimony of the people themselves. Now in the case of the fire-festivals the destructive aspect of fire is one upon which the people dwell again and again; and it is highly significant that the great evil against which the fire is directed appears to be witchcraft. Again and again we are told that the fires are intended to burn or repel the witches, and the intention is sometimes graphically expressed by burning an effigy of a witch in the fire. Hence, when we remember the great hold which the dread of witchcraft has had on the popular European mind in all ages, we may suspect that the primary intention of all these fire-festivals was simply to destroy or at all events get rid of the witches, who were regarded as the causes of nearly all the misfortunes and calamities that befall men, their cattle, and their crops.

This suspicion is confirmed when we examine the evils for which the bonfires and torches were supposed to provide a remedy. Foremost, perhaps, among these evils we may reckon the diseases of cattle, and of all the ills that witches are believed to work there is probably none which is so constantly insisted on as the harm they do to the herds, particularly by stealing the milk from the cows. Now it is significant that the need-fire, which may perhaps be regarded as the parent of the periodic fire-festivals, is kindled above all as a remedy for a murrain or other disease of cattle; and the circumstance suggests, what on general grounds seems probable, that the custom of kindling the need-fire goes back to a time when the ancestors of the European peoples subsisted chiefly on the products of their herds, and when agriculture as yet played a subordinate part in their lives. Witches

and wolves are the two great foes still dreaded by the herdsman in many parts of Europe, and we need not wonder that he should resort to fire as a powerful means of banning them both. Among Slavonic peoples it appears that the foes whom the need-fire is designed to combat are not so much living witches as vampyres and other evil spirits, and the ceremony aims rather at repelling these baleful beings than at actually consuming them in the flames. But for our present purpose these distinctions are immaterial. The important thing to observe is that among the Slavs the need-fire, which is probably the original of all the ceremonial fires now under consideration, is not a sun-charm, but clearly and unmistakably nothing but a means of protecting man and beast against the attacks of maleficent creatures, whom the peasant thinks to burn or scare by the heat of the fire, just as he might burn or scare wild animals.

Again, the bonfires are often supposed to protect the fields against hail and the homestead against thunder and lightning. But both hail and thunderstorms are frequently thought to be caused by witches, hence the fire which bans the witches necessarily serves at the same time as a talisman against hail, thunder, and lightning. Further, brands taken from the bonfires are commonly kept in the houses to guard them against conflagration, and though this may perhaps be done on the principle of homoeopathic magic, one fire being thought to act as a preventive of another, it is also possible that the intention may be to keep witch-incendiaries at bay. Again, people leap over the bonfires as a preventive of colic, and look at the flames steadily in order to preserve their eyes in good health; and both colic and sore eyes are in Germany, and probably elsewhere, set down to the machinations of witches. Once more, to leap over the midsummer fires or to circumambulate them is thought to prevent a person from feeling pains in his back at reaping; and in Germany such pains are called "witch-shots" and ascribed to witchcraft.

But if the bonfires and torches of the fire-festivals are to be regarded primarily as weapons directed against witches and wizards, it becomes probable that the same explanation applies not only to the flaming discs which are hurled into the air, but also to the burning wheels which are rolled down hill on these occasions; discs and wheels, we may suppose, are alike intended to burn the witches who hover invisible in the air or haunt unseen the fields, the orchards, and the vineyards on the hillside. Certainly witches are constantly thought to ride through the air on broomsticks or other equally convenient vehicles, and if they do so, how can you get at them so effectually as by hurling lighted missiles, whether discs, torches, or besoms, after them as they flit past overhead in the gloom? The South Slavonian peasant believes that witches ride in the dark hail-clouds, so he shoots at the clouds to bring down the hags, while he curses them, saying, "Curse, curse Herodias, thy mother is a heathen, damned of God and fettered through the Redeemer's blood." Also he brings out a pot of glowing charcoal on which he has thrown holy oil, laurel leaves,

and wormwood to make a smoke. The fumes are supposed to ascend to the clouds and stupefy the witches, so that they tumble down to earth. And in order that they may not fall soft, but may hurt themselves very much, the yokel hastily brings out a chair and tilts it bottom up so that the witch in falling may break her legs on the legs of the chair. Worse than that, he cruelly lays scythes, bill-hooks, and other formidable weapons edge upwards so as to cut and mangle the poor wretches when they drop plump upon them from the clouds.

On this view the fertility supposed to follow the application of fire in the form of bonfires, torches, discs, rolling wheels, and so forth, is not conceived as resulting directly from an increase of solar heat which the fire has magically generated; it is merely an indirect result obtained by freeing the reproductive powers of plants and animals from the fatal obstruction of witchcraft. And what is true of the reproduction of plants and animals may hold good also of the fertility of the human sexes. The bonfires are supposed to promote marriage and to procure offspring for childless couples. This happy effect need not flow directly from any quickening or fertilising energy in the fire; it may follow indirectly from the power of the fire to remove those obstacles which the spells of witches and wizards notoriously present to the union of man and wife.

On the whole, then, the theory of the purificatory virtue of the ceremonial fires appears more probable and more in accordance with the evidence than the opposing theory of their connexion with the sun.

CHAPTER LXIV

THE BURNING OF HUMAN BEINGS IN THE FIRES

§ 1. *The Burning of Effigies in the Fires* — We have still to ask, What is the meaning of burning effigies in the fire at these festivals? After the preceding investigation the answer to the question seems obvious. As the fires are often alleged to be kindled for the purpose of burning the witches, and as the effigy burnt in them is sometimes called "the Witch," we might naturally be disposed to conclude that all the effigies consumed in the flames on these occasions represent witches or warlocks, and that the custom of burning them is merely a substitute for burning the wicked men and women themselves, since on the principle of homoeopathic or imitative magic you practically destroy the witch herself in destroying her effigy. On the whole this explanation of the burning of straw figures in human shape at the festivals is perhaps the most probable.

Yet it may be that this explanation does not apply to all the cases, and that certain of them may admit and even require another interpretation. For the effigies so burned, as I have already remarked, can hardly be separated from the effigies of Death which are burned

or otherwise destroyed in spring, and grounds have been already given for regarding the so-called effigies of Death as really representatives of the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation. Are the other effigies, which are burned in the spring and midsummer bonfires, susceptible of the same explanation? It would seem so. For just as the fragments of the so-called Death are stuck in the fields to make the crops grow, so the charred embers of the figure burned in the spring bonfires are sometimes laid on the fields in the belief that they will keep vermin from the crop. Again, the rule that the last married bride must leap over the fire in which the straw-man is burned on Shrove Tuesday, is probably intended to make her fruitful. But, as we have seen, the power of blessing women with offspring is a special attribute of tree-spirits; it is therefore a fair presumption that the burning effigy over which the bride must leap is a representative of the fertilising tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation. This character of the effigy, as representative of the spirit of vegetation, is almost unmistakable when the figure is composed of an unthreshed sheaf of corn or is covered from head to foot with flowers. Again, it is to be noted that, instead of a puppet, trees, either living or felled, are sometimes burned both in the spring and midsummer bonfires. Now, considering the frequency with which the tree-spirit is represented in human shape, it is hardly rash to suppose that when sometimes a tree and sometimes an effigy is burned in these fires, the effigy and the tree are regarded as equivalent to each other, each being a representative of the tree-spirit. This, again, is confirmed by observing, first, that sometimes the effigy which is to be burned is carried about simultaneously with a May-tree, the former being carried by the boys, the latter by the girls, and, second, that the effigy is sometimes tied to a living tree and burned with it. In these cases, we can scarcely doubt, the tree-spirit is represented, as we have found it represented before, in duplicate, both by the tree and by the effigy. That the true character of the effigy as a representative of the beneficent spirit of vegetation should sometimes be forgotten, is natural. The custom of burning a beneficent god is too foreign to later modes of thought to escape misinterpretation. Naturally enough the people who continued to burn his image came in time to identify it as the effigy of persons, whom, on various grounds, they regarded with aversion, such as Judas Iscariot, Luther, and a witch.

The general reasons for killing a god or his representative have been examined in a preceding chapter. But when the god happens to be a deity of vegetation, there are special reasons why he should die by fire. For light and heat are necessary to vegetable growth, and, on the principle of sympathetic magic, by subjecting the personal representative of vegetation to their influence, you secure a supply of these necessities for trees and crops. In other words, by burning the spirit of vegetation in a fire which represents the sun, you make sure that, for a time at least, vegetation shall have plenty of sun. It may be objected that, if the intention is simply to secure enough

sunshine for vegetation, this end would be better attained, on the principles of sympathetic magic, by merely passing the representative of vegetation through the fire instead of burning him. In point of fact this is sometimes done. In Russia, as we have seen, the straw figure of Kupalo is not burned in the midsummer fire, but merely carried backwards and forwards across it. But, for the reasons already given, it is necessary that the god should die, so next day Kupalo is stripped of her ornaments and thrown into a stream. In this Russian custom the passage of the image through the fire, if it is not simply a purification, may possibly be a sun-charm, the killing of the god is a separate act, and the mode of killing him—by drowning—is probably a rain-charm. But usually people have not thought it necessary to draw this fine distinction, for the various reasons already assigned, it is advantageous, they think, to expose the god of vegetation to a considerable degree of heat, and it is also advantageous to kill him, and they combine these advantages in a rough-and-ready way by burning him.

§ 2. *The Burning of Men and Animals in the Fires*—In the popular customs connected with the fire-festivals of Europe there are certain features which appear to point to a former practice of human sacrifice. We have seen reasons for believing that in Europe living persons have often acted as representatives of the tree-spirit and corn-spirit and have suffered death as such. There is no reason, therefore, why they should not have been burned, if any special advantages were likely to be attained by putting them to death in that way. The consideration of human suffering is not one which enters into the calculations of primitive man. Now, in the fire-festivals which we are discussing, the pretence of burning people is sometimes carried so far that it seems reasonable to regard it as a mitigated survival of an older custom of actually burning them. Thus in Aachen, as we saw, the man clad in peas-straw acts so cleverly that the children really believe he is being burned. At Jumièges in Normandy the man clad all in green, who bore the title of the Green Wolf, was pursued by his comrades, and when they caught him they feigned to fling him upon the midsummer bonfire. Similarly at the Beltane fires in Scotland the pretended victim was seized, and a show made of throwing him into the flames, and for some time afterwards people affected to speak of him as dead. Again, in the Hallowe'en bonfires of North-eastern Scotland we may perhaps detect a similar pretence in the custom observed by a lad of lying down as close to the fire as possible and allowing the other lads to leap over him. The titular king at Aix, who reigned for a year and danced the first dance round the midsummer bonfire, may perhaps in days of old have discharged the less agreeable duty of serving as fuel for that fire which in later times he only kindled. In the following customs Mannhardt is probably right in recognising traces of an old custom of burning a leaf-clad representative of the spirit of vegetation. At Wolfeck, in Austria, on Midsummer Day, a boy completely clad in green fir branches

goes from house to house, accompanied by a noisy crew, collecting wood for the bonfire As he gets the wood he sings :

*" Forest trees I want,
No sour milk for me,*

*But beer and wine,
So can the wood-man be jolly and gay "*

In some parts of Bavaria, also, the boys who go from house to house collecting fuel for the midsummer bonfire envelop one of their number from head to foot in green branches of firs, and lead him by a rope through the whole village. At Moosheim, in Wurtemberg, the festival of St John's Fire usually lasted for fourteen days, ending on the second Sunday after Midsummer Day. On this last day the bonfire was left in charge of the children, while the older people retired to a wood Here they encased a young fellow in leaves and twigs, who, thus disguised, went to the fire, scattered it, and trod it out All the people present fled at the sight of him

But it seems possible to go farther than this. Of human sacrifices offered on these occasions the most unequivocal traces, as we have seen, are those which, about a hundred years ago, still lingered at the Beltane fires in the Highlands of Scotland, that is, among a Celtic people who, situated in a remote corner of Europe and almost completely isolated from foreign influence, had till then conserved their old heathenism better perhaps than any other people in the West of Europe. It is significant, therefore, that human sacrifices by fire are known, on unquestionable evidence, to have been systematically practised by the Celts The earliest description of these sacrifices has been bequeathed to us by Julius Caesar. As conqueror of the hitherto independent Celts of Gaul, Caesar had ample opportunity of observing the national Celtic religion and manners, while these were still fresh and crisp from the native mint and had not yet been fused in the melting-pot of Roman civilisation With his own notes Caesar appears to have incorporated the observations of a Greek explorer, by name Posidonius, who travelled in Gaul about fifty years before Caesar carried the Roman arms to the English Channel The Greek geographer Strabo and the historian Diodorus seem also to have derived their descriptions of the Celtic sacrifices from the work of Posidonius, but independently of each other, and of Caesar, for each of the three derivative accounts contains some details which are not to be found in either of the others By combining them, therefore, we can restore the original account of Posidonius with some probability, and thus obtain a picture of the sacrifices offered by the Celts of Gaul at the close of the second century before our era The following seem to have been the main outlines of the custom Condemned criminals were reserved by the Celts in order to be sacrificed to the gods at a great festival which took place once in every five years. The more there were of such victims, the greater was believed to be the fertility of the land. If there were not enough criminals to furnish victims, captives taken in war were immolated to supply the deficiency. When the time came the victims were sacrificed by the Druids or

priests. Some they shot down with arrows, some they impaled, and some they burned alive in the following manner. Colossal images of wicker-work or of wood and grass were constructed, these were filled with live men, cattle, and animals of other kinds; fire was then applied to the images, and they were burned with their living contents.

Such were the great festivals held once every five years. But besides these quinquennial festivals, celebrated on so grand a scale, and with, apparently, so large an expenditure of human life, it seems reasonable to suppose that festivals of the same sort, only on a lesser scale, were held annually, and that from these annual festivals are lineally descended some at least of the fire-festivals which, with their traces of human sacrifices, are still celebrated year by year in many parts of Europe. The gigantic images constructed of osiers or covered with grass in which the Druids enclosed their victims remind us of the leafy framework in which the human representative of the tree-spirit is still so often encased. Hence, seeing that the fertility of the land was apparently supposed to depend upon the due performance of these sacrifices, Mannhardt interpreted the Celtic victims, cased in osiers and grass, as representatives of the tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation.

These wicker giants of the Druids seem to have had till lately, if not down to the present time, their representatives at the spring and midsummer festivals of modern Europe. At Douay, down at least to the early part of the nineteenth century, a procession took place annually on the Sunday nearest to the seventh of July. The great feature of the procession was a colossal figure, some twenty or thirty feet high, made of osiers, and called "the giant," which was moved through the streets by means of rollers and ropes worked by men who were enclosed within the effigy. The figure was armed as a knight with lance and sword, helmet and shield. Behind him marched his wife and his three children, all constructed of osiers on the same principle, but on a smaller scale. At Dunkirk the procession of the giants took place on Midsummer Day, the twenty-fourth of June. The festival, which was known as the *Folles of Dunkirk*, attracted multitudes of spectators. The giant was a huge figure of wicker-work, occasionally as much as forty-five feet high, dressed in a long blue robe with gold stripes, which reached to his feet, concealing the dozen or more men who made it dance and bob its head to the spectators. This colossal effigy went by the name of *Papa Reuss*, and carried in its pocket a bouncing infant of *Brobdignagian* proportions. The rear was brought up by the daughter of the giant, constructed, like her sire, of wicker-work, and little, if at all, inferior to him in size. Most towns and even villages of Brabant and Flanders have, or used to have, similar wicker giants which were annually led about to the delight of the populace, who loved these grotesque figures, spoke of them with patriotic enthusiasm, and never wearied of gazing at them. At Antwerp the giant was so big that no gate in the city was large enough to let him go through; hence he could not visit his

brother giants in neighbouring towns, as the other Belgian giants used to do on solemn occasions.

In England artificial giants seem to have been a standing feature of the midsummer festival. A writer of the sixteenth century speaks of "Midsommer pageants in London, where to make the people wonder, are set forth great and ugle gyants marching as if they were alive, and armed at all points, but within they are stuffed full of browne paper and tow, which the shrewd boyes, underpeering, do guilefully discover, and turne to a greate derision." At Chester the annual pageant on Midsummer Eve included the effigies of four giants, with animals, hobby-horses, and other figures. At Coventry it appears that the giant's wife figured beside the giant. At Burford, in Oxfordshire, Midsummer Eve used to be celebrated with great jollity by the carrying of a giant and a dragon up and down the town. The last survivor of these perambulating English giants lingered at Salisbury, where an antiquary found him mouldering to decay in the neglected hall of the Tailors' Company about the year 1844. His bodily framework was of lath and hoop, like the one which used to be worn by Jack-in-the-Green on May Day.

In these cases the giants merely figured in the processions. But sometimes they were burned in the summer bonfires. Thus the people of the Rue aux Ours in Paris used annually to make a great wicker-work figure, dressed as a soldier, which they promenaded up and down the streets for several days, and solemnly burned on the third of July, the crowd of spectators singing *Salve Regina*. A personage who bore the title of king presided over the ceremony with a lighted torch in his hand. The burning fragments of the image were scattered among the people, who eagerly scrambled for them. The custom was abolished in 1743. In Brie, Isle de France, a wicker-work giant, eighteen feet high, was annually burned on Midsummer Eve.

Again, the Druidical custom of burning live animals, enclosed in wicker-work, has its counterpart at the spring and midsummer festivals. At Luchon in the Pyrenees on Midsummer Eve "a hollow column, composed of strong wickerwork, is raised to the height of about sixty feet in the centre of the principal suburb, and interlaced with green foliage up to the very top; while the most beautiful flowers and shrubs procurable are artistically arranged in groups below, so as to form a sort of background to the scene. The column is then filled with combustible materials, ready for ignition. At an appointed hour—about 8 P.M.—a grand procession, composed of the clergy, followed by young men and maidens in holiday attire, pour forth from the town chanting hymns, and take up their position around the column. Meanwhile, bonfires are lit, with beautiful effect, in the surrounding hills. As many living serpents as could be collected are now thrown into the column, which is set on fire at the base by means of torches, armed with which about fifty boys and men dance around with frantic gestures. The serpents, to avoid the flames, wriggle their way to the top, whence they are seen lashing out laterally until finally obliged to

rites of fire, including their burnt sacrifices of men and animals, at the beginning of May or the beginning of November rather than at Midsummer

We have still to ask, What is the meaning of such sacrifices? Why were men and animals burnt to death at these festivals? If we are right in interpreting the modern European fire-festivals as attempts to break the power of witchcraft by burning or banning the witches and warlocks, it seems to follow that we must explain the human sacrifices of the Celts in the same manner, that is, we must suppose that the men whom the Druids burnt in wicker-work images were condemned to death on the ground that they were witches or wizards, and that the mode of execution by fire was chosen because burning alive is deemed the surest mode of getting rid of these noxious and dangerous beings. The same explanation would apply to the cattle and wild animals of many kinds which the Celts burned along with the men. They, too, we may conjecture, were supposed to be either under the spell of witchcraft or actually to be the witches and wizards, who had transformed themselves into animals for the purpose of prosecuting their infernal plots against the welfare of their fellow-creatures. This conjecture is confirmed by the observation that the victims most commonly burned in modern bonfires have been cats, and that cats are precisely the animals into which, with the possible exception of hares, witches were most usually supposed to transform themselves. Again, we have seen that serpents and foxes used sometimes to be burnt in the midsummer fires; and Welsh and German witches are reported to have assumed the form both of foxes and serpents. In short, when we remember the great variety of animals whose forms witches can assume at pleasure, it seems easy on this hypothesis to account for the variety of living creatures that have been burnt at festivals both in ancient Gaul and modern Europe, all these victims, we may surmise, were doomed to the flames, not because they were animals, but because they were believed to be witches who had taken the shape of animals for their nefarious purposes. One advantage of explaining the ancient Celtic sacrifices in this way is that it introduces, as it were, a harmony and consistency into the treatment which Europe has meted out to witches from the earliest times down to about two centuries ago, when the growing influence of rationalism discredited the belief in witchcraft and put a stop to the custom of burning witches. Be that as it may, we can now perhaps understand why the Druids believed that the more persons they sentenced to death, the greater would be the fertility of the land. To a modern reader the connexion at first sight may not be obvious between the activity of the hangman and the productivity of the earth. But a little reflection may satisfy him that when the criminals who perish at the stake or on the gallows are witches, whose delight it is to blight the crops of the farmer or to lay them low under storms of hail, the execution of these wretches is really calculated to ensure an abundant harvest by removing one of the

principal causes which paralyse the efforts and blast the hopes of the husbandman

The Druidical sacrifices which we are considering were explained in a different way by W. Mannhardt. He supposed that the men whom the Druids burned in wicker-work images represented the spirits of vegetation, and accordingly that the custom of burning them was a magical ceremony intended to secure the necessary sunshine for the crops. Similarly, he seems to have inclined to the view that the animals which used to be burnt in the bonfires represented the corn-spirit, which, as we saw in an earlier part of this work, is often supposed to assume the shape of an animal. This theory is no doubt tenable, and the great authority of W. Mannhardt entitles it to careful consideration. I adopted it in former editions of this book, but on reconsideration it seems to me on the whole to be less probable than the theory that the men and animals burnt in the fires perished in the character of witches. This latter view is strongly supported by the testimony of the people who celebrate the fire-festivals, since a popular name for the custom of kindling the fires is "burning the witches," effigies of witches are sometimes consumed in the flames, and the fires, their embers, or their ashes are supposed to furnish protection against witchcraft. On the other hand there is little to show that the effigies or the animals burnt in the fires are regarded by the people as representatives of the vegetation-spirit, and that the bonfires are sun-charms. With regard to serpents in particular, which used to be burnt in the midsummer fire at Luchon, I am not aware of any certain evidence that in Europe snakes have been regarded as embodiments of the tree-spirit or corn-spirit, though in other parts of the world the conception appears to be not unknown. Whereas the popular faith in the transformation of witches into animals is so general and deeply rooted, and the fear of these uncanny beings is so strong, that it seems safer to suppose that the cats and other animals which were burnt in the fire suffered death as embodiments of witches than that they perished as representatives of vegetation-spirits.

CHAPTER LXV

BALDER AND THE MISTLETOE

THE reader may remember that the preceding account of the popular fire-festivals of Europe was suggested by the myth of the Norse god Balder, who is said to have been slain by a branch of mistletoe and burnt in a great fire. We have now to enquire how far the customs which have been passed in review help to shed light on the myth. In this enquiry it may be convenient to begin with the mistletoe, the instrument of Balder's death.

From time immemorial the mistletoe has been the object of super-

stitious veneration in Europe It was worshipped by the Druids, as we learn from a famous passage of Pliny After enumerating the different kinds of mistletoe, he proceeds · " In treating of this subject, the admiration in which the mistletoe is held throughout Gaul ought not to pass unnoticed The Druids, for so they call their wizards, esteem nothing more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree on which it grows, provided only that the tree is an oak But apart from this they choose oak-woods for their sacred groves and perform no sacred rites without oak-leaves, so that the very name of Druids may be regarded as a Greek appellation derived from their worship of the oak For they believe that whatever grows on these trees is sent from heaven, and is a sign that the tree has been chosen by the god himself The mistletoe is very rarely to be met with, but when it is found, they gather it with solemn ceremony This they do above all on the sixth day of the moon, from whence they date the beginnings of their months, of their years, and of their thirty years' cycle, because by the sixth day the moon has plenty of vigour and has not run half its course. After due preparations have been made for a sacrifice and a feast under the tree, they hail it as the universal healer and bring to the spot two white bulls, whose horns have never been bound before A priest clad in a white robe climbs the tree and with a golden sickle cuts the mistletoe, which is caught in a white cloth Then they sacrifice the victims, praying that God may make his own gift to prosper with those upon whom he has bestowed it. They believe that a potion prepared from mistletoe will make barren animals to bring forth, and that the plant is a remedy against all poison "

In another passage Pliny tells us that in medicine the mistletoe which grows on an oak was esteemed the most efficacious, and that its efficacy was by some superstitious people supposed to be increased if the plant was gathered on the first day of the moon without the use of iron, and if when gathered it was not allowed to touch the earth, oak-mistletoe thus obtained was deemed a cure for epilepsy, carried about by women it assisted them to conceive; and it healed ulcers most effectually, if only the sufferer chewed a piece of the plant and laid another piece on the sore Yet again, he says that mistletoe was supposed, like vinegar and an egg, to be an excellent means of extinguishing a fire.

If in these latter passages Pliny refers, as he apparently does, to the beliefs current among his contemporaries in Italy, it will follow that the Druids and the Italians were to some extent agreed as to the valuable properties possessed by mistletoe which grows on an oak, both of them deemed it an effectual remedy for a number of ailments, and both of them ascribed to it a quickening virtue, the Druids believing that a potion prepared from mistletoe would fertilise barren cattle, and the Italians holding that a piece of mistletoe carried about by a woman would help her to conceive a child Further, both peoples thought that if the plant were to exert its medicinal properties it must be gathered in a certain way and at a certain time. It might not be

cut with iron, hence the Druids cut it with gold, and it might not touch the earth, hence the Druids caught it in a white cloth. In choosing the time for gathering the plant, both peoples were determined by observation of the moon, only they differed as to the particular day of the moon, the Italians preferring the first, and the Druids the sixth.

With these beliefs of the ancient Gauls and Italians as to the wonderful medicinal properties of mistletoe we may compare the similar beliefs of the modern Aino of Japan. We read that they, "like many nations of the Northern origin, hold the mistletoe in peculiar veneration. They look upon it as a medicine, good in almost every disease, and it is sometimes taken in food and at others separately as a decoction. The leaves are used in preference to the berries, the latter being of too sticky a nature for general purposes. . . But many, too, suppose this plant to have the power of making the gardens bear plentifully. When used for this purpose, the leaves are cut up into fine pieces, and, after having been prayed over, are sown with the millet and other seeds, a little also being eaten with the food. Barren women have also been known to eat the mistletoe, in order to be made to bear children. That mistletoe which grows upon the willow is supposed to have the greatest efficacy. This is because the willow is looked upon by them as being an especially sacred tree."

Thus the Aino agree with the Druids in regarding mistletoe as a cure for almost every disease, and they agree with the ancient Italians that applied to women it helps them to bear children. Again, the Druidical notion that the mistletoe was an "all-healer" or panacea may be compared with a notion entertained by the Walos of Senegambia. These people "have much veneration for a sort of mistletoe, which they call *tob*; they carry leaves of it on their persons when they go to war as a preservative against wounds, just as if the leaves were real talismans (*gris-gris*). " The French writer who records this practice adds: "Is it not very curious that the mistletoe should be in this part of Africa what it was in the superstitions of the Gauls? This prejudice, common to the two countries, may have the same origin, blacks and whites will doubtless have seen, each of them for themselves, something supernatural in a plant which grows and flourishes without having roots in the earth. May they not have believed, in fact, that it was a plant fallen from the sky, a gift of the divinity?"

This suggestion as to the origin of the superstition is strongly confirmed by the Druidical belief, reported by Pliny, that whatever grew on an oak was sent from heaven and was a sign that the tree had been chosen by the god himself. Such a belief explains why the Druids cut the mistletoe, not with a common knife, but with a golden sickle, and why, when cut, it was not suffered to touch the earth; probably they thought that the celestial plant would have been profaned and its marvellous virtue lost by contact with the ground. With the ritual observed by the Druids in cutting the mistletoe we may compare the ritual which in Cambodia is prescribed in a similar

case. They say that when you see an orchid growing as a parasite on a tamarind tree, you should dress in white, take a new earthenware pot, then climb the tree at noon, break off the plant, put it in the pot and let the pot fall to the ground. After that you make in the pot a decoction which confers the gift of invulnerability. Thus just as in Africa the leaves of one parasitic plant are supposed to render the wearer invulnerable, so in Cambodia a decoction made from another parasitic plant is considered to render the same service to such as make use of it, whether by drinking or washing. We may conjecture that in both places the notion of invulnerability is suggested by the position of the plant, which, occupying a place of comparative security above the ground, appears to promise to its fortunate possessor a similar security from some of the ills that beset the life of man on earth. We have already met with examples of the store which the primitive mind sets on such vantage grounds.

Whatever may be the origin of these beliefs and practices concerning the mistletoe, certain it is that some of them have their analogies in the folk-lore of modern European peasants. For example, it is laid down as a rule in various parts of Europe that mistletoe may not be cut in the ordinary way but must be shot or knocked down with stones from the tree on which it is growing. Thus, in the Swiss canton of Aargau "all parasitic plants are esteemed in a certain sense holy by the country folk, but most particularly so the mistletoe growing on an oak. They ascribe great powers to it, but shrink from cutting it off in the usual manner. Instead of that they procure it in the following manner. When the sun is in Sagittarius and the moon is on the wane, on the first, third, or fourth day before the new moon, one ought to shoot down with an arrow the mistletoe of an oak and to catch it with the left hand as it falls. Such mistletoe is a remedy for every ailment of children." Here among the Swiss peasants, as among the Druids of old, special virtue is ascribed to mistletoe which grows on an oak—it may not be cut in the usual way—it must be caught as it falls to the ground; and it is esteemed a panacea for all diseases, at least of children. In Sweden, also, it is a popular superstition that if mistletoe is to possess its peculiar virtue, it must either be shot down out of the oak or knocked down with stones. Similarly, "so late as the early part of the nineteenth century, people in Wales believed that for the mistletoe to have any power, it must be shot or struck down with stones off the tree where it grew."

Again, in respect of the healing virtues of mistletoe the opinion of modern peasants, and even of the learned, has to some extent agreed with that of the ancients. The Druids appear to have called the plant, or perhaps the oak on which it grew, the "all-healer", and "all-healer" is said to be still a name of the mistletoe in the modern Celtic speech of Brittany, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. On St John's morning (Midsummer morning) peasants of Piedmont and Lombardy go out to search the oak-leaves for the "oil of St John," which is supposed to heal all wounds made with cutting instruments.

Originally, perhaps, the "oil of St John" was simply the mistletoe, or a decoction made from it. For in Holstein the mistletoe, especially oak-mistletoe, is still regarded as a panacea for green wounds and as a sure charm to secure success in hunting, and at Lacauene, in the south of France, the old Druidical belief in the mistletoe as an antidote to all poisons still survives among the peasantry, they apply the plant to the stomach of the sufferer or give him a decoction of it to drink. Again, the ancient belief that mistletoe is a cure for epilepsy has survived in modern times not only among the ignorant but among the learned. Thus in Sweden persons afflicted with the falling sickness think they can ward off attacks of the malady by carrying about with them a knife which has a handle of oak mistletoe; and in Germany for a similar purpose pieces of mistletoe used to be hung round the necks of children. In the French province of Bourbonnais a popular remedy for epilepsy is a decoction of mistletoe which has been gathered on an oak on St John's Day and boiled with rye-flour. So at Bottesford in Lincolnshire a decoction of mistletoe is supposed to be a palliative for this terrible disease. Indeed mistletoe was recommended as a remedy for the falling sickness by high medical authorities in England and Holland down to the eighteenth century.

However, the opinion of the medical profession as to the curative virtues of mistletoe has undergone a radical alteration. Whereas the Druids thought that mistletoe cured everything, modern doctors appear to think that it cures nothing. If they are right, we must conclude that the ancient and widespread faith in the medicinal virtue of mistletoe is a pure superstition based on nothing better than the fanciful inferences which ignorance has drawn from the parasitic nature of the plant, its position high up on the branch of a tree seeming to protect it from the dangers to which plants and animals are subject on the surface of the ground. From this point of view we can perhaps understand why mistletoe has so long and so persistently been prescribed as a cure for the falling sickness. As mistletoe cannot fall to the ground because it is rooted on the branch of a tree high above the earth, it seems to follow as a necessary consequence that an epileptic patient cannot possibly fall down in a fit so long as he carries a piece of mistletoe in his pocket or a decoction of mistletoe in his stomach. Such a train of reasoning would probably be regarded even now as cogent by a large portion of the human species.

Again the ancient Italian opinion that mistletoe extinguishes fire appears to be shared by Swedish peasants, who hang up bunches of oak-mistletoe on the ceilings of their rooms as a protection against harm in general and conflagration in particular. A hint as to the way in which mistletoe comes to be possessed of this property is furnished by the epithet "thunder-besom," which people of the Aargau canton in Switzerland apply to the plant. For a thunder-besom is a shaggy, bushy excrescence on branches of trees, which is popularly believed to be produced by a flash of lightning; hence in Bohemia a thunder-besom burnt in the fire protects the house against being struck by

a thunder-bolt. Being itself a product of lightning it naturally serves, on homoeopathic principles, as a protection against lightning, in fact as a kind of lightning-conductor. Hence the fire which mistletoe in Sweden is designed especially to avert from houses may be fire kindled by lightning, though no doubt the plant is equally effective against conflagration in general

Again, mistletoe acts as a master-key as well as a lightning-conductor; for it is said to open all locks. But perhaps the most precious of all the virtues of mistletoe is that it affords efficient protection against sorcery and witchcraft. That, no doubt, is the reason why in Austria a twig of mistletoe is laid on the threshold as a preventive of nightmare, and it may be the reason why in the north of England they say that if you wish your dairy to thrive you should give your bunch of mistletoe to the first cow that calves after New Year's Day, for it is well known that nothing is so fatal to milk and butter as witchcraft. Similarly in Wales, for the sake of ensuring good luck to the dairy, people used to give a branch of mistletoe to the first cow that gave birth to a calf after the first hour of the New Year, and in rural districts of Wales, where mistletoe abounded, there was always a profusion of it in the farmhouses. When mistletoe was scarce, Welsh farmers used to say, "No mistletoe, no luck", but if there was a fine crop of mistletoe, they expected a fine crop of corn. In Sweden mistletoe is diligently sought after on St John's Eve, the people "believing it to be, in a high degree, possessed of mystic qualities, and that if a sprig of it be attached to the ceiling of the dwelling-house, the horse's stall, or the cow's crib, the Troll will then be powerless to injure either man or beast."

With regard to the time when the mistletoe should be gathered opinions have varied. The Druids gathered it above all on the sixth day of the moon, the ancient Italians apparently on the first day of the moon. In modern times some have preferred the full moon of March and others the waning moon of winter when the sun is in Sagittarius. But the favourite time would seem to be Midsummer Eve or Midsummer Day. We have seen that both in France and Sweden special virtues are ascribed to mistletoe gathered at Midsummer. The rule in Sweden is that "mistletoe must be cut on the night of Midsummer Eve when sun and moon stand in the sign of their might." Again, in Wales it was believed that a sprig of mistletoe gathered on St John's Eve (Midsummer Eve), or at any time before the berries appeared, would induce dreams of omen, both good and bad, if it were placed under the pillow of the sleeper. Thus mistletoe is one of the many plants whose magical or medicinal virtues are believed to culminate with the culmination of the sun on the longest day of the year. Hence it seems reasonable to conjecture that in the eyes of the Druids, also, who revered the plant so highly, the sacred mistletoe may have acquired a double portion of its mystic qualities at the solstice in June, and that accordingly they may have regularly cut it with solemn ceremony on Midsummer Eve.

Be that as it may, certain it is that the mistletoe, the instrument

of Balder's death, has been regularly gathered for the sake of its mystic qualities on Midsummer Eve in Scandinavia, Balder's home. The plant is found commonly growing on pear-trees, oaks, and other trees in thick damp woods throughout the more temperate parts of Sweden. Thus one of the two main incidents of Balder's myth is reproduced in the great midsummer festival of Scandinavia. But the other main incident of the myth, the burning of Balder's body on a pyre, has also its counterpart in the bonfires which still blaze, or blazed till lately, in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden on Midsummer Eve. It does not appear, indeed, that any effigy is burned in these bonfires, but the burning of an effigy is a feature which might easily drop out after its meaning was forgotten. And the name of Balder's balefires (*Balder's Bålar*), by which these midsummer fires were formerly known in Sweden, puts their connexion with Balder beyond the reach of doubt, and makes it probable that in former times either a living representative or an effigy of Balder was annually burned in them. Midsummer was the season sacred to Balder, and the Swedish poet Tegner, in placing the burning of Balder at midsummer, may very well have followed an old tradition that the summer solstice was the time when the good god came to his untimely end.

Thus it has been shown that the leading incidents of the Balder myth have their counterparts in those fire-festivals of our European peasantry which undoubtedly date from a time long prior to the introduction of Christianity. The pretence of throwing the victim chosen by lot into the Beltane fire, and the similar treatment of the man, the future Green Wolf, at the midsummer bonfire in Normandy, may naturally be interpreted as traces of an older custom of actually burning human beings on these occasions, and the green dress of the Green Wolf, coupled with the leafy envelope of the young fellow who trod out the midsummer fire at Moosheim, seems to hint that the persons who perished at these festivals did so in the character of tree-spirits or deities of vegetation. From all this we may reasonably infer that in the Balder myth on the one hand, and the fire-festivals and custom of gathering mistletoe on the other hand, we have, as it were, the two broken and dissevered halves of an original whole. In other words, we may assume with some degree of probability that the myth of Balder's death was not merely a myth, that is, a description of physical phenomena in imagery borrowed from human life, but that it was at the same time the story which people told to explain why they annually burned a human representative of the god and cut the mistletoe with solemn ceremony. If I am right, the story of Balder's tragic end formed, so to say, the text of the sacred drama which was acted year by year as a magical rite to cause the sun to shine, trees to grow, crops to thrive, and to guard man and beast from the baleful arts of fairies and trolls, of witches and warlocks. The tale belonged, in short, to that class of nature myths which are meant to be supplemented by ritual, here, as so often, myth stood to magic in the relation of theory to practice.

But if the victims—the human Balders—who died by fire, whether in spring or at midsummer, were put to death as living embodiments of tree-spirits or deities of vegetation, it would seem that Balder himself must have been a tree-spirit or deity of vegetation. It becomes desirable, therefore, to determine, if we can, the particular kind of tree or trees, of which a personal representative was burned at the fire-festivals. For we may be quite sure that it was not as a representative of vegetation in general that the victim suffered death. The idea of vegetation in general is too abstract to be primitive. Most probably the victim at first represented a particular kind of sacred tree. But of all European trees none has such claims as the oak to be considered as pre-eminently the sacred tree of the Aryans. We have seen that its worship is attested for all the great branches of the Aryan stock in Europe, hence we may certainly conclude that the tree was venerated by the Aryans in common before the dispersion, and that their primitive home must have lain in a land which was clothed with forests of oak.

Now, considering the primitive character and remarkable similarity of the fire-festivals observed by all the branches of the Aryan race in Europe, we may infer that these festivals form part of the common stock of religious observances which the various peoples carried with them in their wanderings from their old home. But, if I am right, an essential feature of those primitive fire-festivals was the burning of a man who represented the tree-spirit. In view, then, of the place occupied by the oak in the religion of the Aryans, the presumption is that the tree so represented at the fire-festivals must originally have been the oak. So far as the Celts and Lithuanians are concerned, this conclusion will perhaps hardly be contested. But both for them and for the Germans it is confirmed by a remarkable piece of religious conservatism. The most primitive method known to man of producing fire is by rubbing two pieces of wood against each other till they ignite, and we have seen that this method is still used in Europe for kindling sacred fires such as the need-fire, and that most probably it was formerly resorted to at all the fire-festivals under discussion. Now it is sometimes required that the need-fire, or other sacred fire, should be made by the friction of a particular kind of wood, and when the kind of wood is prescribed, whether among Celts, Germans, or Slavs, that wood appears to be generally the oak. But if the sacred fire was regularly kindled by the friction of oak-wood, we may infer that originally the fire was also fed with the same material. In point of fact, it appears that the perpetual fire of Vesta at Rome was fed with oak-wood, and that oak-wood was the fuel consumed in the perpetual fire which burned under the sacred oak at the great Lithuanian sanctuary of Romove. Further, that oak-wood was formerly the fuel burned in the midsummer fires may perhaps be inferred from the custom, said to be still observed by peasants in many mountain districts of Germany, of making up the cottage fire on Midsummer Day with a heavy block of oak-wood. The block

is so arranged that it smoulders slowly and is not finally reduced to charcoal till the expiry of a year. Then upon next Midsummer Day the charred embers of the old log are removed to make room for the new one, and are mixed with the seed-corn or scattered about the garden. This is believed to guard the food cooked on the hearth from witchcraft, to preserve the luck of the house, to promote the growth of the crops, and to keep them from blight and vermin. Thus the custom is almost exactly parallel to that of the Yule-log, which in parts of Germany, France, England, Serbia, and other Slavonic lands was commonly of oak-wood. The general conclusion is, that at those periodic or occasional ceremonies the ancient Aryans both kindled and fed the fire with the sacred oak-wood.

But if at these solemn rites the fire was regularly made of oak-wood, it follows that any man who was burned in it as a personification of the tree-spirit could have represented no tree but the oak. The sacred oak was thus burned in duplicate; the wood of the tree was consumed in the fire, and along with it was consumed a living man as a personification of the oak-spirit. The conclusion thus drawn for the European Aryans in general is confirmed in its special application to the Scandinavians by the relation in which amongst them the mistletoe appears to have stood to the burning of the victim in the midsummer fire. We have seen that among Scandinavians it has been customary to gather the mistletoe at midsummer. But so far as appears on the face of this custom, there is nothing to connect it with the midsummer fires in which human victims or effigies of them were burned. Even if the fire, as seems probable, was originally always made with oak-wood, why should it have been necessary to pull the mistletoe? The last link between the midsummer customs of gathering the mistletoe and lighting the bonfires is supplied by Balder's myth, which can hardly be disjoined from the customs in question. The myth suggests that a vital connexion may once have been believed to subsist between the mistletoe and the human representative of the oak who was burned in the fire. According to the myth, Balder could be killed by nothing in heaven or earth except the mistletoe; and so long as the mistletoe remained on the oak, he was not only immortal but invulnerable. Now, if we suppose that Balder was the oak, the origin of the myth becomes intelligible. The mistletoe was viewed as the seat of life of the oak, and so long as it was uninjured nothing could kill or even wound the oak. The conception of the mistletoe as the seat of life of the oak would naturally be suggested to primitive people by the observation that while the oak is deciduous, the mistletoe which grows on it is evergreen. In winter the sight of its fresh foliage among the bare branches must have been hailed by the worshippers of the tree as a sign that the divine life which had ceased to animate the branches yet survived in the mistletoe, as the heart of a sleeper still beats when his body is motionless. Hence when the god had to be killed—when the sacred tree had to be burnt—it was necessary to begin by breaking off the

mistletoe For so long as the mistletoe remained intact, the oak (so people might think) was invulnerable ; all the blows of their knives and axes would glance harmless from its surface But once tear from the oak its sacred heart—the mistletoe—and the tree nodded to its fall And when in later times the spirit of the oak came to be represented by a living man, it was logically necessary to suppose that, like the tree he personated, he could neither be killed nor wounded so long as the mistletoe remained uninjured The pulling of the mistletoe was thus at once the signal and the cause of his death

On this view the invulnerable Balder is neither more nor less than a personification of a mistletoe-bearing oak The interpretation is confirmed by what seems to have been an ancient Italian belief, that the mistletoe can be destroyed neither by fire nor water , for if the parasite is thus deemed indestructible, it might easily be supposed to communicate its own indestructibility to the tree on which it grows, so long as the two remain in conjunction Or, to put the same idea in mythical form, we might tell how the kindly god of the oak had his life securely deposited in the imperishable mistletoe which grew among the branches , how accordingly so long as the mistletoe kept its place there, the deity himself remained invulnerable , and how at last a cunning foe, let into the secret of the god's invulnerability, tore the mistletoe from the oak, thereby killing the oak-god and afterwards burning his body in a fire which could have made no impression on him so long as the incombustible parasite retained its seat among the boughs

But since the idea of a being whose life is thus, in a sense, outside himself, must be strange to many readers, and has, indeed, not yet been recognised in its full bearing on primitive superstition, it will be worth while to illustrate it by examples drawn both from story and custom The result will be to show that, in assuming this idea as the explanation of Balder's relation to the mistletoe, I assume a principle which is deeply engraved on the mind of primitive man

CHAPTER LXVI

THE EXTERNAL SOUL IN FOLK-TALES

In a former part of this work we saw that, in the opinion of primitive people, the soul may temporarily absent itself from the body without causing death Such temporary absences of the soul are often believed to involve considerable risk, since the wandering soul is liable to a variety of mishaps at the hands of enemies, and so forth But there is another aspect to this power of disengaging the soul from the body. If only the safety of the soul can be ensured during its absence, there is no reason why the soul should not continue absent for an indefinite time , indeed a man may, on a pure calculation of personal safety,

desire that his soul should never return to his body. Unable to conceive of life abstractly as a "permanent possibility of sensation" or a "continuous adjustment of internal arrangements to external relations," the savage thinks of it as a concrete material thing of a definite bulk, capable of being seen and handled, kept in a box or jar, and liable to be bruised, fractured, or smashed in pieces. It is not needful that the life, so conceived, should be in the man, it may be absent from his body and still continue to animate him by virtue of a sort of sympathy or action at a distance. So long as this object which he calls his life or soul remains unharmed, the man is well, if it is injured, he suffers, if it is destroyed, he dies. Or, to put it otherwise, when a man is ill or dies, the fact is explained by saying that the material object called his life or soul, whether it be in his body or out of it, has either sustained injury or been destroyed. But there may be circumstances in which, if the life or soul remains in the man, it stands a greater chance of sustaining injury than if it were stowed away in some safe and secret place. Accordingly, in such circumstances, primitive man takes his soul out of his body and deposits it for security in some snug spot, intending to replace it in his body when the danger is past. Or if he should discover some place of absolute security, he may be content to leave his soul there permanently. The advantage of this is that, so long as the soul remains unharmed in the place where he has deposited it, the man himself is immortal; nothing can kill his body, since his life is not in it.

Evidence of this primitive belief is furnished by a class of folk-tales of which the Norse story of "The giant who had no heart in his body" is perhaps the best-known example. Stories of this kind are widely diffused over the world, and from their number and the variety of incident and of details in which the leading idea is embodied we may infer that the conception of an external soul is one which has had a powerful hold on the minds of men at an early stage of history. For folk-tales are a faithful reflection of the world as it appeared to the primitive mind; and we may be sure that any idea which commonly occurs in them, however absurd it may seem to us, must once have been an ordinary article of belief. This assurance, so far as it concerns the supposed power of disengaging the soul from the body for a longer or shorter time, is amply corroborated by a comparison of the folk-tales in question with the actual beliefs and practices of savages. To this we shall return after some specimens of the tales have been given. The specimens will be selected with a view of illustrating both the characteristic features and the wide diffusion of this class of tales.

In the first place, the story of the external soul is told, in various forms, by all Aryan peoples from Hindoostan to the Hebrides. A very common form of it is this. A warlock, giant, or other fairyland being is invulnerable and immortal because he keeps his soul hidden far away in some secret place, but a fair princess, whom he holds enthralled in his enchanted castle, wiles his secret from him and reveals it to the hero, who seeks out the warlock's soul, heart, life, or death.

(as it is variously called), and by destroying it, simultaneously kills the warlock. Thus a Hindoo story tells how a magician called Punchkin held a queen captive for twelve years, and would fain marry her, but she would not have him. At last the queen's son came to rescue her, and the two plotted together to kill Punchkin. So the queen spoke the magician fair, and pretended that she had at last made up her mind to marry him. "And do tell me," she said, "are you quite immortal? Can death never touch you? And are you too great an enchanter ever to feel human suffering?" "It is true," he said, "that I am not as others. Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm trees, and in the centre of the circle stand six chattees full of water, piled one above another. Below the sixth chattee is a small cage, which contains a little green parrot,—on the life of the parrot depends my life,—and if the parrot is killed I must die. It is, however," he added, "impossible that the parrot should sustain any injury, both on account of the inaccessibility of the country, and because, by my appointment, many thousand genii surround the palm trees, and kill all who approach the place." But the queen's young son overcame all difficulties, and got possession of the parrot. He brought it to the door of the magician's palace, and began playing with it. Punchkin, the magician, saw him, and, coming out, tried to persuade the boy to give him the parrot. "Give me my parrot!" cried Punchkin. Then the boy took hold of the parrot and tore off one of his wings; and as he did so the magician's right arm fell off. Punchkin then stretched out his left arm, crying, "Give me my parrot!" The prince pulled off the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off. "Give me my parrot!" cried he, and fell on his knees. The prince pulled off the parrot's right leg, the magician's right leg fell off, the prince pulled off the parrot's left leg, down fell the magician's left. Nothing remained of him except the trunk and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, "Give me my parrot!" "Take your parrot, then," cried the boy; and with that he wrung the bird's neck, and threw it at the magician, and, as he did so, Punchkin's head twisted round, and, with a fearful groan, he died! In another Hindoo tale an ogre is asked by his daughter, "Papa, where do you keep your soul?" "Sixteen miles away from this place," he said, "is a tree. Round the tree are tigers, and bears, and scorpions, and snakes; on the top of the tree is a very great fat snake, on his head is a little cage; in the cage is a bird, and my soul is in that bird." The end of the ogre is like that of the magician in the previous tale. As the bird's wings and legs are torn off, the ogre's arms and legs drop off; and when its neck is wrung he falls down dead. In a Bengalee story it is said that all the ogres dwell in Ceylon, and that all their lives are in a single lemon. A boy cuts the lemon in pieces, and all the ogres die.

In a Siamese or Cambodian story, probably derived from India, we are told that Thossakan or Ravana, the King of Ceylon, was able

by magic art to take his soul out of his body and leave it in a box at home, while he went to the wars. Thus he was invulnerable in battle. When he was about to give battle to Rama, he deposited his soul with a hermit called Fire-eye, who was to keep it safe for him. So in the fight Rama was astounded to see that his arrows struck the king without wounding him. But one of Rama's allies, knowing the secret of the king's invulnerability, transformed himself by magic into the likeness of the king, and going to the hermit asked back his soul. On receiving it he soared up into the air and flew to Rama, brandishing the box and squeezing it so hard that all the breath left the King of Ceylon's body, and he died. In a Bengalee story a prince going into a far country planted with his own hands a tree in the courtyard of his father's palace, and said to his parents, "This tree is my life. When you see the tree green and fresh, then know that it is well with me, when you see the tree fade in some parts, then know that I am in an ill case; and when you see the whole tree fade, then know that I am dead and gone." In another Indian tale a prince, setting forth on his travels, left behind him a barley plant, with instructions that it should be carefully tended and watched; for if it flourished, he would be alive and well, but if it drooped, then some mischance was about to happen to him. And so it fell out. For the prince was beheaded, and as his head rolled off, the barley plant snapped in two and the ear of barley fell to the ground.

In Greek tales, ancient and modern, the idea of an external soul is not uncommon. When Meleager was seven days old, the Fates appeared to his mother and told her that Meleager would die when the brand which was blazing on the hearth had burnt down. So his mother snatched the brand from the fire and kept it in a box. But in after-years, being enraged at her son for slaying her brothers, she burnt the brand in the fire and Meleager expired in agonies, as if flames were preying on his vitals. Again, Nisus King of Megara had a purple or golden hair on the middle of his head, and it was fated that whenever the hair was pulled out the king should die. When Megara was besieged by the Cretans, the king's daughter Scylla fell in love with Minos, their king, and pulled out the fatal hair from her father's head. So he died. In a modern Greek folk-tale a man's strength lies in three golden hairs on his head. When his mother pulls them out, he grows weak and timid and is slain by his enemies. In another modern Greek story the life of an enchanter is bound up with three doves which are in the belly of a wild boar. When the first dove is killed, the magician grows sick; when the second is killed, he grows very sick, and when the third is killed, he dies. In another Greek story of the same sort an ogre's strength is in three singing birds which are in a wild boar. The hero kills two of the birds, and then coming to the ogre's house finds him lying on the ground in great pain. He shows the third bird to the ogre, who begs that the hero will either let it fly away or give it to him to eat. But the hero wrings the bird's neck, and the ogre dies on the spot.

In a modern Roman version of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" the magician tells the princess, whom he holds captive in a floating rock in mid-ocean, that he will never die. The princess reports this to the prince her husband, who has come to rescue her. The prince replies, "It is impossible but that there should be some one thing or other that is fatal to him, ask him what that one fatal thing is." So the princess asked the magician, and he told her that in the wood was a hydra with seven heads; in the middle head of the hydra was a leveret, in the head of the leveret was a bird, in the bird's head was a precious stone, and if this stone were put under his pillow he would die. The prince procured the stone, and the princess laid it under the magician's pillow. No sooner did the enchanter lay his head on the pillow than he gave three terrible yells, turned himself round and round three times, and died.

Stories of the same sort are current among Slavonic peoples. Thus a Russian story tells how a warlock called Koshchei the Deathless carried off a princess and kept her prisoner in his golden castle. However, a prince made up to her one day as she was walking alone and disconsolate in the castle garden, and cheered by the prospect of escaping with him she went to the warlock and coaxed him with false and flattering words, saying, "My dearest friend, tell me, I pray you, will you never die?" "Certainly not," says he. "Well," says she, "and where is your death? is it in your dwelling?" "To be sure it is," says he, "it is in the broom under the threshold." Thereupon the princess seized the broom and threw it on the fire, but although the broom burned, the deathless Koshchei remained alive, indeed not so much as a hair of him was singed. Balked in her first attempt, the artful hussy pouted and said, "You do not love me true, for you have not told me where your death is, yet I am not angry, but love you with all my heart." With these fawning words she besought the warlock to tell her truly where his death was. So he laughed and said, "Why do you wish to know? Well then, out of love I will tell you where it lies. In a certain field there stand three green oaks, and under the roots of the largest oak is a worm, and if ever this worm is found and crushed, that instant I shall die." When the princess heard these words, she went straight to her lover and told him all, and he searched till he found the oaks and dug up the worm and crushed it. Then he hurried to the warlock's castle, but only to learn from the princess that the warlock was still alive. Then she fell to wheedling and coaxing Koshchei once more, and this time, overcome by her wiles, he opened his heart to her and told her the truth. "My death," said he, "is far from here and hard to find, on the wide ocean. In that sea is an island, and on the island there grows a green oak, and beneath the oak is an iron chest, and in the chest is a small basket, and in the basket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and he who finds the egg and breaks it, kills me at the same time." The prince naturally procured the fateful egg and with it in his hands he confronted the deathless warlock. The monster

would have killed him, but the prince began to squeeze the egg. At that the warlock shrieked with pain, and turning to the false princess, who stood by smirking and smiling, "Was it not out of love for you," said he, "that I told you where my death was? And is this the return you make to me?" With that he grabbed at his sword, which hung from a peg on the wall, but before he could reach it, the prince had crushed the egg, and sure enough the deathless warlock found his death at the same moment. "In one of the descriptions of Koshchei's death, he is said to be killed by a blow on the forehead inflicted by the mysterious egg—that last link in the magic chain by which his life is darkly bound. In another version of the same story, but told of a snake, the fatal blow is struck by a small stone found in the yolk of an egg, which is inside a duck, which is inside a hare, which is inside a stone, which is on an island."

Amongst peoples of the Teutonic stock stories of the external soul are not wanting. In a tale told by the Saxons of Transylvania it is said that a young man shot at a witch again and again. The bullets went clean through her but did her no harm, and she only laughed and mocked at him. "Silly earthworm," she cried, "shoot as much as you like. It does me no harm. For know that my life resides not in me but far, far away. In a mountain is a pond, on the pond swims a duck, in the duck is an egg, in the egg burns a light, that light is my life. If you could put out that light, my life would be at an end. But that can never, never be." However, the young man got hold of the egg, smashed it, and put out the light, and with it the witch's life went out also. In a German story a cannibal called Body without Soul or Soulless keeps his soul in a box, which stands on a rock in the middle of the Red Sea. A soldier gets possession of the box and goes with it to Soulless, who begs the soldier to give him back his soul. But the soldier opens the box, takes out the soul, and flings it backward over his head. At the same moment the cannibal drops dead to the ground.

In another German story an old warlock lives with a damsel all alone in the midst of a vast and gloomy wood. She fears that being old he may die and leave her alone in the forest. But he reassures her. "Dear child," he said, "I cannot die, and I have no heart in my breast." But she importuned him to tell her where his heart was. So he said, "Far, far from here in an unknown and lonesome land stands a great church. The church is well secured with iron doors, and round about it flows a broad deep moat. In the church flies a bird and in the bird is my heart. So long as the bird lives, I live. It cannot die of itself, and no one can catch it; therefore I cannot die, and you need have no anxiety." However the young man, whose bride the damsel was to have been before the warlock spirited her away, contrived to reach the church and catch the bird. He brought it to the damsel, who stowed him and it away under the warlock's bed. Soon the old warlock came home. He was ailing, and said so. The girl wept and said, "Alas, daddy is dying, he has a heart in his breast."

after all " "Child," replied the warlock, "hold your tongue I *can't* die It will soon pass over " At that the young man under the bed gave the bird a gentle squeeze ; and as he did so, the old warlock felt very unwell and sat down Then the young man gripped the bird tighter, and the warlock fell senseless from his chair "Now squeeze him dead," cried the damsel Her lover obeyed, and when the bird was dead, the old warlock also lay dead on the floor

In the Norse tale of "the giant who had no heart in his body," the giant tells the captive princess, "Far, far away in a lake lies an island, on that island stands a church, in that church is a well, in that well swims a duck, in that duck there is an egg, and in that egg there lies my heart " The hero of the tale, with the help of some animals to whom he had been kind, obtains the egg and squeezes it, at which the giant screams piteously and begs for his life But the hero breaks the egg in pieces and the giant at once bursts In another Norse story a hill-ogre tells the captive princess that she will never be able to return home unless she finds the grain of sand which lies under the ninth tongue of the ninth head of a certain dragon , but if that grain of sand were to come over the rock in which the ogres live, they would all burst "and the rock itself would become a gilded palace, and the lake green meadows " The hero finds the grain of sand and takes it to the top of the high rock in which the ogres live So all the ogres burst and the rest falls out as one of the ogres had foretold

In a Celtic tale, recorded in the West Highlands of Scotland, a giant is questioned by a captive queen as to where he keeps his soul At last, after deceiving her several times, he confides to her the fatal secret "There is a great flagstone under the threshold There is a wether under the flag There is a duck in the wether's belly, and an egg in the belly of the duck, and it is in the egg that my soul is " On the morrow when the giant was gone, the queen contrived to get possession of the egg and crushed it in her hands, and at that very moment the giant, who was coming home in the dusk, fell down dead In another Celtic tale, a sea beast has carried off a king's daughter, and an old smith declares that there is no way of killing the beast but one. "In the island that is in the midst of the loch is Eilid Chaisfhion—the white-footed hind, of the slenderest legs, and the swiftest step, and though she should be caught, there would spring a hoodie out of her, and though the hoodie should be caught, there would spring a trout out of her, but there is an egg in the mouth of the trout, and the soul of the beast is in the egg, and if the egg breaks, the beast is dead " As usual the egg is broken and the beast dies

In an Irish story we read how a giant kept a beautiful damsel a prisoner in his castle on the top of a hill, which was white with the bones of the champions who had tried in vain to rescue the fair captive. At last the hero, after hewing and slashing at the giant all to no purpose, discovered that the only way to kill him was to rub a mole on the giant's right breast with a certain egg, which was in a duck, which was in a chest, which lay locked and bound at the bottom of the sea.

With the help of some obliging animals, the hero made himself master of the precious egg and slew the giant by merely striking it against the mole on his right breast. Similarly in a Breton story there figures a giant whom neither fire nor water nor steel can harm. He tells his seventh wife, whom he has just married after murdering all her predecessors, "I am immortal, and no one can hurt me unless he crushes on my breast an egg, which is in a pigeon, which is in the belly of a hare, this hare is in the belly of a wolf, and this wolf is in the belly of my brother, who dwells a thousand leagues from here. So I am quite easy on that score." A soldier contrived to obtain the egg and crush it on the breast of the giant, who immediately expired. In another Breton tale the life of a giant resides in an old box-tree which grows in his castle garden, and to kill him it is necessary to sever the tap-root of the tree at a single blow of an axe without injuring any of the lesser roots. This task the hero, as usual, successfully accomplishes, and at the same moment the giant drops dead.

The notion of an external soul has now been traced in folk-tales told by Aryan peoples from India to Ireland. We have still to show that the same idea occurs commonly in the popular stories of peoples who do not belong to the Aryan stock. In the ancient Egyptian tale of "The Two Brothers," which was written down in the reign of Rameses II, about 1300 B.C., we read how one of the brothers enchanted his heart and placed it in the flower of an acacia tree, and how, when the flower was cut at the instigation of his wife, he immediately fell down dead, but revived when his brother found the lost heart in the berry of the acacia and threw it into a cup of fresh water.

In the story of Seyf el-Mulook in the *Arabian Nights* the junnee tells the captive daughter of the King of India, "When I was born, the astrologers declared that the destruction of my soul would be effected by the hand of one of the sons of the human kings. I therefore took my soul, and put it into the crop of a sparrow, and I imprisoned the sparrow in a little box, and put this into another small box, and thus I put within seven other small boxes, and I put these within seven chests, and the chests I put into a coffer of marble within the verge of this circumambient ocean, for this part is remote from the countries of mankind, and none of mankind can gain access to it." But Seyf el-Mulook got possession of the sparrow and strangled it, and the junnee fell upon the ground a heap of black ashes. In a Kabyle story an ogre declares that his fate is far away in an egg, which is in a pigeon, which is in a camel, which is in the sea. The hero procures the egg and crushes it between his hands, and the ogre dies. In a Magyar folk-tale, an old witch detains a young prince called Ambrose in the bowels of the earth. At last she confided to him that she kept a wild boar in a silken meadow, and if it were killed, they would find a hare inside, and inside the hare a pigeon, and inside the pigeon a small box, and inside the box one black and one shining beetle. The shining beetle held her life, and the black one held her power, if these two beetles died, then her life would come to an end also. When the old hag went

out, Ambrose killed the wild boar, and took out the hare ; from the hare he took the pigeon, from the pigeon the box, and from the box the two beetles , he killed the black beetle, but kept the shining one alive So the witch's power left her immediately, and when she came home, she had to take to her bed Having learned from her how to escape from his prison to the upper air, Ambrose killed the shining beetle, and the old hag's spirit left her at once In a Kalmuck tale we read how a certain khan challenged a wise man to show his skill by stealing a precious stone on which the khan's life depended The sage contrived to purloin the talisman while the khan and his guards slept , but not content with this he gave a further proof of his dexterity by bonneting the slumbering potentate with a bladder This was too much for the khan Next morning he informed the sage that he could overlook everything else, but that the indignity of being bonneted with a bladder was more than he could bear , and he ordered his facetious friend to instant execution Pained at this exhibition of royal ingratitude, the sage dashed to the ground the talisman which he still held in his hand , and at the same instant blood flowed from the nostrils of the khan, and he gave up the ghost

In a Tartar poem two heroes named Ak Molot and Bulat engage in mortal combat Ak Molot pierces his foe through and through with an arrow, grapples with him, and dashes him to the ground, but all in vain, Bulat could not die At last when the combat has lasted three years, a friend of Ak Molot sees a golden casket hanging by a white thread from the sky, and bethinks him that perhaps this casket contains Bulat's soul So he shot through the white thread with an arrow, and down fell the casket. He opened it, and in the casket sat ten white birds, and one of the birds was Bulat's soul. Bulat wept when he saw that his soul was found in the casket. But one after the other the birds were killed, and then Ak Molot easily slew his foe In another Tartar poem, two brothers going to fight two other brothers take out their souls and hide them in the form of a white herb with six stalks in a deep pit But one of their foes sees them doing so and digs up their souls, which he puts into a golden ram's horn, and then sticks the ram's horn in his quiver The two warriors whose souls have thus been stolen know that they have no chance of victory, and accordingly make peace with their enemies. In another Tartar poem a terrible demon sets all the gods and heroes at defiance At last a valiant youth fights the demon, binds him hand and foot, and slices him with his sword But still the demon is not slain So the youth asked him, " Tell me, where is your soul hidden ? For if your soul had been hidden in your body, you must have been dead long ago " The demon replied, " On the saddle of my horse is a bag In the bag is a serpent with twelve heads In the serpent is my soul When you have killed the serpent, you have killed me also " So the youth took the saddle-bag from the horse and killed the twelve-headed serpent, whereupon the demon expired. In another Tartar poem a hero called Kok Chan deposits with a maiden

a golden ring, in which is half his strength. Afterwards when Kōk Chan is wrestling long with a hero and cannot kill him, a woman drops into his mouth the ring which contains half his strength. Thus inspired with fresh force he slays his enemy.

In a Mongolian story the hero Joro gets the better of his enemy the lama Tschoridong in the following way. The lama, who is an enchanter, sends out his soul in the form of a wasp to sting Joro's eyes. But Joro catches the wasp in his hand, and by alternately shutting and opening his hand he causes the lama alternately to lose and recover consciousness. In a Tartar poem two youths cut open the body of an old witch and tear out her bowels, but all to no purpose, she still lives. On being asked where her soul is, she answers that it is in the middle of her shoe-sole in the form of a seven-headed speckled snake. So one of the youths slices her shoe-sole with his sword, takes out the speckled snake, and cuts off its seven heads. Then the witch dies. Another Tartar poem describes how the hero Kartaga grappled with the Swan-woman. Long they wrestled. Moons waxed and waned and still they wrestled; years came and went, and still the struggle went on. But the piebald horse and the black horse knew that the Swan-woman's soul was not in her. Under the black earth flow nine seas; where the seas meet and form one, the sea comes to the surface of the earth. At the mouth of the nine seas rises a rock of copper, it rises to the surface of the ground, it rises up between heaven and earth, this rock of copper. At the foot of the copper rock is a black chest, in the black chest is a golden casket, and in the golden casket is the soul of the Swan-woman. Seven little birds are the soul of the Swan-woman, if the birds are killed the Swan-woman will die straightway. So the horses ran to the foot of the copper rock, opened the black chest, and brought back the golden casket. Then the piebald horse turned himself into a bald-headed man, opened the golden casket, and cut off the heads of the seven birds. So the Swan-woman died. In another Tartar poem the hero, pursuing his sister who has driven away his cattle, is warned to desist from the pursuit because his sister has carried away his soul in a golden sword and a golden arrow, and if he pursues her she will kill him by throwing the golden sword or shooting the golden arrow at him.

A Malay poem relates how once upon a time in the city of Indrapoora there was a certain merchant who was rich and prosperous, but he had no children. One day as he walked with his wife by the river they found a baby girl, fair as an angel. So they adopted the child and called her Bidasari. The merchant caused a golden fish to be made, and into this fish he transferred the soul of his adopted daughter. Then he put the golden fish in a golden box full of water, and hid it in a pond in the midst of his garden. In time the girl grew to be a lovely woman. Now the King of Indrapoora had a fair young queen, who lived in fear that the king might take to himself a second wife. So, hearing of the charms of Bidasari, the queen resolved to put her out of the way. She lured the girl to the palace

and tortured her cruelly, but Bidasari could not die, because her soul was not in her. At last she could stand the torture no longer and said to the queen, "If you wish me to die, you must bring the box which is in the pond in my father's garden" So the box was brought and opened, and there was the golden fish in the water. The girl said, "My soul is in that fish. In the morning you must take the fish out of the water, and in the evening you must put it back into the water. Do not let the fish lie about, but bind it round your neck. If you do this, I shall soon die" So the queen took the fish out of the box and fastened it round her neck, and no sooner had she done so than Bidasari fell into a swoon. But in the evening, when the fish was put back into the water, Bidasari came to herself again. Seeing that she thus had the girl in her power, the queen sent her home to her adopted parents. To save her from further persecution her parents resolved to remove their daughter from the city. So in a lonely and desolate spot they built a house and brought Bidasari thither. There she dwelt alone, undergoing vicissitudes that corresponded with the vicissitudes of the golden fish in which was her soul. All day long, while the fish was out of the water, she remained unconscious, but in the evening, when the fish was put into the water, she revived. One day the king was out hunting, and coming to the house where Bidasari lay unconscious, was smitten with her beauty. He tried to waken her, but in vain. Next day, towards evening, he repeated his visit, but still found her unconscious. However, when darkness fell, she came to herself and told the king the secret of her life. So the king returned to the palace, took the fish from the queen, and put it in water. Immediately Bidasari revived, and the king took her to wife.

Another story of an external soul comes from Nias, an island to the west of Sumatra. Once on a time a chief was captured by his enemies, who tried to put him to death but failed. Water would not drown him nor fire burn him nor steel pierce him. At last his wife revealed the secret. On his head he had a hair as hard as a copper wire, and with this wire his life was bound up. So the hair was plucked out, and with it his spirit fled.

A West African story from Southern Nigeria relates how a king kept his soul in a little brown bird, which perched on a tall tree beside the gate of the palace. The king's life was so bound up with that of the bird that whoever should kill the bird would simultaneously kill the king and succeed to the kingdom. The secret was betrayed by the queen to her lover, who shot the bird with an arrow and thereby slew the king and ascended the vacant throne. A tale told by the Ba-Ronga of South Africa sets forth how the lives of a whole family were contained in one cat. When a girl of the family, named Titishan, married a husband, she begged her parents to let her take the precious cat with her to her new home. But they refused, saying, "You know that our life is attached to it", and they offered to give her an antelope or even an elephant instead of it. But nothing would

satisfy her but the cat. So at last she carried it off with her and shut it up in a place where nobody saw it ; even her husband knew nothing about it. One day, when she went to work in the fields, the cat escaped from its place of concealment, entered the hut, put on the warlike trappings of the husband, and danced and sang. Some children, attracted by the noise, discovered the cat at its antics, and when they expressed their astonishment, the animal only capered the more and insulted them besides. So they went to the owner and said, " There is somebody dancing in your house, and he insulted us " " Hold your tongues," said he, " I'll soon put a stop to your lies " So he went and hid behind the door and peeped in, and there sure enough was the cat prancing about and singing. He fired at it, and the animal dropped down dead. At the same moment his wife fell to the ground in the field where she was at work ; said she, " I have been killed at home " But she had strength enough left to ask her husband to go with her to her parents' village, taking with him the dead cat wrapt up in a mat. All her relatives assembled, and bitterly they reproached her for having insisted on taking the animal with her to her husband's village. As soon as the mat was unrolled and they saw the dead cat, they all fell down lifeless one after the other. So the Clan of the Cat was destroyed ; and the bereaved husband closed the gate of the village with a branch, and returned home, and told his friends how in killing the cat he had killed the whole clan, because their lives depended on the life of the cat.

Ideas of the same sort meet us in stories told by the North American Indians. Thus the Navajoes tell of a certain mythical being called " the Maiden that becomes a Bear," who learned the art of turning herself into a bear from the prairie wolf. She was a great warrior and quite invulnerable, for when she went to war she took out her vital organs and hid them, so that no one could kill her, and when the battle was over she put the organs back in their places again. The Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia tell of an ogress, who could not be killed because her life was in a hemlock branch. A brave boy met her in the woods, smashed her head with a stone, scattered her brains, broke her bones, and threw them into the water. Then, thinking he had disposed of the ogress, he went into her house. There he saw a woman rooted to the floor, who warned him, saying, " Now do not stay long. I know that you have tried to kill the ogress. It is the fourth time that somebody has tried to kill her. She never dies ; she has nearly come to life. There in that covered hemlock branch is her life. Go there, and as soon as you see her enter, shoot her life. Then she will be dead " Hardly had she finished speaking when sure enough in came the ogress, singing as she walked. But the boy shot at her life, and she fell dead to the floor.

CHAPTER LXVII

THE EXTERNAL SOUL IN FOLK-CUSTOM

§ I *The External Soul in Inanimate Things* — Thus the idea that the soul may be deposited for a longer or shorter time in some place of security outside the body, or at all events in the hair, is found in the popular tales of many races. It remains to show that the idea is not a mere figment devised to adorn a tale, but is a real article of primitive faith, which has given rise to a corresponding set of customs.

We have seen that in the tales the hero, as a preparation for battle, sometimes removes his soul from his body, in order that his body may be invulnerable and immortal in the combat. With a like intention the savage removes his soul from his body on various occasions of real or imaginary peril. Thus among the people of Minahassa in Celebes, when a family moves into a new house, a priest collects the souls of the whole family in a bag, and afterwards restores them to their owners, because the moment of entering a new house is supposed to be fraught with supernatural danger. In Southern Celebes, when a woman is brought to bed, the messenger who fetches the doctor or the midwife always carries with him something made of iron, such as a chopping-knife, which he delivers to the doctor. The doctor must keep the thing in his house till the confinement is over, when he gives it back, receiving a fixed sum of money for doing so. The chopping-knife, or whatever it is, represents the woman's soul, which at this critical time is believed to be safer out of her body than in it. Hence the doctor must take great care of the object, for were it lost, the woman's soul would assuredly, they think, be lost with it.

Among the Dyaks of Pinoeh, a district of South-eastern Borneo, when a child is born, a medicine-man is sent for, who conjures the soul of the infant into half a coco-nut, which he thereupon covers with a cloth and places on a square platter or charger suspended by cords from the roof. This ceremony he repeats at every new moon for a year. The intention of the ceremony is not explained by the writer who describes it, but we may conjecture that it is to place the soul of the child in a safer place than its own frail little body. This conjecture is confirmed by the reason assigned for a similar custom observed elsewhere in the Indian Archipelago. In the Kei Islands, when there is a newly-born child in a house, an empty coco-nut, split and spliced together again, may sometimes be seen hanging beside a rough wooden image of an ancestor. The soul of the infant is believed to be temporarily deposited in the coco-nut in order that it may be safe from the attacks of evil spirits, but when the child grows bigger and stronger, the soul will take up its permanent abode in its own body. Similarly among the Esquimaux of Alaska, when a child is sick, the medicine-man will sometimes extract its soul from its body and place it for safe-keeping in an amulet, which for further security he deposits in his own

medicine-bag It seems probable that many amulets have been similarly regarded as soul-boxes, that is, as safes in which the souls of the owners are kept for greater security. An old Mang'anje woman in the West Shire district of British Central Africa used to wear round her neck an ivory ornament, hollow, and about three inches long, which she called her life or soul Naturally, she would not part with it, a planter tried to buy it of her, but in vain When Mr James Macdonald was one day sitting in the house of a Hlubi chief, awaiting the appearance of that great man, who was busy decorating his person, a native pointed to a pair of magnificent ox-horns, and said, "Ntame has his soul in these horns" The horns were those of an animal which had been sacrificed, and they were held sacred A magician had fastened them to the roof to protect the house and its inmates from the thunder-bolt. "The idea," adds Mr Macdonald, "is in no way foreign to South African thought A man's soul there may dwell in the roof of his house, in a tree, by a spring of water, or on some mountain scaur" Among the natives of the Gazelle Peninsula in New Britain there is a secret society which goes by the name of Ingnet or Ingiet On his entrance into it every man receives a stone in the shape either of a human being or of an animal, and henceforth his soul is believed to be knit up in a manner with the stone If it breaks, it is an evil omen for him, they say that the thunder has struck the stone and that he who owns it will soon die If nevertheless the man survives the breaking of his soul-stone, they say that it was not a proper soul-stone and he gets a new one instead The emperor Romanus Lecapenus was once informed by an astronomer that the life of Simeon, prince of Bulgaria, was bound up with a certain column in Constantinople, so that if the capital of the column were removed, Simeon would immediately die. The emperor took the hint and removed the capital, and at the same hour, as the emperor learned by enquiry, Simeon died of heart disease in Bulgaria

Again, we have seen that in folk- tales a man's soul or strength is sometimes represented as bound up with his hair, and that when his hair is cut off he dies or grows weak So the natives of Amboyna used to think that their strength was in their hair and would desert them if it were shorn A criminal under torture in a Dutch Court of that island persisted in denying his guilt till his hair was cut off, when he immediately confessed One man, who was tried for murder, endured without flinching the utmost ingenuity of his torturers till he saw the surgeon standing with a pair of shears On asking what this was for, and being told that it was to cut his hair, he begged they would not do it, and made a clean breast In subsequent cases, when torture failed to wring a confession from a prisoner, the Dutch authorities made a practice of cutting off his hair

Here in Europe it used to be thought that the maleficent powers of witches and wizards resided in their hair, and that nothing could make any impression on these miscreants so long as they kept their hair on. Hence in France it was customary to shave the whole bodies of persons

charged with sorcery before handing them over to the torturer Millaeus witnessed the torture of some persons at Toulouse, from whom no confession could be wrung until they were stripped and completely shaven, when they readily acknowledged the truth of the charge. A woman also, who apparently led a pious life, was put to the torture on suspicion of witchcraft, and bore her agonies with incredible constancy, until complete depilation drove her to admit her guilt. The noted inquisitor Sprenger contented himself with shaving the head of the suspected witch or wizard; but his more thoroughgoing colleague Cumanus shaved the whole bodies of forty-seven women before committing them all to the flames. He had high authority for this rigorous scrutiny, since Satan himself, in a sermon preached from the pulpit of North Berwick church, comforted his many servants by assuring them that no harm could befall them "sa lang as their hair wes on, and sould newir latt ane teir fall fra thair ene". Similarly in Bastar, a province of India, "if a man is adjudged guilty of witchcraft, he is beaten by the crowd, his hair is shaved, the hair being supposed to constitute his power of mischief, his front teeth are knocked out, in order, it is said, to prevent him from muttering incantations . . . Women suspected of sorcery have to undergo the same ordeal; if found guilty, the same punishment is awarded, and after being shaved, their hair is attached to a tree in some public place". So among the Bhils of India, when a woman was convicted of witchcraft and had been subjected to various forms of persuasion, such as hanging head downwards from a tree and having pepper put into her eyes, a lock of hair was cut from her head and buried in the ground, "that the last link between her and her former powers of mischief might be broken". In like manner among the Aztecs of Mexico, when wizards and witches "had done their evil deeds, and the time came to put an end to their detestable life, some one laid hold of them and cropped the hair on the crown of their heads, which took from them all their power of sorcery and enchantment, and then it was that by death they put an end to their odious existence".

§ 2 *The External Soul in Plants* —Further it has been shown that in folk-tales the life of a person is sometimes so bound up with the life of a plant that the withering of the plant will immediately follow or be followed by the death of the person. Among the M'Bengas in Western Africa, about the Gaboon, when two children are born on the same day, the people plant two trees of the same kind and dance round them. The life of each of the children is believed to be bound up with the life of one of the trees; and if the tree dies or is thrown down, they are sure that the child will soon die. In the Cameroons, also, the life of a person is believed to be sympathetically bound up with that of a tree. The chief of Old Town in Calabar kept his soul in a sacred grove near a spring of water. When some Europeans, in frolic or ignorance, cut down part of the grove, the spirit was most indignant and threatened the perpetrators of the deed, according to the king, with all manner of evil.

Some of the Papuans unite the life of a new-born babe sympathetically with that of a tree by driving a pebble into the bark of the tree. This is supposed to give them complete mastery over the child's life, if the tree is cut down, the child will die. After a birth the Maoris used to bury the navel-string in a sacred place and plant a young sapling over it. As the tree grew, it was a *tolu ora* ga or sign of life for the child, if it flourished, the child would prosper; if it withered and died, the parents augured the worst for the little one. In some parts of Fiji the navel-string of a male infant is planted together with a coco-nut or the slip of a breadfruit-tree, and the child's life is supposed to be intimately connected with that of the tree. Amongst the Dyaks of Landak and Tajan, districts of Dutch Borneo, it is customary to plant a fruit-tree for a baby, and henceforth in the popular belief the fate of the child is bound up with that of the tree. If the tree shoots up rapidly, it will go well with the child; but if the tree is dwarfed or shrivelled, nothing but misfortune can be expected for its human counterpart.

It is said that there are still families in Russia, Germany, England, France, and Italy who are accustomed to plant a tree at the birth of a child. The tree, it is hoped, will grow with the child, and it is tended with special care. The custom is still pretty general in the canton of Aargau in Switzerland; an apple-tree is planted for a boy and a pear-tree for a girl, and the people think that the child will flourish or dwindle with the tree. In Mecklenburg the afterbirth is thrown out at the foot of a young tree, and the child is then believed to grow with the tree. Near the Castle of Dalhousie, not far from Edinburgh, there grows an oak-tree, called the Edgewell Tree, which is popularly believed to be linked to the fate of the family by a mysterious tie; for they say that when one of the family dies, or is about to die, a branch falls from the Edgewell Tree. Thus, on seeing a great bough drop from the tree on a quiet, still day in July 1874, an old forester exclaimed, "The laird's deid noo!" and soon after news came that Fox Maule, eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, was dead.

In England children are sometimes passed through a cleft ash-tree as a cure for rupture or rickets, and thenceforward a sympathetic connexion is supposed to exist between them and the tree. An ash-tree which had been used for this purpose grew at the edge of Shirley Heath, on the road from Hockly House to Birmingham. "Thomas Chillingworth, son of the owner of an adjoining farm, now about thirty-four, was, when an infant of a year old, passed through a similar tree, now perfectly sound, which he preserves with so much care that he will not suffer a single branch to be touched, for it is believed the life of the patient depends on the life of the tree, and the moment that is cut down, be the patient ever so distant, the rupture returns, and a mortification ensues, and terminates in death, as was the case in a man driving a waggon on the very road in question." "It is not uncommon, however," adds the writer, "for persons to survive for a time the felling of the tree." The ordinary mode of effecting the cure

is to split a young ash-sapling longitudinally for a few feet and pass the child, naked, either three times or three times three through the fissure at sunrise. In the West of England it is said that the passage should be "against the sun." As soon as the ceremony has been performed, the tree is bound tightly up and the fissure plastered over with mud or clay. The belief is that just as the cleft in the tree closes up, so the rupture in the child's body will be healed, but that if the rift in the tree remains open, the rupture in the child will remain too, and if the tree were to die, the death of the child would surely follow.

A similar cure for various diseases, but especially for rupture and rickets, has been commonly practised in other parts of Europe, as Germany, France, Denmark, and Sweden, but in these countries the tree employed for the purpose is usually not an ash but an oak, sometimes a willow-tree is allowed or even prescribed instead. In Mecklenburg, as in England, the sympathetic relation thus established between the tree and the child is believed to be so close that if the tree is cut down the child will die.

§ 3 *The External Soul in Animals* — But in practice, as in folk-tales, it is not merely with inanimate objects and plants that a person is occasionally believed to be united by a bond of physical sympathy. The same bond, it is supposed, may exist between a man and an animal, so that the welfare of the one depends on the welfare of the other, and when the animal dies the man dies also. The analogy between the custom and the tales is all the closer because in both of them the power of thus removing the soul from the body and stowing it away in an animal is often a special privilege of wizards and witches. Thus the Yakuts of Siberia believe that every shaman or wizard keeps his soul, or one of his souls, incarnate in an animal which is carefully concealed from all the world. "Nobody can find my external soul," said one famous wizard, "it lies hidden far away in the stony mountains of Edzhigansk." Only once a year, when the last snows melt and the earth turns black, do these external souls of wizards appear in the shape of animals among the dwellings of men. They wander everywhere, yet none but wizards can see them. The strong ones sweep roaring and noisily along, the weak steal about quietly and furtively. Often they fight, and then the wizard whose external soul is beaten falls ill or dies. The weakest and most cowardly wizards are they whose souls are incarnate in the shape of dogs, for the dog gives his human double no peace, but gnaws his heart and tears his body. The most powerful wizards are they whose external souls have the shape of stallions, elks, black bears, eagles, or boars. Again, the Samoyeds of the Turukhinsk region hold that every shaman has a familiar spirit in the shape of a boar, which he leads about by a magic belt. On the death of the boar the shaman himself dies; and stories are told of battles between wizards, who send their spirits to fight before they encounter each other in person. The Malays believe that "the soul of a person may pass into another person or into an animal, or rather

that such a mysterious relation can arise between the two that the fate of the one is wholly dependent on that of the other "

Among the Melanesians of Mota, one of the New Hebrides islands, the conception of an external soul is carried out in the practice of daily life. In the Mota language the word *tamanuu* signifies "something animate or inanimate which a man has come to believe to have an existence intimately connected with his own . . . It was not every one in Mota who had his *tamanuu*, only some men fancied that they had this relation to a lizard, a snake, or it might be a stone, sometimes the thing was sought for and found by drinking the infusion of certain leaves and heaping together the dregs, then whatever living thing was first seen in or upon the heap was the *tamanuu*. It was watched but not fed or worshipped, the natives believed that it came at call, and that the life of the man was bound up with the life of his *tamanuu*, if a living thing, or with its safety, should it die, or if not living get broken or be lost, the man would die. Hence in case of sickness they would send to see if the *tamanuu* was safe and well "

The theory of an external soul deposited in an animal appears to be very prevalent in West Africa, particularly in Nigeria, the Cameroons, and the Gaboon. Among the Fans of the Gaboon every wizard is believed at initiation to unite his life with that of some particular wild animal by a rite of blood-brotherhood, he draws blood from the ear of the animal and from his own arm, and inoculates the animal with his own blood, and himself with the blood of the beast. Henceforth such an intimate union is established between the two that the death of the one entails the death of the other. The alliance is thought to bring to the wizard or sorcerer a great accession of power, which he can turn to his advantage in various ways. In the first place, like the warlock in the fairy tales who has deposited his life outside of himself in some safe place, the Fan wizard now deems himself invulnerable. Moreover, the animal with which he has exchanged blood has become his familiar, and will obey any orders he may choose to give it, so he makes use of it to injure and kill his enemies. For that reason the creature with whom he establishes the relation of blood-brotherhood is never a tame or domestic animal, but always a ferocious and dangerous wild beast, such as a leopard, a black serpent, a crocodile, a hippopotamus, a wild boar, or a vulture. Of all these creatures the leopard is by far the commonest familiar of Fan wizards, and next to it comes the black serpent; the vulture is the rarest. Witches as well as wizards have their familiars, but the animals with which the lives of women are thus bound up generally differ from those to which men commit their external souls. A witch never has a panther for her familiar, but often a venomous species of serpent, sometimes a horned viper, sometimes a black serpent, sometimes a green one that lives in banana-trees, or it may be a vulture, an owl, or other bird of night. In every case the beast or bird with which the witch or wizard has contracted this mystic alliance is an individual, never a species; and when the individual animal

dies the alliance is naturally at an end, since the death of the animal is supposed to entail the death of the man.

Similar beliefs are held by the natives of the Cross River valley within the provinces of the Cameroons. Groups of people, generally the inhabitants of a village, have chosen various animals, with which they believe themselves to stand on a footing of intimate friendship or relationship. Amongst such animals are hippopotamuses, elephants, leopards, crocodiles, gorillas, fish, and serpents, all of them creatures which are either very strong or can easily hide themselves in the water or a thicket. This power of concealing themselves is said to be an indispensable condition of the choice of animal familiars, since the animal friend or helper is expected to injure his owner's enemy by stealth; for example, if he is a hippopotamus, he will bob up suddenly out of the water and capsize the enemy's canoe. Between the animals and their human friends or kinsfolk such a sympathetic relation is supposed to exist that the moment the animal dies the man dies also, and similarly the instant the man perishes so does the beast. From this it follows that the animal kinsfolk may never be shot at or molested for fear of injuring or killing the persons whose lives are knit up with the lives of the brutes. This does not, however, prevent the people of a village, who have elephants for their animal friends, from hunting elephants. For they do not respect the whole species but merely certain individuals of it, which stand in an intimate relation to certain individual men and women, and they imagine that they can always distinguish these brother elephants from the common herd of elephants which are mere elephants and nothing more. The recognition indeed is said to be mutual. When a hunter, who has an elephant for his friend, meets a human elephant, as we may call it, the noble animal lifts up a paw and holds it before his face, as much as to say, "Don't shoot." Were the hunter so inhuman as to fire on and wound such an elephant, the person whose life was bound up with the elephant would fall ill.

The Balong of the Cameroons think that every man has several souls, of which one is in his body and another in an animal, such as an elephant, a wild pig, a leopard, and so forth. When a man comes home, feeling ill, and says, "I shall soon die," and dies accordingly, the people aver that one of his souls has been killed in a wild pig or a leopard, and that the death of the external soul has caused the death of the soul in his body. A similar belief in the external souls of living people is entertained by the Ibos, an important tribe of the Niger delta. They think that a man's spirit can quit his body for a time during life and take up its abode in an animal. A man who wishes to acquire this power procures a certain drug from a wise man and mixes it with his food. After that his soul goes out and enters into an animal. If it should happen that the animal is killed while the man's soul is lodged in it, the man dies; and if the animal be wounded, the man's body will presently be covered with boils. This belief instigates to many deeds of darkness; for a sly rogue will sometimes surreptitiously

administer the magical drug to his enemy in his food, and having thus smuggled the other's soul into an animal will destroy the creature, and with it the man whose soul is lodged in it

The negroes of Calabar, at the mouth of the Niger, believe that every person has four souls, one of which always lives outside of his or her body in the form of a wild beast in the forest. This external soul, or bush soul, as Miss Kingsley calls it, may be almost any animal, for example, a leopard, a fish, or a tortoise, but it is never a domestic animal and never a plant. Unless he is gifted with second sight, a man cannot see his own bush soul, but a diviner will often tell him what sort of creature his bush soul is, and after that the man will be careful not to kill any animal of that species, and will strongly object to any one else doing so. A man and his sons have usually the same sort of animals for their bush souls, and so with a mother and her daughters. But sometimes all the children of a family take after the bush soul of their father, for example, if his external soul is a leopard, all his sons and daughters will have leopards for their external souls. And on the other hand, sometimes they all take after their mother; for instance, if her external soul is a tortoise, all the external souls of her sons and daughters will be tortoises too. So intimately bound up is the life of the man with that of the animal which he regards as his external or bush soul, that the death or injury of the animal necessarily entails the death or injury of the man. And, conversely, when the man dies, his bush soul can no longer find a place of rest, but goes mad and rushes into the fire or charges people and is knocked on the head, and that is an end of it.

Near Eket in North Calabar there is a sacred lake, the fish of which are carefully preserved because the people believe that their own souls are lodged in the fish, and that with every fish killed a human life would be simultaneously extinguished. In the Calabar River not very many years ago there used to be a huge old crocodile, popularly supposed to contain the external soul of a chief who resided in the flesh at Duke Town. Sporting vice-consuls used from time to time to hunt the animal, and once an officer contrived to hit it. Forthwith the chief was laid up with a wound in his leg. He gave out that a dog had bitten him, but no doubt the wise shook their heads and refused to be put off with so flimsy a pretext. Again, among several tribes on the banks of the Niger between Lokoja and the delta there prevails "a belief in the possibility of a man possessing an *alter ego* in the form of some animal such as a crocodile or a hippopotamus. It is believed that such a person's life is bound up with that of the animal to such an extent that whatever affects the one produces a corresponding impression upon the other, and that if one dies the other must speedily do so too. It happened not very long ago that an Englishman shot a hippopotamus close to a native village, the friends of a woman who died the same night in the village demanded and eventually obtained five pounds as compensation for the murder of the woman."

Amongst the Zapotecs of Central America, when a woman was about to be confined, her relations assembled in the hut, and began to draw on the floor figures of different animals, rubbing each one out as soon as it was completed. This went on till the moment of birth, and the figure that then remained sketched upon the ground was called the child's *tona* or second self. "When the child grew old enough, he procured the animal that represented him and took care of it, as it was believed that health and existence were bound up with that of the animal's, in fact that the death of both would occur simultaneously," or rather that when the animal died the man would die too. Among the Indians of Guatemala and Honduras the *nagual* or *naual* is "that animate or inanimate object, generally an animal, which stands in a parallel relation to a particular man, so that the weal and woe of the man depend on the fate of the *nagual*." According to an old writer, many Indians of Guatemala "are deluded by the devil to believe that their life dependeth upon the life of such and such a beast (which they take unto them as their familiar spirit), and think that when that beast dieth they must die, when he is chased, their hearts pant, when he is faint, they are faint, nay, it happeneth that by the devil's delusion they appear in the shape of that beast (which commonly by their choice is a buck, or doe, a lion, or tigre, or dog, or eagle) and in that shape have been shot at and wounded." The Indians were persuaded that the death of their *nagual* would entail their own. Legend affirms that in the first battles with the Spaniards on the plateau of Quetzaltenango the *naguals* of the Indian chiefs fought in the form of serpents. The *nagual* of the highest chief was especially conspicuous, because it had the form of a great bird, resplendent in green plumage. The Spanish general Pedro de Alvarado killed the bird with his lance, and at the same moment the Indian chief fell dead to the ground.

In many tribes of South-eastern Australia each sex used to regard a particular species of animals in the same way that a Central American Indian regarded his *nagual*, but with this difference, that whereas the Indian apparently knew the individual animal with which his life was bound up, the Australians only knew that each of their lives was bound up with some one animal of the species, but they could not say with which. The result naturally was that every man spared and protected all the animals of the species with which the lives of the men were bound up, and every woman spared and protected all the animals of the species with which the lives of the women were bound up, because no one knew but that the death of any animal of the respective species might entail his or her own; just as the killing of the green bird was immediately followed by the death of the Indian chief, and the killing of the parrot by the death of Punchkin in the fairy tale. Thus, for example, the Wotjobaluk tribe of South-eastern Australia "held that 'the life of Ngününgünüt (the Bat) is the life of a man, and the life of Yártatgürk (the Nightjar) is the life of a woman,' and that when either of these creatures is killed the life of

some man or of some woman is shortened. In such a case every man or every woman in the camp feared that he or she might be the victim, and from this cause great fights arose in this tribe. I learn that in these fights, men on one side and women on the other, it was not at all certain which would be victorious, for at times the women gave the men a severe drubbing with their yamsticks, while often women were injured or killed by spears." The Wotjobaluk said that the bat was the man's "brother" and that the nightjar was his "wife." The particular species of animals with which the lives of the sexes were believed to be respectively bound up varied somewhat from tribe to tribe. Thus whereas among the Wotjobaluk the bat was the animal of the men, at Gunbower Creek on the Lower Murray the bat seems to have been the animal of the women, for the natives would not kill it for the reason that "if it was killed, one of their lubras [women] would be sure to die in consequence." But whatever the particular sorts of creature with which the lives of men and women were believed to be bound up, the belief itself and the fights to which it gave rise are known to have prevailed over a large part of South-eastern Australia, and probably they extended much farther. The belief was a very serious one, and so consequently were the fights which sprang from it. Thus among some tribes of Victoria "the common bat belongs to the men, who protect it against injury, even to the half-killing of their wives for its sake. The fern owl, or large goatsucker, belongs to the women, and, although a bird of evil omen, creating terror at night by its cry, it is jealously protected by them. If a man kills one, they are as much enraged as if it was one of their children, and will strike him with their long poles."

The jealous protection thus afforded by Australian men and women to bats and owls respectively (for bats and owls seem to be the creatures usually allotted to the two sexes) is not based upon purely selfish considerations. For each man believes that not only his own life but the lives of his father, brothers, sons, and so on are bound up with the lives of particular bats, and that therefore in protecting the bat species he is protecting the lives of all his male relations as well as his own. Similarly, each woman believes that the lives of her mother, sisters, daughters, and so forth, equally with her own, are bound up with the lives of particular owls, and that in guarding the owl species she is guarding the lives of all her female relations besides her own. Now, when men's lives are thus supposed to be contained in certain animals, it is obvious that the animals can hardly be distinguished from the men, or the men from the animals. If my brother John's life is in a bat, then, on the one hand, the bat is my brother as well as John, and, on the other hand, John is in a sense a bat, since his life is in a bat. Similarly, if my sister Mary's life is in an owl, then the owl is my sister and Mary is an owl. This is a natural enough conclusion, and the Australians have not failed to draw it. When the bat is the man's animal, it is called his brother, and when the owl is the woman's animal, it is called her sister. And conversely a man

addresses a woman as an owl, and she addresses him as a bat. So with the other animals allotted to the sexes respectively in other tribes. For example, among the Kurnai all emu-wrens were "brothers" of the men, and all the men were emu-wrens; all superb warblers were "sisters" of the women, and all the women were superb warblers.

But when a savage names himself after an animal, calls it his brother, and refuses to kill it, the animal is said to be his totem. Accordingly in the tribes of South-eastern Australia which we have been considering the bat and the owl, the emu-wren and the superb warbler may properly be described as totems of the sexes. But the assignation of a totem to a sex is comparatively rare, and has hitherto been discovered nowhere but in Australia. Far more commonly the totem is appropriated not to a sex, but to a clan, and is hereditary either in the male or female line. The relation of an individual to the clan totem does not differ in kind from his relation to the sex totem, he will not kill it, he speaks of it as his brother, and he calls himself by its name. Now if the relations are similar, the explanation which holds good of the one ought equally to hold good of the other. Therefore the reason why a clan revere a particular species of animals or plants (for the clan totem may be a plant) and call themselves after it, would seem to be a belief that the life of each individual of the clan is bound up with some one animal or plant of the species, and that his or her death would be the consequence of killing that particular animal or destroying that particular plant. This explanation of totemism squares very well with Sir George Grey's definition of a totem or *kobong* in Western Australia. He says "A certain mysterious connexion exists between a family and its *kobong*, so that a member of the family will never kill an animal of the species to which his *kobong* belongs, should he find it asleep, indeed he always kills it reluctantly, and never without affording it a chance to escape. This arises from the family belief that some one individual of the species is their nearest friend, to kill whom would be a great crime, and to be carefully avoided. Similarly, a native who has a vegetable for his *kobong* may not gather it under certain circumstances, and at a particular period of the year." Here it will be observed that though each man spares all the animals or plants of the species, they are not all equally precious to him, far from it, out of the whole species there is only one which is specially dear to him, but as he does not know which the dear one is, he is obliged to spare them all from fear of injuring the one. Again, this explanation of the clan totem harmonises with the supposed effect of killing one of the totem species. "One day one of the blacks killed a crow. Three or four days afterwards a Boortwa (crow) [*i.e.* a man of the Crow clan] named Larry died. He had been ailing for some days, but the killing of his *wingong* [totem] hastened his death." Here the killing of the crow caused the death of a man of the Crow clan, exactly as, in the case of the sex-totems, the killing of a bat causes the death of a Bat-man or the killing of an owl causes the death of an Owl-woman. Similarly, the killing of his

nagual causes the death of a Central American Indian, the killing of his bush soul causes the death of a Calabar negro, the killing of his *tamannu* causes the death of a Banks Islander, and the killing of the animal in which his life is stowed away causes the death of the giant or warlock in the fairy tale

Thus it appears that the story of "The giant who had no heart in his body" may perhaps furnish the key to the relation which is supposed to subsist between a man and his totem. The totem, on this theory, is simply the receptacle in which a man keeps his life, as Punchkin kept his life in a parrot, and Bidasari kept her soul in a golden fish. It is no valid objection to this view that when a savage has both a sex totem and a clan totem his life must be bound up with two different animals, the death of either of which would entail his own. If a man has more vital places than one in his body, why, the savage may think, should he not have more vital places than one outside it? Why, since he can put his life outside himself, should he not transfer one portion of it to one animal and another to another? The divisibility of life, or, to put it otherwise, the plurality of souls, is an idea suggested by many familiar facts, and has commended itself to philosophers like Plato, as well as to savages. It is only when the notion of a soul, from being a quasi-scientific hypothesis, becomes a theological dogma that its unity and indivisibility are insisted upon as essential. The savage, unshackled by dogma, is free to explain the facts of life by the assumption of as many souls as he thinks necessary. Hence, for example, the Caribs supposed that there was one soul in the head, another in the heart, and other souls at all the places where an artery is felt pulsating. Some of the Hidatsa Indians explain the phenomena of gradual death, when the extremities appear dead first, by supposing that man has four souls, and that they quit the body, not simultaneously, but one after the other, dissolution being only complete when all four have departed. Some of the Dyaks of Borneo and the Malays of the Peninsula believe that every man has seven souls. The Alfoors of Poso in Celebes are of opinion that he has three. The natives of Laos suppose that the body is the seat of thirty spirits, which reside in the hands, the feet, the mouth, the eyes, and so on. Hence, from the primitive point of view, it is perfectly possible that a savage should have one soul in his sex totem and another in his clan totem. However, as I have observed, sex totems have been found nowhere but in Australia; so that as a rule the savage who practises totemism need not have more than one soul out of his body at a time.

If this explanation of the totem as a receptacle in which a man keeps his soul or one of his souls is correct, we should expect to find some totemic people of whom it is expressly said that every man amongst them is believed to keep at least one soul permanently out of his body, and that the destruction of this external soul is supposed to entail the death of its owner. Such a people are the Bataks of Sumatra. The Bataks are divided into exogamous clans (*margas*) with descent in the male line, and each clan is forbidden to eat the

flesh of a particular animal. One clan may not eat the tiger, another the ape, another the crocodile, another the dog, another the cat, another the dove, another the white buffalo, and another the locust. The reason given by members of a clan for abstaining from the flesh of the particular animal is either that they are descended from animals of that species, and that their souls after death may transmigrate into the animals, or that they or their forefathers have been under certain obligations to the creatures. Sometimes, but not always, the clan bears the name of the animal. Thus the Bataks have totemism in full. But, further, each Batak believes that he has seven or, on a more moderate computation, three souls. One of these souls is always outside the body, but nevertheless whenever it dies, however far away it may be at the time, that same moment the man dies also. The writer who mentions this belief says nothing about the Batak totems, but on the analogy of the Australian, Central American, and African evidence we may conjecture that the external soul, whose death entails the death of the man, is housed in the totemic animal or plant.

Against this view it can hardly be thought to militate that the Batak does not in set terms affirm his external soul to be in his totem, but alleges other grounds for respecting the sacred animal or plant of his clan. For if a savage seriously believes that his life is bound up with an external object, it is in the last degree unlikely that he will let any stranger into the secret. In all that touches his inmost life and beliefs the savage is exceedingly suspicious and reserved, Europeans have resided among savages for years without discovering some of their capital articles of faith, and in the end the discovery has often been the result of accident. Above all, the savage lives in an intense and perpetual dread of assassination by sorcery, the most trifling relics of his person—the clippings of his hair and nails, his spittle, the remnants of his food, his very name—all these may, he fancies, be turned by the sorcerer to his destruction, and he is therefore anxiously careful to conceal or destroy them. But if in matters such as these, which are but the outposts and outworks of his life, he is so shy and secretive, how close must be the concealment, how impenetrable the reserve in which he enshrouds the inner keep and citadel of his being! When the princess in the fairy tale asks the giant where he keeps his soul, he often gives false or evasive answers, and it is only after much coaxing and wheedling that the secret is at last wrung from him. In his jealous reticence the giant resembles the timid and furtive savage, but whereas the exigencies of the story demand that the giant should at last reveal his secret, no such obligation is laid on the savage, and no inducement that can be offered is likely to tempt him to imperil his soul by revealing its hiding-place to a stranger. It is therefore no matter for surprise that the central mystery of the savage's life should so long have remained a secret, and that we should be left to piece it together from scattered hints and fragments and from the recollections of it which linger in fairy tales.

§ 4. *The Ritual of Death and Resurrection.*—This view of totemism

throws light on a class of religious rites of which no adequate explanation, so far as I am aware, has yet been offered. Amongst many savage tribes, especially such as are known to practise totemism, it is customary for lads at puberty to undergo certain initiatory rites, of which one of the commonest is a pretence of killing the lad and bringing him to life again. Such rites become intelligible if we suppose that their substance consists in extracting the youth's soul in order to transfer it to his totem. For the extraction of his soul would naturally be supposed to kill the youth or at least to throw him into a death-like trance, which the savage hardly distinguishes from death. His recovery would then be attributed either to the gradual recovery of his system from the violent shock which it had received, or, more probably, to the infusion into him of fresh life drawn from the totem. Thus the essence of these initiatory rites, so far as they consist in a simulation of death and resurrection, would be an exchange of life or souls between the man and his totem. The primitive belief in the possibility of such an exchange of souls comes clearly out in a story of a Basque hunter who affirmed that he had been killed by a bear, but that the bear had, after killing him, breathed its own soul into him, so that the bear's body was now dead, but he himself was a bear, being animated by the bear's soul. This revival of the dead hunter as a bear is exactly analogous to what, on the theory here suggested, is supposed to take place in the ceremony of killing a lad at puberty and bringing him to life again. The lad dies as a man and comes to life again as an animal, the animal's soul is now in him, and his human soul is in the animal. With good right, therefore, does he call himself a Bear or a Wolf, etc., according to his totem, and with good right does he treat the bears or the wolves, etc., as his brethren, since in these animals are lodged the souls of himself and his kindred.

Examples of this supposed death and resurrection at initiation are as follows. In the Wonghi or Wonghibon tribe of New South Wales the youths on approaching manhood are initiated at a secret ceremony, which none but initiated men may witness. Part of the proceedings consists in knocking out a tooth and giving a new name to the novice, indicative of the change from youth to manhood. While the teeth are being knocked out an instrument known as a bull-roarer, which consists of a flat piece of wood with serrated edges tied to the end of a string, is swung round so as to produce a loud humming noise. The uninitiated are not allowed to see this instrument. Women are forbidden to witness the ceremonies under pain of death. It is given out that the youths are each met in turn by a mythical being called Thuremlin (more commonly known as Daramulun), who takes the youth to a distance, kills him, and in some instances cuts him up, after which he restores him to life and knocks out a tooth. Their belief in the power of Thuremlin is said to be undoubted.

The Ualaroi of the Upper Darling River said that at initiation the boy met a ghost, who killed him and brought him to life again as a

young man Among the natives on the Lower Lachlan and Murray Rivers it was Thrumalun (Daramulun) who was thought to slay and resuscitate the novices In the Unmatjera tribe of Central Australia women and children believe that a spirit called Twanyirika kills the youth and afterwards brings him to life again during the period of initiation The rites of initiation in this tribe, as in the other Central tribes, comprise the operations of circumcision and sub-incision, and as soon as the second of these has been performed on him, the young man receives from his father a sacred stick (*churinga*), with which, he is told, his spirit was associated in the remotest past While he is out in the bush recovering from his wounds, he must swing the bull-roarer, or a being who lives up in the sky will swoop down and carry him off In the Binbinga tribe, on the western coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the women and children believe that the noise of the bull-roarer at initiation is made by a spirit named Katajalina, who lives in an ant-hill and comes out and eats up the boy, afterwards restoring him to life Similarly among their neighbours the Anula the women imagine that the droning sound of the bull-roarer is produced by a spirit called Gnabara, who swallows the lads at initiation and afterwards disgorges them in the form of initiated men

Among the tribes settled on the southern coast of New South Wales, of which the Coast Murring tribe may be regarded as typical, the drama of resurrection from the dead was exhibited in a graphic form to the novices at initiation The ceremony has been described for us by an eye-witness A man, disguised with stringy bark fibre, lay down in a grave and was lightly covered up with sticks and earth In his hand he held a small bush, which appeared to be growing in the soil, and other bushes were stuck in the ground to heighten the effect Then the novices were brought and placed beside the grave Next, a procession of men, disguised in stringy bark fibre, drew near They represented a party of medicine-men, guided by two reverend seniors, who had come on pilgrimage to the grave of a brother medicine-man, who lay buried there When the little procession, chanting an invocation to Daramulun, had defiled from among the rocks and trees into the open, it drew up on the side of the grave opposite to the novices, the two old men taking up a position in the rear of the dancers For some time the dance and song went on till the tree that seemed to grow from the grave began to quiver "Look there!" cried the men to the novices, pointing to the trembling leaves. As they looked, the tree quivered more and more, then was violently agitated and fell to the ground, while amid the excited dancing of the dancers and the chanting of the choir the supposed dead man spurned from him the superincumbent mass of sticks and leaves, and springing to his feet danced his magic dance in the grave itself, and exhibited in his mouth the magic substances which he was supposed to have received from Daramulun in person.

Some tribes of Northern New Guinea—the Yabim, Bukaua, Kai, and Tamu—like many Australian tribes, require every male member of the tribe to be circumcised before he ranks as a full-grown man ; and the tribal initiation, of which circumcision is the central feature, is conceived by them, as by some Australian tribes, as a process of being swallowed and disgorged by a mythical monster, whose voice is heard in the humming sound of the bull-roarer. Indeed the New Guinea tribes not only impress this belief on the minds of women and children, but enact it in a dramatic form at the actual rites of initiation, at which no woman or uninitiated person may be present. For this purpose a hut about a hundred feet long is erected either in the village or in a lonely part of the forest. It is modelled in the shape of the mythical monster, at the end which represents his head it is high, and it tapers away at the other end. A betel-palm, grubbed up with the roots, stands for the backbone of the great being and its clustering fibres for his hair, and to complete the resemblance the butt end of the building is adorned by a native artist with a pair of goggle eyes and a gaping mouth. When after a tearful parting from their mothers and women folk, who believe or pretend to believe in the monster that swallows their dear ones, the awe-struck novices are brought face to face with this imposing structure, the huge creature emits a sullen growl, which is in fact no other than the humming note of bull-roarers swung by men concealed in the monster's belly. The actual process of deglutition is variously enacted. Among the Tamu it is represented by causing the candidates to defile past a row of men who hold bull-roarers over their heads, among the Kai it is more graphically set forth by making them pass under a scaffold on which stands a man, who makes a gesture of swallowing and takes in fact a gulp of water as each trembling novice passes beneath him. But the present of a pig, opportunely offered for the redemption of the youth, induces the monster to relent and disgorge his victim ; the man who represents the monster accepts the gift vicariously, a gurgling sound is heard, and the water which had just been swallowed descends in a jet on the novice. This signifies that the young man has been released from the monster's belly. However, he has now to undergo the more painful and dangerous operation of circumcision. It follows immediately, and the cut made by the knife of the operator is explained to be a bite or scratch which the monster inflicted on the novice in spewing him out of his capacious maw. While the operation is proceeding, a prodigious noise is made by the swinging of bull-roarers to represent the roar of the dreadful being who is in the act of swallowing the young men.

When, as sometimes happens, a lad dies from the effect of the operation, he is buried secretly in the forest, and his sorrowing mother is told that the monster has a pig's stomach as well as a human stomach, and that unfortunately her son slipped into the wrong stomach, from which it was impossible to extricate him. After they have been circumcised the lads must remain for some months in seclusion, shun-

ning all contact with women and even the sight of them. They live in the long hut which represents the monster's belly. When at last the lads, now ranking as initiated men, are brought back with great pomp and ceremony to the village, they are received with sobs and tears of joy by the women, as if the grave had given up its dead. At first the young men keep their eyes rigidly closed or even sealed with a plaster of chalk, and they appear not to understand the words of command which are given them by an elder. Gradually, however, they come to themselves as if awaking from a stupor, and next day they bathe and wash off the crust of white chalk with which their bodies had been coated.

It is highly significant that all these tribes of New Guinea apply the same word to the bull-roarer and to the monster, who is supposed to swallow the novices at circumcision, and whose fearful roar is represented by the hum of the harmless wooden instruments. Further, it deserves to be noted that in three languages out of the four the same word which is applied to the bull-roarer and to the monster means also a ghost or spirit of the dead, while in the fourth language (the Kai) it signifies "grandfather." From this it seems to follow that the being who swallows and disgorges the novices at initiation is believed to be a powerful ghost or ancestral spirit, and that the bull-roarer, which bears his name, is his material representative. That would explain the jealous secrecy with which the sacred implement is kept from the sight of women. While they are not in use, the bull-roarers are stowed away in the men's club-houses, which no woman may enter; indeed no woman or uninitiated person may set eyes on a bull-roarer under pain of death. Similarly among the Tugeri or Kaya-Kaya, a large Papuan tribe on the south coast of Dutch New Guinea, the name of the bull-roarer, which they call *sosom*, is given to a mythical giant, who is supposed to appear every year with the south-east monsoon. When he comes, a festival is held in his honour and bull-roarers are swung. Boys are presented to the giant, and he kills them, but considerably brings them to life again.

In certain districts of Viti Levu, the largest of the Fijian Islands, the drama of death and resurrection used to be acted with much solemnity before the eyes of young men at initiation. In a sacred enclosure they were shown a row of dead or seemingly dead men lying on the ground, their bodies cut open and covered with blood, their entrails protruding. But at a yell from the high priest the counterfeit dead men started to their feet and ran down to the river to cleanse themselves from the blood and guts of pigs with which they were beslobbered. Soon they marched back to the sacred enclosure as if come to life, clean, fresh, and garlanded, swaying their bodies in time to the music of a solemn hymn, and took their places in front of the novices. Such was the drama of death and resurrection.

The people of Rook, an island between New Guinea and New Britain, hold festivals at which one or two disguised men, their heads

covered with wooden masks, go dancing through the village, followed by all the other men. They demand that the circumcised boys who have not yet been swallowed by Marsaba (the devil) shall be given up to them. The boys, trembling and shrieking, are delivered to them, and must creep between the legs of the disguised men. Then the procession moves through the village again, and announces that Marsaba has eaten up the boys, and will not disgorge them till he receives a present of pigs, taro, and so forth. So all the villagers, according to their means, contribute provisions, which are then consumed in the name of Marsaba.

In the west of Ceram boys at puberty are admitted to the Kakian association. Modern writers have commonly regarded this association as primarily a political league instituted to resist foreign domination. In reality its objects are purely religious and social, though it is possible that the priests may have occasionally used their powerful influence for political ends. The society is in fact merely one of those widely-diffused primitive institutions of which a chief object is the initiation of young men. In recent years the true nature of the association has been duly recognised by the distinguished Dutch ethnologist, J. G. F. Riedel. The Kakian house is an oblong wooden shed, situated under the darkest trees in the depth of the forest, and is built to admit so little light that it is impossible to see what goes on in it. Every village has such a house. Thither the boys who are to be initiated are conducted blindfold, followed by their parents and relations. Each boy is led by the hand by two men, who act as his sponsors or guardians, looking after him during the period of initiation. When all are assembled before the shed, the high priest calls aloud upon the devils. Immediately a hideous uproar is heard to proceed from the shed. It is made by men with bamboo trumpets, who have been secretly introduced into the building by a back door, but the women and children think it is made by the devils, and are much terrified. Then the priests enter the shed, followed by the boys, one at a time. As soon as each boy has disappeared within the precincts, a dull chopping sound is heard, a fearful cry rings out, and a sword or spear, dripping with blood, is thrust through the roof of the shed. This is a token that the boy's head has been cut off, and that the devil has carried him away to the other world, there to regenerate and transform him. So at sight of the bloody sword the mothers weep and wail, crying that the devil has murdered their children. In some places, it would seem, the boys are pushed through an opening made in the shape of a crocodile's jaws or a cassowary's beak, and it is then said that the devil has swallowed them. The boys remain in the shed for five or nine days. Sitting in the dark, they hear the blast of the bamboo trumpets, and from time to time the sound of musket shots and the clash of swords. Every day they bathe, and their faces and bodies are smeared with a yellow dye, to give them the appearance of having been swallowed by the devil. During his stay in the Kakian house each boy has one or two crosses tattooed with thorns on his

breast or arm. When they are not sleeping, the lads must sit in a crouching posture without moving a muscle. As they sit in a row cross-legged, with their hands stretched out, the chief takes his trumpet, and placing the mouth of it on the hands of each lad, speaks through it in strange tones, imitating the voice of the spirits. He warns the lads, under pain of death, to observe the rules of the Kakian society, and never to reveal what has passed in the Kakian house. The novices are also told by the priests to behave well to their blood relations, and are taught the traditions and secrets of the tribe.

Meantime the mothers and sisters of the lads have gone home to weep and mourn. But in a day or two the men who acted as guardians or sponsors to the novices return to the village with the glad tidings that the devil, at the intercession of the priests, has restored the lads to life. The men who bring this news come in a fainting state and daubed with mud, like messengers freshly arrived from the nether world. Before leaving the Kakian house, each lad receives from the priest a stick adorned at both ends with cock's or cassowary's feathers. The sticks are supposed to have been given to the lads by the devil at the time when he restored them to life, and they serve as a token that the youths have been in the spirit land. When they return to their homes they totter in their walk, and enter the house backward, as if they had forgotten how to walk properly, or they enter the house by the back door. If a plate of food is given to them, they hold it upside down. They remain dumb, indicating their wants by signs only. All this is to show that they are still under the influence of the devil or the spirits. Their sponsors have to teach them all the common acts of life, as if they were newborn children. Further, upon leaving the Kakian house the boys are strictly forbidden to eat of certain fruits until the next celebration of the rites has taken place. And for twenty or thirty days their hair may not be combed by their mothers or sisters. At the end of that time the high priest takes them to a lonely place in the forest, and cuts off a lock of hair from the crown of each of their heads. After these initiatory rites the lads are deemed men, and may marry, it would be a scandal if they married before.

In the region of the Lower Congo a simulation of death and resurrection is, or rather used to be, practised by the members of a guild or secret society called *ndembo*. "In the practice of *Ndembo* the initiating doctors get some one to fall down in a pretended fit, and in that state he is carried away to an enclosed place outside the town. This is called 'dying *Ndembo*.' Others follow suit, generally boys and girls, but often young men and women. They are supposed to have died. But the parents and friends supply food, and after a period varying, according to custom, from three months to three years, it is arranged that the doctor shall bring them to life again. . . . When the doctor's fee has been paid, and money (goods) saved for a feast, the *Ndembo* people are brought to life. At first they pretend to know no one and nothing, they do not even know how to

masticate food, and friends have to perform that office for them. They want everything nice that any one uninitiated may have, and beat them if it is not granted, or even strangle and kill people. They do not get into trouble for this, because it is thought that they do not know better. Sometimes they carry on the pretence of talking gibberish, and behaving as if they had returned from the spirit-world. After this they are known by another name, peculiar to those who have 'died Ndembo.' . We hear of the custom far along on the upper river, as well as in the cataract region."

Among some of the Indian tribes of North America there exist certain religious associations which are only open to candidates who have gone through a pretence of being killed and brought to life again. In 1766 or 1767 Captain Jonathan Carver witnessed the admission of a candidate to an association called "the friendly society of the Spirit" (*Wakon-Kitchewah*) among the Naudowessies, a Siouan or Dacotan tribe in the region of the great lakes. The candidate knelt before the chief, who told him that "he himself was now agitated by the same spirit which he should in a few moments communicate to him; that it would strike him dead, but that he would instantly be restored again to life, to this he added, that the communication, however terrifying, was a necessary introduction to the advantages enjoyed by the community into which he was on the point of being admitted. As he spoke this, he appeared to be greatly agitated, till at last his emotions became so violent, that his countenance was distorted, and his whole frame convulsed. At this juncture he threw something that appeared both in shape and colour like a small bean, at the young man, which seemed to enter his mouth, and he instantly fell as motionless as if he had been shot." For a time the man lay like dead, but under a shower of blows he showed signs of consciousness, and finally, discharging from his mouth the bean, or whatever it was that the chief had thrown at him, he came to life. In other tribes, for example, the Ojebways, Winnebagoes, and Dacotas or Sioux, the instrument by which the candidate is apparently slain is the medicine-bag. The bag is made of the skin of an animal (such as the otter, wild cat, serpent, bear, raccoon, wolf, owl, weasel), of which it roughly preserves the shape. Each member of the society has one of these bags, in which he keeps the odds and ends that make up his "medicine" or charms. "They believe that from the miscellaneous contents in the belly of the skin bag or animal there issues a spirit or breath, which has the power, not only to knock down and kill a man, but also to set him up and restore him to life." The mode of killing a man with one of these medicine-bags is to thrust it at him, he falls like dead, but a second thrust of the bag restores him to life.

A ceremony witnessed by the castaway John R. Jewitt during his captivity among the Indians of Nootka Sound doubtless belongs to this class of customs. The Indian king or chief "discharged a pistol close to his son's ear, who immediately fell down as if killed, upon which all the women of the house set up a most lamentable cry,

tearing handfuls of hair from their heads, and exclaiming that the prince was dead ; at the same time a great number of the inhabitants rushed into the house armed with their daggers, muskets, etc , enquiring the cause of their outcry These were immediately followed by two others dressed in wolf skins, with masks over their faces representing the head of that animal The latter came in on their hands and feet in the manner of a beast, and taking up the prince, carried him off upon their backs, retiring in the same manner they entered " In another place Jewitt mentions that the young prince—a lad of about eleven years of age—wore a mask in imitation of a wolf's head Now, as the Indians of this part of America are divided into totem clans, of which the Wolf clan is one of the principal, and as the members of each clan are in the habit of wearing some portion of the totem animal about their person, it is probable that the prince belonged to the Wolf clan, and that the ceremony described by Jewitt represented the killing of the lad in order that he might be born anew as a wolf, much in the same way that the Basque hunter supposed himself to have been killed and to have come to life again as a bear

This conjectural explanation of the ceremony has, since it was first put forward, been to some extent confirmed by the researches of Dr Franz Boas among these Indians , though it would seem that the community to which the chief's son thus obtained admission was not so much a totem clan as a secret society called Tlokoala, whose members imitated wolves Every new member of the society must be initiated by the wolves At night a pack of wolves, personated by Indians dressed in wolf-skins and wearing wolf-masks, make their appearance, seize the novice, and carry him into the woods When the wolves are heard outside the village, coming to fetch away the novice, all the members of the society blacken their faces and sing, " Among all the tribes is great excitement, because I am Tlokoala " Next day the wolves bring back the novice dead, and the members of the society have to revive him The wolves are supposed to have put a magic stone into his body, which must be removed before he can come to life Till this is done the pretended corpse is left lying outside the house Two wizards go and remove the stone, which appears to be quartz, and then the novice is resuscitated. Among the Niska Indians of British Columbia, who are divided into four principal clans with the raven, the wolf, the eagle, and the bear for their respective totems, the novice at initiation is always brought back by an artificial totem animal Thus when a man was about to be initiated into a secret society called Olala, his friends drew their knives and pretended to kill him In reality they let him slip away, while they cut off the head of a dummy which had been adroitly substituted for him Then they laid the decapitated dummy down and covered it over, and the women began to mourn and wail His relations gave a funeral banquet and solemnly burnt the effigy. In short, they held a regular funeral. For a whole year the novice remained absent and was seen by none but members of the secret society But at the end of that time he

came back alive, carried by an artificial animal which represented his totem

In these ceremonies the essence of the rite appears to be the killing of the novice in his character of a man and his restoration to life in the form of the animal which is thenceforward to be, if not his guardian spirit, at least linked to him in a peculiarly intimate relation. It is to be remembered that the Indians of Guatemala, whose life was bound up with an animal, were supposed to have the power of appearing in the shape of the particular creature with which they were thus sympathetically united. Hence it seems not unreasonable to conjecture that in like manner the Indians of British Columbia may imagine that their life depends on the life of some one of that species of creature to which they assimilate themselves by their costume. At least if that is not an article of belief with the Columbian Indians of the present day, it may very well have been so with their ancestors in the past, and thus may have helped to mould the rites and ceremonies both of the totem clans and of the secret societies. For though these two sorts of communities differ in respect of the mode in which membership of them is obtained—a man being born into his totem clan but admitted into a secret society later in life—we can hardly doubt that they are near akin and have their root in the same mode of thought. That thought, if I am right, is the possibility of establishing a sympathetic relation with an animal, a spirit, or other mighty being, with whom a man deposits for safe-keeping his soul or some part of it, and from whom he receives in return a gift of magical powers.

Thus, on the theory here suggested, wherever totemism is found, and wherever a pretence is made of killing and bringing to life again the novice at initiation, there may exist or have existed not only a belief in the possibility of permanently depositing the soul in some external object—animal, plant, or what not—but an actual intention of so doing. If the question is put, why do men desire to deposit their life outside their bodies? the answer can only be that, like the giant in the fairy tale, they think it safer to do so than to carry it about with them, just as people deposit their money with a banker rather than carry it on their persons. We have seen that at critical periods the life or soul is sometimes temporarily stowed away in a safe place till the danger is past. But institutions like totemism are not resorted to merely on special occasions of danger, they are systems into which every one, or at least every male, is obliged to be initiated at a certain period of life. Now the period of life at which initiation takes place is regularly puberty, and this fact suggests that the special danger which totemism and systems like it are intended to obviate is supposed not to arise till sexual maturity has been attained, in fact, that the danger apprehended is believed to attend the relation of the sexes to each other. It would be easy to prove by a long array of facts that the sexual relation is associated in the primitive mind with many serious perils, but the exact nature of the danger appre-

hended is still obscure We may hope that a more exact acquaintance with savage modes of thought will in time disclose this central mystery of primitive society, and will thereby furnish the clue, not only to totemism, but to the origin of the marriage system.

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

THUS the view that Balder's life was in the mistletoe is entirely in harmony with primitive modes of thought. It may indeed sound like a contradiction that, if his life was in the mistletoe, he should nevertheless have been killed by a blow from the plant But when a person's life is conceived as embodied in a particular object, with the existence of which his own existence is inseparably bound up, and the destruction of which involves his own, the object in question may be regarded and spoken of indifferently as his life or his death, as happens in the fairy tales Hence if a man's death is in an object, it is perfectly natural that he should be killed by a blow from it In the fairy tales Koshchei the Deathless is killed by a blow from the egg or the stone in which his life or death is secreted, the ogres burst when a certain grain of sand—doubtless containing their life or death—is carried over their heads, the magician dies when the stone in which his life or death is contained is put under his pillow, and the Tartar hero is warned that he may be killed by the golden arrow or golden sword in which his soul has been stowed away.

The idea that the life of the oak was in the mistletoe was probably suggested, as I have said, by the observation that in winter the mistletoe growing on the oak remains green while the oak itself is leafless But the position of the plant—growing not from the ground but from the trunk or branches of the tree—might confirm this idea. Primitive man might think that, like himself, the oak-spirit had sought to deposit his life in some safe place, and for this purpose had pitched on the mistletoe, which, being in a sense neither on earth nor in heaven, might be supposed to be fairly out of harm's way. In a former chapter we saw that primitive man seeks to preserve the life of his human divinities by keeping them poised between earth and heaven, as the place where they are least likely to be assailed by the dangers that encompass the life of man on earth We can therefore understand why it has been a rule both of ancient and of modern folk-medicine that the mistletoe should not be allowed to touch the ground; were it to touch the ground, its healing virtue would be gone This may be a survival of the old superstition that the plant in which the life of the sacred tree was concentrated should not be exposed to the risk incurred by contact with the earth. In an Indian legend, which offers a parallel to the Balder myth, Indra

swore to the demon Namuci that he would slay him neither by day nor by night, neither with staff nor with bow, neither with the palm of the hand nor with the fist, neither with the wet nor with the dry. But he killed him in the morning twilight by sprinkling over him the foam of the sea. The foam of the sea is just such an object as a savage might choose to put his life in, because it occupies that sort of intermediate or nondescript position between earth and sky or sea and sky in which primitive man sees safety. It is therefore not surprising that the foam of the river should be the totem of a clan in India.

Again, the view that the mistletoe owes its mystic character partly to its not growing on the ground is confirmed by a parallel superstition about the mountain-ash or rowan-tree. In Jutland a rowan that is found growing out of the top of another tree is esteemed "exceedingly effective against witchcraft" since it does not grow on the ground, witches have no power over it, if it is to have its full effect it must be cut on Ascension Day. Hence it is placed over doors to prevent the ingress of witches. In Sweden and Norway, also, magical properties are ascribed to a "flying-rowan" (*flögrönn*), that is to a rowan which is found growing not in the ordinary fashion on the ground but on another tree, or on a roof, or in a cleft of the rock, where it has sprouted from seed scattered by birds. They say that a man who is out in the dark should have a bit of "flying-rowan" with him to chew, else he runs a risk of being bewitched and of being unable to stir from the spot. Just as in Scandinavia the parasitic rowan is deemed a countercharm to sorcery, so in Germany the parasitic mistletoe is still commonly considered a protection against witchcraft, and in Sweden, as we saw, the mistletoe which is gathered on Midsummer Eve is attached to the ceiling of the house, the horse's stall or the cow's crib, in the belief that this renders the Troll powerless to injure man or beast.

The view that the mistletoe was not merely the instrument of Balder's death, but that it contained his life, is countenanced by the analogy of a Scottish superstition. Tradition ran that the fate of the Hays of Errol, an estate in Perthshire, near the Firth of Tay, was bound up with the mistletoe that grew on a certain great oak. A member of the Hay family has recorded the old belief as follows: "Among the low country families the badges are now almost generally forgotten, but it appears by an ancient MS. and the tradition of a few old people in Perthshire, that the badge of the Hays was the mistletoe. There was formerly in the neighbourhood of Errol, and not far from the Falcon stone, a vast oak of an unknown age, and upon which grew a profusion of the plant. Many charms and legends were considered to be connected with the tree, and the duration of the family of Hay was said to be united with its existence. It was believed that a sprig of the mistletoe cut by a Hay on Allhallow-mas eve, with a new dirk, and after surrounding the tree three times sunwise, and pronouncing a certain spell, was a sure charm against

all glamour or witchery, and an infallible guard in the day of battle. A spray gathered in the same manner was placed in the cradle of infants, and thought to defend them from being changed for elf-bairns by the fairies. Finally, it was affirmed, that when the root of the oak had perished, 'the grass should grow in the hearth of Errol, and a raven should sit in the falcon's nest' The two most unlucky deeds which could be done by one of the name of Hay was, to kill a white falcon, and to cut down a limb from the oak of Errol. When the old tree was destroyed I could never learn. The estate has been sold out of the family of Hay, and of course it is said that the fatal oak was cut down a short time before." The old superstition is recorded in verses which are traditionally ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer:

*While the mistletoe bats on Errol's ark,
And that ark stands fast,
The Hays shall flourish, and their good grey hawk
Shall nocht flinch before the blast*

*But when the root of the ark decays,
And the mistletoe dwines on its withered breast,
The grass shall grow on Errol's hearthstane,
And the corbie roup in the falcon's nest*

It is not a new opinion that the Golden Bough was the mistletoe. True, Virgil does not identify but only compares it with mistletoe. But this may be only a poetical device to cast a mystic glamour over the humble plant. Or, more probably, his description was based on a popular superstition that at certain times the mistletoe blazed out into a supernatural golden glory. The poet tells how two doves, guiding Aeneas to the gloomy vale in whose depth grew the Golden Bough, alighted upon a tree, "whence shone a flickering gleam of gold. As in the woods in winter cold the mistletoe—a plant not native to its tree—is green with fresh leaves and twines its yellow berries about the boles, such seemed upon the shady holm-oak the leafy gold, so rustled in the gentle breeze the golden leaf." Here Virgil definitely describes the Golden Bough as growing on a holm-oak, and compares it with the mistletoe. The inference is almost inevitable that the Golden Bough was nothing but the mistletoe seen through the haze of poetry or of popular superstition.

Now grounds have been shown for believing that the priest of the Arician grove—the King of the Wood—personified the tree on which grew the Golden Bough. Hence if that tree was the oak, the King of the Wood must have been a personification of the oak-spirit. It is, therefore, easy to understand why, before he could be slain, it was necessary to break the Golden Bough. As an oak-spirit, his life or death was in the mistletoe on the oak, and so long as the mistletoe remained intact, he, like Balder, could not die. To slay him, therefore, it was necessary to break the mistletoe, and probably, as in the case of Balder, to throw it at him. And to complete the

parallel, it is only necessary to suppose that the King of the Wood was formerly burned, dead or alive, at the midsummer fire festival which, as we have seen, was annually celebrated in the Arician grove. The perpetual fire which burned in the grove, like the perpetual fire which burned in the temple of Vesta at Rome and under the oak at Romove, was probably fed with the sacred oak-wood, and thus it would be in a great fire of oak that the King of the Wood formerly met his end. At a later time, as I have suggested, his annual tenure of office was lengthened or shortened, as the case might be, by the rule which allowed him to live so long as he could prove his divine right by the strong hand. But he only escaped the fire to fall by the sword.

Thus it seems that at a remote age in the heart of Italy, beside the sweet Lake of Nemi, the same fiery tragedy was annually enacted which Italian merchants and soldiers were afterwards to witness among their rude kindred, the Celts of Gaul, and which, if the Roman eagles had ever swooped on Norway, might have been found repeated with little difference among the barbarous Aryans of the North. The rite was probably an essential feature in the ancient Aryan worship of the oak.

It only remains to ask, Why was the mistletoe called the Golden Bough? The whitish-yellow of the mistletoe berries is hardly enough to account for the name, for Virgil says that the bough was altogether golden, stem as well as leaves. Perhaps the name may be derived from the rich golden yellow which a bough of mistletoe assumes when it has been cut and kept for some months, the bright tint is not confined to the leaves, but spreads to the stalks as well, so that the whole branch appears to be indeed a Golden Bough. Breton peasants hang up great bunches of mistletoe in front of their cottages, and in the month of June these bunches are conspicuous for the bright golden tinge of their foliage. In some parts of Brittany, especially about Morbihan, branches of mistletoe are hung over the doors of stables and byres to protect the horses and cattle, probably against witchcraft.

The yellow colour of the withered bough may partly explain why the mistletoe has been sometimes supposed to possess the property of disclosing treasures in the earth; for on the principles of homoeopathic magic there is a natural affinity between a yellow bough and yellow gold. This suggestion is confirmed by the analogy of the marvellous properties popularly ascribed to the mythical fern-seed, which is popularly supposed to bloom like gold or fire on Midsummer Eve. Thus in Bohemia it is said that "on St John's Day fern-seed blooms with golden blossoms that gleam like fire." Now it is a property of this mythical fern-seed that whoever has it, or will ascend a mountain holding it in his hand on Midsummer Eve, will discover a vein of gold or will see the treasures of the earth shining with a bluish flame. In Russia they say that if you succeed in catching the wondrous bloom of the fern at midnight on Midsummer Eve you have only to throw it

up to the ear, and it will fall like a star on the very spot where a treasure is hidden. In Prussia they are seeders, gather fern-seed at midnight on Midsummer Eve, and keep it till Palm Sunday of the following year; then they sow the seed on the ground where they think the treasure may be hid. To do so, you must imagine that hidden treasure is not lost, but is really there on Midsummer Eve, and that fern-seed sown that night will grow up, with the usual precautions, by the time that the treasure is laid to the surface. In the Swiss canton of Lucerne, the fern-seed is sown on St. John's night in the form of a cross, and the devil himself sometimes takes the seed to the place where he knows that he who procures the seed will find the treasure, and thereby the key to all the hidden treasures of the world. All ground a cloth under the fern-seed is sown, and the seed is put in. And in the Tyrol and other parts of Germany, where the money will never be found, the fern-seed is sown on the spot where the money is hidden. Sooner the fern-seed is sown, the sooner the treasure will be found, and if it ever catches it will be a great deal of money. The fern-seed is sown on the spot where the treasure is hidden, and the treasure is found.

... applied to ... similar to on it ... of gold. But while ... described as glowing ... for gathering ... that is, the ... celebration ... of the ... derivative ... of the sun's fire at ... and winter solstices ... to ... Midwinter Day ... in a white ... Here the blood is ... thus directly ... golden, ... of the sun's golden fire

the power of revealing
the people in Sweden make
one of wood one of which
the rod on the ground
the rod begins to
if the metal covers gold, it must
be gathered at the
the Golden Pough, like the golden firm-seed, be an
The question cannot be answered with a

simple affirmative We have seen that the old Aryans perhaps kindled the solstitial and other ceremonial fires in part as sun-charms, that is, with the intention of supplying the sun with fresh fire, and as these fires were usually made by the friction or combustion of oak-wood, it may have appeared to the ancient Aryan that the sun was periodically recruited from the fire which resided in the sacred oak. In other words, the oak may have seemed to him the original storehouse or reservoir of the fire which was from time to time drawn out to feed the sun. But if the life of the oak was conceived to be in the mistletoe, the mistletoe must on that view have contained the seed or germ of the fire which was elicited by friction from the wood of the oak. Thus, instead of saying that the mistletoe was an emanation of the sun's fire, it might be more correct to say that the sun's fire was regarded as an emanation of the mistletoe. No wonder, then, that the mistletoe shone with a golden splendour, and was called the Golden Bough. Probably, however, like fern-seed, it was thought to assume its golden aspect only at those stated times, especially midsummer, when fire was drawn from the oak to light up the sun. At Pulverbatch, in Shropshire, it was believed within living memory that the oak-tree blooms on Midsummer Eve and the blossom withers before daylight. A maiden who wishes to know her lot in marriage should spread a white cloth under the tree at night, and in the morning she will find a little dust, which is all that remains of the flower. She should place the pinch of dust under her pillow, and then her future husband will appear to her in her dreams. This fleeting bloom of the oak, if I am right, was probably the mistletoe in its character of the Golden Bough. The conjecture is confirmed by the observation that in Wales a real sprig of mistletoe gathered on Midsummer Eve is similarly placed under the pillow to induce prophetic dreams, and further the mode of catching the imaginary bloom of the oak in a white cloth is exactly that which was employed by the Druids to catch the real mistletoe when it dropped from the bough of the oak, severed by the golden sickle. As Shropshire borders on Wales, the belief that the oak blooms on Midsummer Eve may be Welsh in its immediate origin, though probably the belief is a fragment of the primitive Aryan creed. In some parts of Italy, as we saw, peasants still go out on Midsummer morning to search the oak-trees for the "oil of St John," which, like the mistletoe, heals all wounds, and is, perhaps, the mistletoe itself in its glorified aspect. Thus it is easy to understand how a title like the Golden Bough, so little descriptive of its usual appearance on the tree, should have been applied to the seemingly insignificant parasite. Further, we can perhaps see why in antiquity mistletoe was believed to possess the remarkable property of extinguishing fire, and why in Sweden it is still kept in houses as a safeguard against conflagration. Its fiery nature marks it out, on homoeopathic principles, as the best possible cure or preventive of injury by fire.

These considerations may partially explain why Virgil makes Aeneas carry a glorified bough of mistletoe with him on his descent

into the gloomy subterranean world. The poet describes how at the very gates of hell there stretched a vast and gloomy wood, and how the hero, following the flight of two doves that lured him on, wandered into the depths of the immemorial forest till he saw afar off through the shadows of the trees the flickering light of the Golden Bough illuminating the matted boughs overhead. If the mistletoe, as a yellow withered bough in the sad autumn woods, was conceived to contain the seed of fire, what better companion could a forlorn wanderer in the nether shades take with him than a bough that would be a lamp to his feet as well as a rod and staff to his hands? Armed with it he might boldly confront the dreadful spectres that would cross his path on his adventurous journey. Hence when Aeneas, emerging from the forest, comes to the banks of Styx, winding slow with sluggish stream through the infernal marsh, and the surly ferryman refuses him passage in his boat, he has but to draw the Golden Bough from his bosom and hold it up, and straightway the blusterer quails at the sight and meekly receives the hero into his crazy bark, which sinks deep in the water under the unusual weight of the living man. Even in recent times, as we have seen, mistletoe has been deemed a protection against witches and trolls, and the ancients may well have credited it with the same magical virtue. And if the parasite can, as some of our peasants believe, open all locks, why should it not have served as an "open Sesame" in the hands of Aeneas to unlock the gates of death?

Now, too, we can conjecture why Virbius at Nemi came to be confounded with the sun. If Virbius was, as I have tried to show, a tree-spirit, he must have been the spirit of the oak on which grew the Golden Bough, for tradition represented him as the first of the Kings of the Wood. As an oak-spirit he must have been supposed periodically to rekindle the sun's fire, and might therefore easily be confounded with the sun itself. Similarly we can explain why Balder, an oak-spirit, was described as "so fair of face and so shining that a light went forth from him," and why he should have been so often taken to be the sun. And in general we may say that in primitive society, when the only known way of making fire is by the friction of wood, the savage must necessarily conceive of fire as a property stored away, like sap or juice, in trees, from which he has laboriously to extract it. The Senal Indians of California "profess to believe that the whole world was once a globe of fire, whence that element passed up into the trees, and now comes out whenever two pieces of wood are rubbed together." Similarly the Maidu Indians of California hold that "the earth was primarily a globe of molten matter, and from that the principle of fire ascended through the roots into the trunk and branches of trees, whence the Indians can extract it by means of their drill." In Namoluk, one of the Caroline Islands, they say that the art of making fire was taught men by the gods Olofaet, the cunning master of flames, gave fire to the bird *mwi* and bade him carry it to earth in his bill. So the bird flew from tree to

tree and stored away the slumbering force of the fire in the wood, from which men can elicit it by friction. In the ancient Vedic hymns of India the fire-god Agni "is spoken of as born in wood, as the embryo of plants, or as distributed in plants. He is also said to have entered into all plants or to strive after them. When he is called the embryo of trees or of trees as well as plants, there may be a side-glance at the fire produced in forests by the friction of the boughs of trees."

A tree which has been struck by lightning is naturally regarded by the savage as charged with a double or triple portion of fire, for has he not seen the mighty flash enter into the trunk with his own eyes? Hence perhaps we may explain some of the many superstitious beliefs concerning trees that have been struck by lightning. When the Thompson Indians of British Columbia wished to set fire to the houses of their enemies, they shot at them arrows which were either made from a tree that had been struck by lightning or had splinters of such wood attached to them. Wendish peasants of Saxony refuse to burn in their stoves the wood of trees that have been struck by lightning, they say that with such fuel the house would be burnt down. In like manner the Thonga of South Africa will not use such wood as fuel nor warm themselves at a fire which has been kindled with it. On the contrary, when lightning sets fire to a tree, the Winamwanga of Northern Rhodesia put out all the fires in the village and plaster the fireplaces afresh, while the head men convey the lightning-kindled fire to the chief, who prays over it. The chief then sends out the new fire to all his villages, and the villagers reward his messengers for the boon. This shows that they look upon fire kindled by lightning with reverence, and the reverence is intelligible, for they speak of thunder and lightning as God himself coming down to earth. Similarly the Maidu Indians of California believe that a Great Man created the world and all its inhabitants, and that lightning is nothing but the Great Man himself descending swiftly out of heaven and rending the trees with his flaming arm.

It is a plausible theory that the reverence which the ancient peoples of Europe paid to the oak, and the connexion which they traced between the tree and their sky-god, were derived from the much greater frequency with which the oak appears to be struck by lightning than any other tree of our European forests. This peculiarity of the tree has seemingly been established by a series of observations instituted within recent years by scientific enquirers who have no mythological theory to maintain. However we may explain it, whether by the easier passage of electricity through oakwood than through any other timber, or in some other way, the fact itself may well have attracted the notice of our rude forefathers, who dwelt in the vast forests which then covered a large part of Europe, and they might naturally account for it in their simple religious way by supposing that the great sky-god, whom they worshipped and whose awful voice they heard in the roll of thunder, loved the oak above all the trees of the wood and often descended into it from the murky

cloud in a flash of lightning, leaving a token of his presence or of his passage in the riven and blackened trunk and the blasted foliage. Such trees would thenceforth be encircled by a nimbus of glory as the visible seats of the thundering sky-god. Certain it is that, like some savages, both Greeks and Romans identified their great god of the sky and of the oak with the lightning flash which struck the ground, and they regularly enclosed such a stricken spot and treated it thereafter as sacred. It is not rash to suppose that the ancestors of the Celts and Germans in the forests of Central Europe paid a like respect for like reasons to a blasted oak.

This explanation of the Aryan reverence for the oak and of the association of the tree with the great god of the thunder and the sky, was suggested or implied long ago by Jacob Grimm, and has been in recent years powerfully reinforced by Mr W Warde Fowler. It appears to be simpler and more probable than the explanation which I formerly adopted, namely, that the oak was worshipped primarily for the many benefits which our rude forefathers derived from the tree, particularly for the fire which they drew by friction from its wood, and that the connexion of the oak with the sky was an after-thought based on the belief that the flash of lightning was nothing but the spark which the sky-god up aloft elicited by rubbing two pieces of oak wood against each other, just as his savage worshipper kindled fire in the forest on earth. On that theory the god of the thunder and the sky was derived from the original god of the oak, on the present theory, which I now prefer, the god of the sky and the thunder was the great original deity of our Aryan ancestors, and his association with the oak was merely an inference based on the frequency with which the oak was seen to be struck by lightning. If the Aryans, as some think, roamed the wide steppes of Russia or Central Asia with their flocks and herds before they plunged into the gloom of the European forests, they may have worshipped the god of the blue or cloudy firmament and the flashing thunderbolt long before they thought of associating him with the blasted oaks in their new home.

Perhaps the new theory has the further advantage of throwing light on the special sanctity ascribed to mistletoe which grows on an oak. The mere rarity of such a growth on an oak hardly suffices to explain the extent and the persistence of the superstition. A hint of its real origin is possibly furnished by the statement of Pliny that the Druids worshipped the plant because they believed it to have fallen from heaven and to be a token that the tree on which it grew was chosen by the god himself. Can they have thought that the mistletoe dropped on the oak in a flash of lightning? The conjecture is confirmed by the name *thunder-besom* which is applied to mistletoe in the Swiss canton of Aargau, for the epithet clearly implies a close connexion between the parasite and the thunder, indeed "*thunder-besom*" is a popular name in Germany for any bushy nest-like excrescence growing on a branch, because such a parasitic growth is actually believed by the ignorant to be a product of lightning.

If there is any truth in this conjecture, the real reason why the Druids worshipped a mistletoe-bearing oak above all other trees of the forest was a belief that every such oak had not only been struck by lightning but bore among its branches a visible emanation of the celestial fire, so that in cutting the mistletoe with mystic rites they were securing for themselves all the magical properties of a thunderbolt. If that was so, we must apparently conclude that the mistletoe was deemed an emanation of the lightning rather than, as I have thus far argued, of the midsummer sun. Perhaps, indeed, we might combine the two seemingly divergent views by supposing that in the old Aryan creed the mistletoe descended from the sun on Midsummer Day in a flash of lightning. But such a combination is artificial and unsupported, so far as I know, by any positive evidence. Whether on mythical principles the two interpretations can really be reconciled with each other or not, I will not presume to say, but even should they prove to be discrepant, the inconsistency need not have prevented our rude forefathers from embracing both of them at the same time with an equal fervour of conviction, for like the great majority of mankind the savage is above being hidebound by the trammels of a pedantic logic. In attempting to track his devious thought through the jungle of crass ignorance and blind fear, we must always remember that we are treading enchanted ground, and must beware of taking for solid realities the cloudy shapes that cross our path or hover and gibber at us through the gloom. We can never completely replace ourselves at the standpoint of primitive man, see things with his eyes, and feel our hearts beat with the emotions that stirred his. All our theories concerning him and his ways must therefore fall far short of certainty, the utmost we can aspire to in such matters is a reasonable degree of probability.

To conclude these enquiries we may say that if Balder was indeed, as I have conjectured, a personification of a mistletoe-bearing oak, his death by a blow of the mistletoe might on the new theory be explained as a death by a stroke of lightning. So long as the mistletoe, in which the flame of the lightning smouldered, was suffered to remain among the boughs, so long no harm could befall the good and kindly god of the oak, who kept his life stowed away for safety between earth and heaven in the mysterious parasite, but when once that seat of his life, or of his death, was torn from the branch and hurled at the trunk, the tree fell—the god died—smitten by a thunderbolt.

And what we have said of Balder in the oak forests of Scandinavia may perhaps, with all due diffidence in a question so obscure and uncertain, be applied to the priest of Diana, the King of the Wood, at Aricia in the oak forests of Italy. He may have personated in flesh and blood the great Italian god of the sky, Jupiter, who had kindly come down from heaven in the lightning flash to dwell among men in the mistletoe—the thunder-besom—the Golden Bough—growing on the sacred oak in the dells of Nemi. If that was so, we need not wonder that the priest guarded with drawn sword the mystic

bough which contained the god's life and his own. The goddess whom he served and married was herself, if I am right, no other than the Queen of Heaven, the true wife of the sky-god. For she, too, loved the solitude of the woods and the lonely hills, and sailing overhead on clear nights in the likeness of the silver moon looked down with pleasure on her own fair image reflected on the calm, the burnished surface of the lake, Diana's Mirror.

CHAPTER LXIX

FAREWELL TO NEMI

WE are at the end of our enquiry, but as often happens in the search after truth, if we have answered one question, we have raised many more, if we have followed one track home, we have had to pass by others that opened off it and led, or seemed to lead, to far other goals than the sacred grove at Nemi. Some of these paths we have followed a little way, others, if fortune should be kind, the writer and the reader may one day pursue together. For the present we have journeyed far enough together, and it is time to part. Yet before we do so, we may well ask ourselves whether there is not some more general conclusion, some lesson, if possible, of hope and encouragement, to be drawn from the melancholy record of human error and folly which has engaged our attention in this book.

If then we consider, on the one hand, the essential similarity of man's chief wants everywhere and at all times, and on the other hand, the wide difference between the means he has adopted to satisfy them in different ages, we shall perhaps be disposed to conclude that the movement of the higher thought, so far as we can trace it, has on the whole been from magic through religion to science. In magic man depends on his own strength to meet the difficulties and dangers that beset him on every side. He believes in a certain established order of nature on which he can surely count, and which he can manipulate for his own ends. When he discovers his mistake, when he recognises sadly that both the order of nature which he had assumed and the control which he had believed himself to exercise over it were purely imaginary, he ceases to rely on his own intelligence and his own unaided efforts, and throws himself humbly on the mercy of certain great invisible beings behind the veil of nature, to whom he now ascribes all those far-reaching powers which he once arrogated to himself. Thus in the acuter minds magic is gradually superseded by religion, which explains the succession of natural phenomena as regulated by the will, the passion, or the caprice of spiritual beings like man in kind, though vastly superior to him in power.

But as time goes on this explanation in its turn proves to be unsatisfactory. For it assumes that the succession of natural events

is not determined by immutable laws, but is to some extent variable and irregular, and this assumption is not borne out by closer observation. On the contrary, the more we scrutinise that succession the more we are struck by the rigid uniformity, the punctual precision with which, wherever we can follow them, the operations of nature are carried on. Every great advance in knowledge has extended the sphere of order and correspondingly restricted the sphere of apparent disorder in the world, till now we are ready to anticipate that even in regions where chance and confusion appear still to reign, a fuller knowledge would everywhere reduce the seeming chaos to cosmos. Thus the keener minds, still pressing forward to a deeper solution of the mysteries of the universe, come to reject the religious theory of nature as inadequate, and to revert in a measure to the older standpoint of magic by postulating explicitly, what in magic had only been implicitly assumed, to wit, an inflexible regularity in the order of natural events, which, if carefully observed, enables us to foresee their course with certainty and to act accordingly. In short, religion, regarded as an explanation of nature, is displaced by science.

But while science has thus much in common with magic that both rest on a faith in order as the underlying principle of all things, readers of this work will hardly need to be reminded that the order presupposed by magic differs widely from that which forms the basis of science. The difference flows naturally from the different modes in which the two orders have been reached. For whereas the order on which magic reckons is merely an extension, by false analogy, of the order in which ideas present themselves to our minds, the order laid down by science is derived from patient and exact observation of the phenomena themselves. The abundance, the solidity, and the splendour of the results already achieved by science are well fitted to inspire us with a cheerful confidence in the soundness of its method. Here at last, after groping about in the dark for countless ages, man has hit upon a clue to the labyrinth, a golden key that opens many locks in the treasury of nature. It is probably not too much to say that the hope of progress—moral and intellectual as well as material—in the future is bound up with the fortunes of science, and that every obstacle placed in the way of scientific discovery is a wrong to humanity.

Yet the history of thought should warn us against concluding that because the scientific theory of the world is the best that has yet been formulated, it is necessarily complete and final. We must remember that at bottom the generalisations of science or, in common parlance, the laws of nature are merely hypotheses devised to explain that ever-shifting phantasmagoria of thought which we dignify with the high-sounding names of the world and the universe. In the last analysis magic, religion, and science are nothing but theories of thought; and as science has supplanted its predecessors, so it may hereafter be itself superseded by some more perfect hypothesis, perhaps by some totally different way of looking at the phenomena—of registering the shadows on the screen—of which we in this generation can form no idea. The

advance of knowledge is an infinite progression towards a goal that for ever recedes We need not murmur at the endless pursuit

*Fatti non foste a viver come bruti
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza*

Great things will come of that pursuit, though we may not enjoy them Brighter stars will rise on some voyager of the future—some great Ulysses of the realms of thought—than shine on us The dreams of magic may one day be the waking realities of science But a dark shadow lies athwart the far end of this fair prospect For however vast the increase of knowledge and of power which the future may have in store for man, he can scarcely hope to stay the sweep of those great forces which seem to be making silently but relentlessly for the destruction of all this starry universe in which our earth swims as a speck or mote In the ages to come man may be able to predict, perhaps even to control, the wayward courses of the winds and clouds, but hardly will his puny hands have strength to speed afresh our slackening planet in its orbit or rekindle the dying fire of the sun Yet the philosopher who trembles at the idea of such distant catastrophes may console himself by reflecting that these gloomy apprehensions, like the earth and the sun themselves, are only parts of that unsubstantial world which thought has conjured up out of the void, and that the phantoms which the subtle enchantress has evoked to-day she may ban to-morrow They too, like so much that to common eyes seems solid, may melt into air, into thin air

Without dipping so far into the future, we may illustrate the course which thought has hitherto run by likening it to a web woven of three different threads—the black thread of magic, the red thread of religion, and the white thread of science, if under science we may include those simple truths, drawn from observation of nature, of which men in all ages have possessed a store Could we then survey the web of thought from the beginning, we should probably perceive it to be at first a chequer of black and white, a patchwork of true and false notions, hardly tinged as yet by the red thread of religion But carry your eye farther along the fabric and you will remark that, while the black and white chequer still runs through it, there rests on the middle portion of the web, where religion has entered most deeply into its texture, a dark crimson stain, which shades off insensibly into a lighter tint as the white thread of science is woven more and more into the tissue To a web thus chequered and stained, thus shot with threads of diverse hues, but gradually changing colour the farther it is unrolled, the state of modern thought, with all its divergent aims and conflicting tendencies, may be compared Will the great movement which for centuries has been slowly altering the complexion of thought be continued in the near future? or will a reaction set in which may arrest progress and even undo much that has been done? To keep up our parable, what will be the colour of the web which the Fates are now weaving on the humming loom of time? will it be white or red? We

cannot tell A faint glimmering light illumines the backward portion
of the web Clouds and thick darkness hide the other end

Our long voyage of discovery is over and our bark has drooped her weary sails in port at last. Once more we take the road to Nemi. It is evening, and as we climb the long slope of the Appian Way up to the Alban Hills, we look back and see the sky aflame with sunset, its golden glory resting like the aureole of a dying saint over Rome and touching with a crest of fire the dome of St. Peter's. The sight once seen can never be forgotten, but we turn from it and pursue our way darkling along the mountain side, till we come to Nemi and look down on the lake in its deep hollow, now fast disappearing in the evening shadows. The place has changed but little since Diana received the homage of her worshippers in the sacred grove. The temple of the sylvan goddess, indeed, has vanished and the King of the Wood no longer stands sentinel over the Golden Bough. But Nemi's woods are still green, and as the sunset fades above them in the west, there comes to us, borne on the swell of the wind, the sound of the church bells of Rome ringing the Angelus *Ave Maria!* Sweet and solemn they chime out from the distant city and die lingeringly away across the wide Campagnan marshes *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* *Ave Maria!*

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